THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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SEPTEMBER 20, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

THE SPITTER—By James Hopper

Heat that out-tricks cold!

Jack Frost is nimble and seeks every advantage to gain the mastery of Cold over Comfort. Disease germs flourish when the body is shivery—or when the big blood vessels at the ankles are chilled. Just as you protect the water pipes in your home against freezing, so you should protect your blood vessels and body's vitality against drafty rooms and cold floors by putting in the only heating outfit that invariably outwits and out-tricks the bleakest winter weather—

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RADIATORS & BOILERS

High winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset the ample flow of warmth from IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They radiate nothing but *cleanly*, healthful warmth—suited to an athlete, or a baby and the family pets. AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights, widths and shapes, which admit their location in any convenient part of a room, hall or vestibule—to meet and bar out the cold. They out-trick the cold at all exposed points.

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(472)

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THE SPITTER—By James Hopper

TOM CARSEY, one of the Giants' pitching staff, sat in a big chair in the lobby of the Hotel Cincinnati. His feet were flat on the tiling and parallel; his hands lay flat on his knees and parallel; about his hips a certain loose heaviness hung, as though some of the weight of his shoulders had slipped down there; and his eyes, deep-set, yellow and round as a hawk's, held in their present vacuity a suggestion of the same stolid weariness.

It was eleven in the morning. The Giants had arrived on the midnight train, coming from St. Louis. This afternoon they would play Cincinnati; again tomorrow—and a double-header on Sunday. Then they would go successively to Pittsburgh, Chicago and Boston, for they were on the midsummer circuit, at the full of the dingdong race for the pennant; so most of them were sitting about the cool lobby, resting. Once in a while, clean-cut, lithe and adroit, one of the younger members of the nine crossed over to the cigar stand or toward the outer door to gaze for a moment at the sidewalk, already smoking with the July heat—and then the mere civilians, sitting in big chairs twirling their thumbs, raised their heads with alert curiosity, nodded, whispered, and for a moment drank of romance.

Upon the forehead of Tom Carsey a hundred little drops of sweat suddenly sprang. He sat still just as he had been—his feet flat and parallel; but his eyes, which had been gazing ahead vacantly, were now doing so intentionally; and his forehead, which had been strangely white above his brick-red face, was touched now with a scarlet glow.

What had happened was this: Stealing unconsciously on the newspaper of a drummer sitting by his side, Tom Carsey's eyes, amid columns of scores and batting averages, had lit upon the following comments:

"Since Tom Carsey's slowing-up there is no doubt the Giants are having some heavy sledding."

Since Tom Carsey's slowing-up! For a time the phrase refused to apply itself to him. Slowing-up!—that is what they had said of Hobbs three years before. Carsey saw again the little fellow bandaging his ankle before a game—the ankle which, hurt ten years before, was proving treacherous now; he saw him drawing the rubber band tight until the joint cracked, and playing at his bag with a sort of desperate fury to hide from others and from himself his growing weakness—while gossip and the papers tolled: "Slowing-up! Slowing-up! Slowing-up!" Where was he now—Hobbs? In some obscure bush league, dragging out the last shreds of his usefulness like a spring-kneed cab horse. Who ever heard of Hobbs now?

"Since Tom Carsey's slowing-up ——"

Carsey now turned squarely the phrase to himself and, doing so, found that he was facing something he had long known to be there behind him—a darkness; a coldness; a shadow he had been afraid to face. This was the unquestionable fact that he was being pitched less and less!

He could remember a time when he had been called the iron man—when he had been used in double-headers; and a whole season when he and Matterson—then a young prodigy just out of college—two stalwarts, amid a group of failing pitchers, had all by themselves twirled New York to the pennant. Then had come long years of steady going, with some falling off in brilliancy, made up by constant gain in the subtler mastery of his craft. Five times in ten years he had been the leading pitcher of the league.

The change had come in the last year. He had found himself pitching well for six—seven innings; then mysteriously "getting into holes." It had seemed accidental then; but looking back now he saw that it had happened with a certain regularity—always in the seventh or eighth inning he began giving bases on balls. Or suddenly these men he was holding so well in check began to hit everything he threw. And now, this year ——

This year he "warmed the bench." He would be called out to finish games hopelessly lost or won beyond the possibility of a doubt. Or, if he pitched from the beginning, no sooner did he "walk" a man, or hit one, or allow two scratch hits in succession, than Muggs McGrath, managing from the bench, signaled him out and sent in a cub in his place. When such a thing happened to Matterson he was trusted to pitch himself out of the hole; but when it was Carsey—out he went, with no chance to show what he could do.

The newspaper at his elbow rustled in the hands of the drummer; Carsey's eyes went to the page irresistibly. There it was again—he could not miss it—the paragraph, with its three little dots in the form of a triangle above, and its three little dots in the form of a triangle below:

"Since Tom Carsey's slowing-up there is no doubt the Giants are having some heavy sledding."

Tom Carsey was looking straight before him again—his hands were on his knees—he was as impassive as a Buddha; but again on his forehead little drops had welled, and a fresh carmine upon the deep-red of his baked skin advertised subtly his distress.

That afternoon Tom Carsey was sent into the box and for five innings twirled fine ball against the tail-ending Cincinnati nine. Then, in the sixth inning, he stooped a little too slowly for a grounder that was coming for him, the next man singled, he hit the third—and there were three men on bases; and Muggs McGrath from the bench was signaling him to step out.

He passed Matterson, who was coming in to take his place; then was near McGrath.

"You could have left me in," he said to the manager. "Carr bats next and I have his number."

McGrath, however, craned forward on the bench and did not answer; and Carsey, scooping the dipper into the bucket standing by, drank and sat down.

He was in his chair in the lobby of the hotel next morning when McGrath came to him briskly.

"Come up to my room at eleven, Tom," he said. "I want to talk to you."

It was only ten. Carsey sat immobile until eleven, rose, entered the elevator and slid upward to McGrath's room.

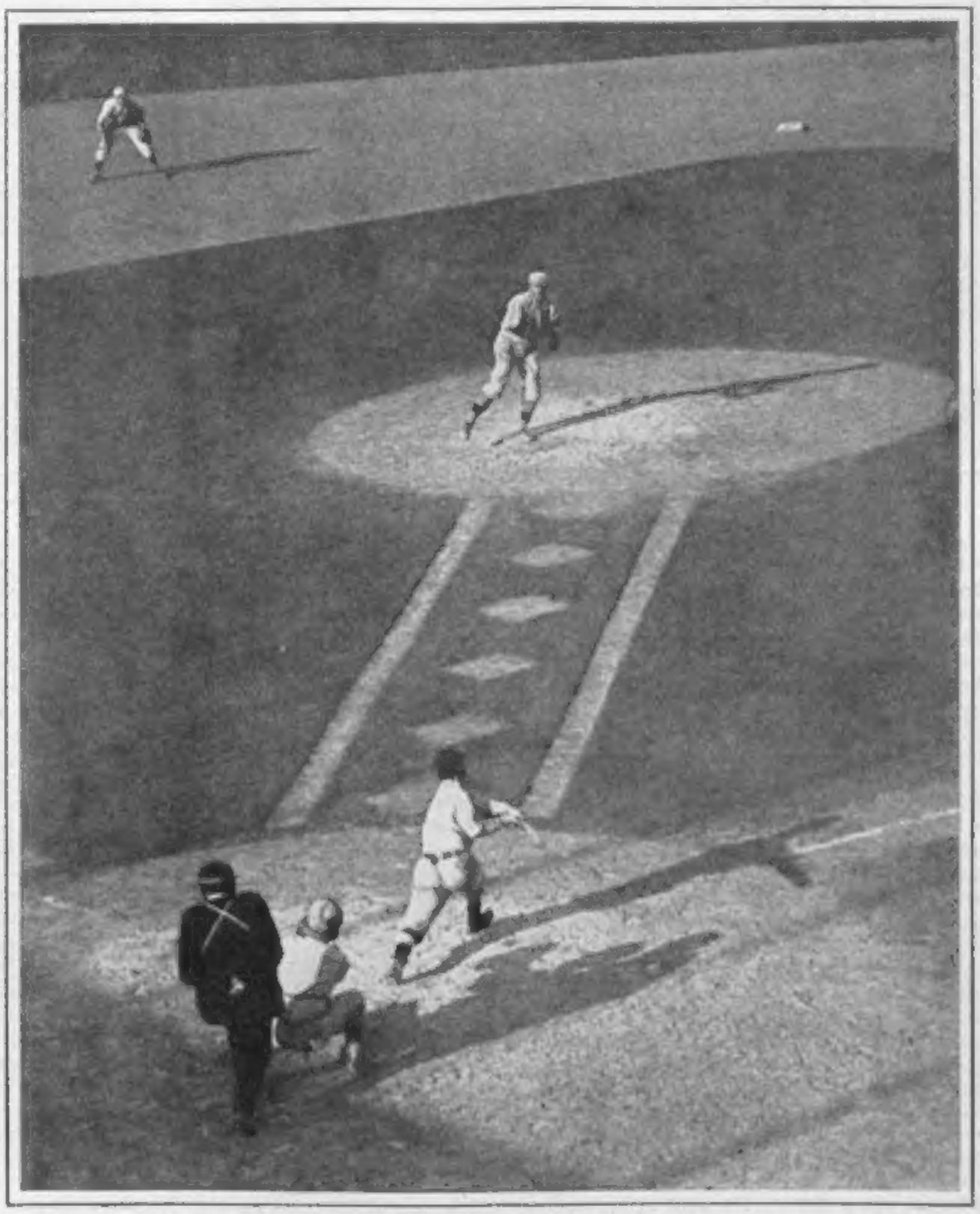
John McGrath, Irishman, manager of nines for years, and forced to lightning, unerring and inexorable decisions, went to his point at once. Within him dwelled a sentimental streak, which, when it was necessary to be firm, made him hard. Looking steadily at Carsey out of his deep-set, little brown eyes, he said:

"Tom, you'd better pack up. We've sold you to Oakland, of the Pacific Coast League—to report August first."

The two men had started their careers practically together. Carsey had been McGrath's first find. The two had fought many years side by side. Yet at this stress they seemed divided by a wall of icy indifference. Carsey reached for the tobacco in his pocket, cut off a generous chew, closed his knife, replaced it in his pocket, then said:

"All right, John."

"Good luck!" said McGrath as Carsey reached the door.



A Solid Roar Came From the Stands, Making the Air Shake

But Carsey, closing it, disdained an answer, and McGrath was already ashamed of his passing weakness. Thus did Tom Carsey go to the minors.

When, fresh from his transcontinental trip, Carsey arrived at his new post he had been waited for two weeks by a management trying frantically to bolster up a tail-ending club—so tail-ending that it had ceased to draw. He had passed these two weeks in Cincinnati wandering aimlessly, reading in the papers each day of the progress of his old teammates—who were now in Pittsburgh, now in Chicago, now in Boston, then back in New York—drinking heavily and not able to make up his mind to go until his dwindling roll at last had given him warning.

The local papers greeted him with headlines, with glowing histories of his past; and small boys followed him to the gate of the grounds, pretending they expected to be let in, but really amply satisfied to rub up against his baggy breeches and to look up into his bronzed face. When he stood finally on the diamond and saw the little wooden grandstand, and the short, cracked, splintery bleachers, and the rough field, with bunches of dry grass forgotten here and there, he felt suddenly a hundred thousand miles from nowhere. But he took a nonchalant posture and hitched up his breeches; it would not take much effort to show up these bushers.

When the ninth inning had ended, though, Tom Carsey, late of the Giants, had been pounded hard, and Oakland had slipped down another game.

A week later he was in better form. His old cunning was alert; his fingers felt the curves in advance; he held his opponents down to five hits. But pitching for them was a young fellow who was doing as well as he; and the miserable aggregation behind him, booting the ball, lost him that game also.

A winning streak followed, which made him for a moment the favorite of the bleachers. Then this was broken, and little by little he slipped into the rut traveled by his clubmates. When the season ended he stood, by the percentage of his wins, hardly above the ruck of unsuccessful pitchers.

He passed the winter torpidly. He had no friends in the town and not enough money to go East. The days passed in interminable games of pool amid tobacco smoke and he drank heavily. At times, like an apparition seen through a rift in haze, he saw the man he had been, heard the shouts of immense crowds, was vaguely disturbed; then sank back into his heavy indifference.

With the coming of spring he felt distinctly that he was going to have a bad year. His arm, which he was trying to bring slowly to condition, was not answering the coaxings. A great laziness enveloped him. It possessed not only his muscles but his brain. He, whose success in the past had been at least half due to his careful analysis of batters' special weaknesses and weird memory for the same, now could not bring himself to the mental effort. The season began. He was started in the box several times—each time he seemed to be facing men he had never seen before; each time he was taken out early; and the rumor grew that he could not get into condition.

The management held on to him until summer, then released him; and he went to the Prune Pickers, of the Interior League.

This was a small league of the state's small farming towns—a Class C league—next to the last rung in the descending ladder of professional baseball; a league with a twelve-hundred-dollar salary limit, and whose players were apt to be blacksmiths, carpenters, watchmen or cigar-store clerks in winter.

The town to which he went was in the center of a fruit-producing district, which fact explained the nickname given to its nine. It was a very rural community in the center of a wide plain flooded with sun and stiflingly hot in summer. The grounds were protected by a rickety fence from the invasion of plowed fields on all sides, which threw their last furrows like a wave against the very bottom boards. Even this dam was not quite adequate, and within the grounds wild oats grew, a big fig tree gave shade to the players' bench, and another fig tree, in centerfield, when struck by the ball was good for two bags. There were always many buggies and some saddle-horses along the rightfield fence; and from the diminutive grandstand big louts in their shirtsleeves shouted at the players through horny hands held in the form of a trumpet.

When on the circuit the players stopped at cheap hotels, slept three or four in a room and ate inferior food. Their uniforms were seldom washed and the dressing rooms had no showers.

Carsey grew altogether discouraged. He drank more than ever. Fat began to accumulate upon him, layer upon layer, erasing altogether the already blunted fine lines of his strength, clogging his muscles, making his step heavy and muffling up his vital organs. At rare intervals, on a very hot day, his efficiency seemed to return—he had speed; his curves broke sharply; his intuition prompted vigilantly—and Doctor Hollingsworth, sitting in the grandstand, his large hat on his knees, his duster spread, his face beaming, said: "There's many a good game in the old boy yet!"

After which Carsey fell back into long periods of torpor and indifference from which sometimes, as in a dream, he saw himself standing in a box in the center of a combed diamond, the roar of an immense throng in his ears, a red pennant flapping at the end of a long pole stuck in grass as if in velvet.

Of the thousands who then had acclaimed him a few still followed his career. They would read in a sporting paper the records of the Interior League and would say: "Did you see about Tom Carsey? He's with the Prune Pickers, of the Interior League—a Class C league—and he's pitching .400. All in, Tom Carsey—all in!"

PHOTO, BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

The Next Day Was the Day of Which So Often and So Hopelessly He Had Dreamed

The baseball world had placed upon the memory of him a slab, and upon the slab had made the sign of the cross.

Out of this stupor, half pleasant at times as the somnolence of a tired man, Tom Carsey was jolted into a dim uneasiness by Freckles, the club's new mascot.

Freckles was as tall as two boots and had a wooden leg. A wooden leg did not, in the prune-picking town, confer overmuch distinction and wakened but moderate heart-throbbing—for a transcontinental line ran through the main street; to jump on and off the platforms of passing trains was deemed the sporty exercise by young America, and to jump off backward at Broad and Kirkham was the test of all excellence; so that at least one boy out of ten had either a wooden leg or a wooden arm and obtained thereby no more attention from his townsmen than did the daily sunrise or the daily sunset.

Besides his leg, though, Freckles had lost early his father and mother; his grandmother was not rich, and he made a living selling papers, running errands, and polishing boots that did not care to be polished. When the mascot—his predecessor—had dropped for the third time his chewing gum into the bucket of drinking water standing by the bench and was released, and Hank Harris, owner of the Prune City nine, standing over a shoe just polished to a black mirror, asked Freckles to take the place, it was indeed a big moment for Freckles.

He went at his work of taking care of bats and gloves with reverence and bated breath, and from the first Tom Carsey felt him hover about him with a sort of wistful preference—bringing his bat before he needed it; picking up his glove whenever he laid it down; hanging on the hooks the pieces of his uniform, each as he discarded it. When Carsey sat on the bench he was apt to feel the little fellow against his ribs. And finally one day, as he sat there during batting practice, in the cool of the fig tree, he heard himself directly addressed:

"Say, you's Tom Carsey, ain't you?"

"That's my name, bub," Carsey answered, with good-humored indifference.

After a while something like curiosity made him turn to the silence at his side. Freckles was looking up at him with such an admiration in his wrinkled nose and his small green eyes that the big pitcher felt a sudden embarrassment.

"Go fetch me a drink of water, bub!" he said.

Freckles sprang from the bench to the bucket of water, broke its smooth surface with the dipper, and brought the instrument, dripping, to Carsey's nose. When, Carsey having drunk, he sat himself down again, both felt that this little service, tendered and accepted, had drawn them together. Freckles was now swinging his good leg more at ease.

"You used to play with the New Yorks?" he said.

"Yes," answered Carsey uncomfortably.

There was another silence. Then: "Of course I know all about you!" said Freckles proudly.

"Look here, Freckles—you don't know all about me!"

"Yes, I do! You was the greatest pitcher ever, wasn't you?"

"I was a pretty good hurler, bub—a pretty good hurler."

"I know all about you. You led the pitchers in the Nationals in '91, '92, '93, '96 and '97. Once you pitched thirty-four innings without being scored on! An' you batted .350 in '95!"

"How did you get all that, kid?"

"In the guides! I've got all the old ones. I used to read about what you did—and all about Lajoie. I guess I like your names. I can tell you all about Lajoie's batting record."

"Nevermind, bub; I believe you."

The men were coming in from batting practice; the conversation ceased; but the boy had stirred something within Carsey—something that hurt dimly, like an ache in a dream—and he remained longer than usual that night in the dark corner of Hannifin's saloon, loosely inert in his chair before a sticky table.

A few days later he found himself again alone on the bench with Freckles. The boy seemed preoccupied. He swung his leg; he raised himself off the bench on his hands and, as he let himself down again, cast sidelong glances toward the big ballplayer who, the prey of an absurd bashfulness, pretended not to feel them. Finally he placed his left hand on Carsey's thigh in a gesture that begged.

"Couldn't you do it again?" he said. "Couldn't you do it again if you tried?"

"Do what?" said Carsey with a start.

"Pitch major again—couldn't you? If you tried?"

Carsey remained very still. That dim, stirring discomfort within him seemed to be swelling—swelling! Suddenly he had a vision! He saw a baseball park with a smooth diamond set in an outfield of flashing green; grandstands and bleachers towered on all sides, humming with multitudes; a great bridge, high and far off, was black, as with ants, and so were housetops. He stood in the center of the diamond and somewhere a red pennant clacked.

"Go get me a drink of water, bub!"

Freckles was not to be switched off so easily as that however. When he returned and Carsey had had his drink he sat down again.

"Couldn't you?" he drawled earnestly.

"I dunno, bub," said Carsey evasively.

"If you trained down—and got off lots of fat—and tried—and stopped boozing ——"

"Boozing! Here, young fellow—a drink or two once in a while ain't boozing!"

"Well, if you didn't take any drink at all—no beer and no whisky at all—and trained—and got off lots of fat—and learned a new curve ——"

"Bub, go round the corner and see if I am there!"

This dismissal did not dismiss everything though. The discomfort remained—a sort of dim sadness that kept turning over and over in its sleep—and visions, rare but vivid, of that major-league field, with its red pennant and its multitudes and himself in the center, with all those eyes on him.

He drank—to forget; but he did not forget. And little by little the vague ache within him became more defined, became a longing—a swollen longing; until at last he could have known clearly, had he wished to know, what was the matter with him. He wanted to pitch once more in the major league—just once; just one game; just once to stand again in the center of that field with the great stands aroar, a ball in his hand, facing some famous batter.

"Say, sling me a few balls, will you?"

It was Freckles again. The game had ended; the men were straggling to the dressing rooms; Carsey, rising from the bench where he had stiffened during the long, loose contest, was about to follow them—and here was Freckles across his path, his little eyes radiating pleasing wrinkles behind the wires of the catcher's mask, the chest-protector sweeping the earth like an apron, his left hand in a mitt as big as his head.

"Say, sling me a few balls, will you?"

Carsey threw him a ball—received it back. Still tossing one to the other they moved toward the rightfield fence, against which Freckles crouched in perfect imitation of Bud Masters, catcher of the Prune Pickers; and Carsey, pleasantly shaken out of his torpid routine, remained here an hour, throwing the ball with pretended speed at the doughty little cripple.

This became gradually a habit, almost a rite. Every day after the game, when Carsey had not pitched, Carsey and the boy took their stations near the rightfield fence and in the slanting light tossed the ball to each other. The boy, with chest-protector, mask and mitt, dreamed that he was a big catcher in a big league; and Carsey himself out of the play obtained a singular and peaceful satisfaction. Freckles' weakness magnified his own strength; against the lad's throwing his own speed became again phenomenal, his curves sharp and elusive; his arm felt strong, his eyes were quick, his hands unerring—he seemed again the master of past days.

Doctor Hollingsworth, lingering after a game, watched them with interest one day, his hat in hand, the breeze caressing, with his own grisly curls, the natural tonsure on the top of his head. That same evening, on the long bench in front of the boarding house, he sat by Tom Carsey and talked to him.

"Be careful how you throw to that boy," he said.

"Why, what is the matter?" Carsey asked.

"It isn't only his leg he has lost," said the physician. "I'm afraid his spine may be a little weak. When he reaches suddenly for one of those curves of yours it scares me. Maybe you had better throw him straight balls."

"I think he is tougher than you think, doc."

"Perhaps; but throw him straight ones, will you?"

"Sure, doc. Of course!"

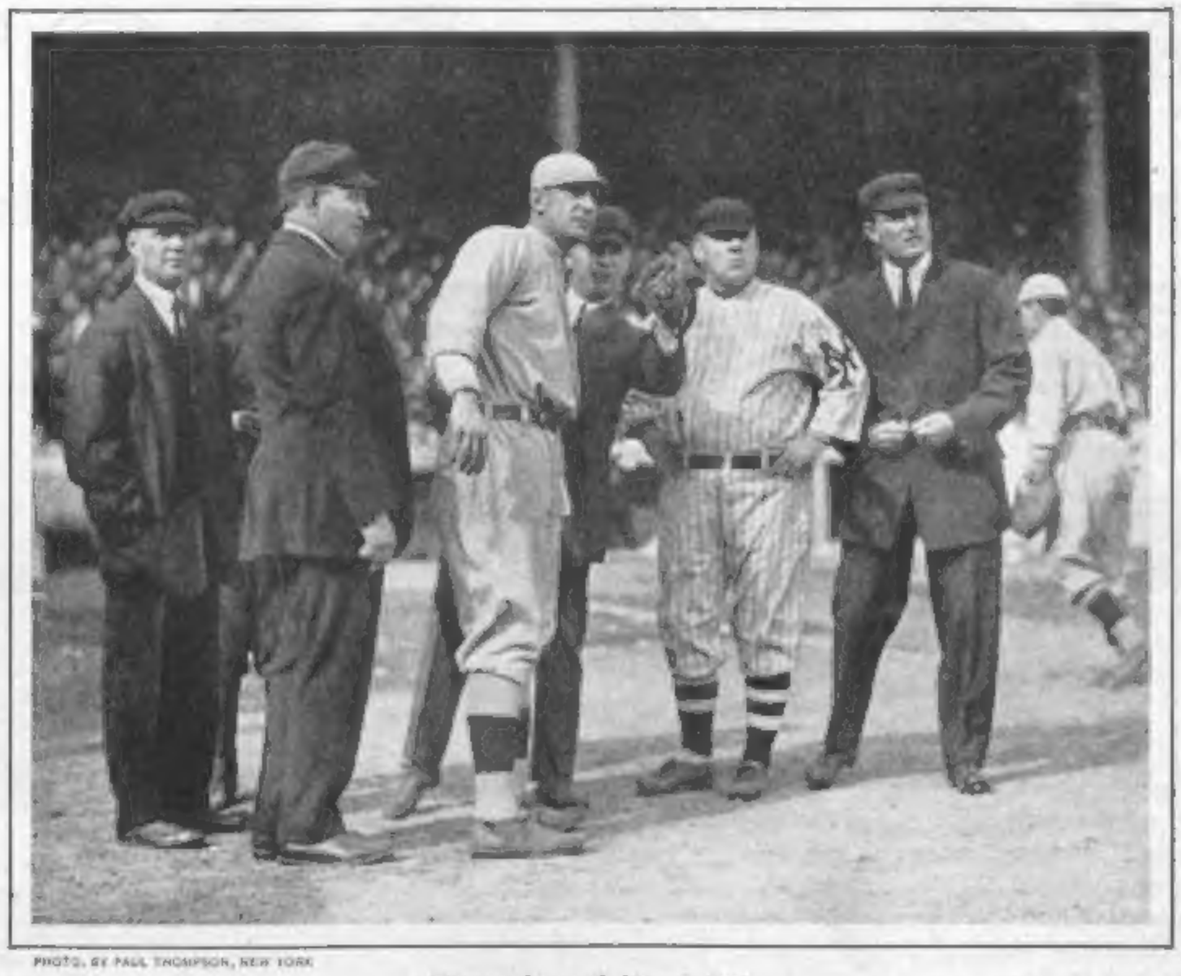


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

Chopped—and Struck Out

And the doctor, with a little affectionate touch on the old player's shoulder, was off in the gloaming beneath the locust trees.

The following afternoon Freckles made a disconsolate grimace at the announcement that only straight balls would be thrown. After catching for a while he seemed to perk up and began to chuckle as though he held a joke. This became too good to remain secret.

"You ain't throwing straight balls," grinned Freckles; "you's throwing in-curves!"

"No, I'm not, bub."

Carsey threw another straight ball.

"See! It curved in!" cried Freckles.

Carsey sighted the zipping white line made by his next throw and saw that indeed it curved in. He tried the same thing several times with the same result. His straight balls all curved in—not so sharply as his regular in-curve, but still quite perceptibly.

He thought vaguely about this in the evening as he sat on the bench before the boarding house, a clatter of dishes at his back. For several days now he had spent less time at Hannifin's and more on this bench, in the coolness beneath the giant locust. Somehow the clattering of dishes behind him did not drive him away. He could see in his mind's eye Mrs. Widow O'Reilly in there, behind the bars of the window; he saw her plump bare arms, each with a dimple at the elbow, entering fearlessly the steaming, foaming water and coming out red; he saw the tight mouth, which could banter, and the little deep-set eyes, at once piercing and kindly.

He thought about this straight ball that was not a straight ball—and discovered it was a long time since he had thought at all about his craft. There had been a time—long ago—when he had experimented ceaselesaly. He had left off doing that somehow—he did not know when. For years now he had not thought much.

"Guess I throw the same balls I threw five years ago!" he concluded, not knowing whether it should be with pride or with disgust. "Why did those straight balls curve in?"

His mind now went back to his art.

"When I throw an out-curve I hold my palm up and I make the ball turn round my first finger. That makes the ball twist from right to left—the twist makes it curve from right to left. And that's an out-curve.

"When I throw an in-curve I hold my hand palm down and make the ball rub up against the knuckle of my ring-finger. That makes the ball twist from left to right—the twist makes it curve from left to right. And that's an in-curve.

"A straight ball is a ball that's got no twist to it. Why don't my straight ball go straight? Come to think on it, I never have seen a real straight ball. When the catcher throws to second base he don't try to throw no curve; but the ball always curves in. Why does a straight ball curve in?"

"Hello, Mr. Carsey! And I see you're not at Jack Hannifin's tonight a-spending your good money. Would you have a piece of that custard pie instead?"

It was the Widow O'Reilly talking. She stood at the window, her plump arms akimbo on her hips—but with a twinkle in the depths of her shrewd eyes. Carsey went into the kitchen for the pie and did not solve that night the mystery of the straight ball that was not a straight ball, but an in-curve. The following evening, though, he came to it suddenly.

"When I throw a straight ball," he thought, "I let it rub against the tips of my fingers. That's what sets it a-twisting from left to right, and that's what makes it curve in!

"To throw a straight ball the ball must go out of my hand without twisting. It mustn't rub up against any of my fingers. I must let it get away right from the palm.

"By Jove, that's what I do when I throw a slow ball! A slow ball goes straight all right. But how can I throw a straight ball what ain't slow?"

"Oh, Mister Carsey, how would you like to have a bit of that rice pudding that's left? I see you're not at Jack Hannifin's this evening!"

It was the Widow O'Reilly, her dishes done, standing with red arms akimbo, her eyes shrewd and amused. And Carsey again left his problem to the next day.

That next day he experimented with his new conclusions on Freckles along the rightfield fence. He tried to throw without letting the ball rub against his fingers, but he found this always resulted in a slow ball. Whenever he tried to throw swiftly he found he simply had to grip the ball hard! Which meant that it rubbed, when leaving his hand, against his fingertips and curved in. He could not throw a swift straight ball.

The problem was beginning to persecute him, and the persecution had an effect that could not have been expected.

(Continued on Page 65)

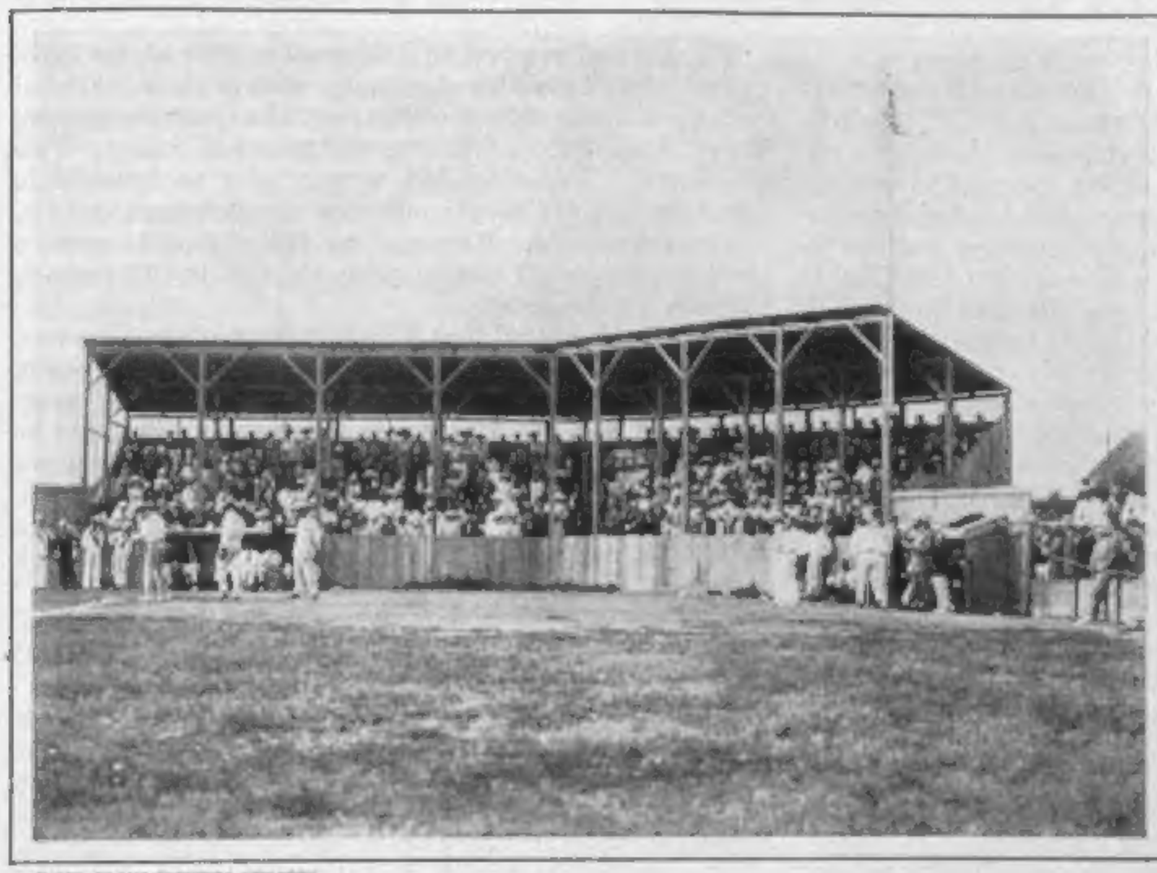


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

And He Went to the Interior League

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

He Pretended to Be Deeply Interested

SAVING A BROTHER

How Petey Simmons Became a Horde of Criminals in Order to Do It

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I Had Stood in the Dining-Room Doorway to Catch Eggshells

I SEE another young man in this town has gone to the reform school for stealing the brass journals off a fast mail train. This reminds me for the hundredth time that college life is just human life inside out. Take that boy for instance: He steals a few dollars' worth of brass from a train and goes to the reform school. If he had done it in college he would have gotten a medal, not for getting the brass but for figuring out how to do it.

Somehow ever since I left Siwash I have been deeply interested in the criminal news. I don't mean the real murder and arson and thug stuff, but the little playfulnesses like housebreaking and borrowing woodsheds and heaving bricks through windows. I have a brotherly feeling for the boys who are arrested while trying to steal a bridge or a steam roller or who go to probation court because they simply can't stop tearing up cement walks after midnight. I've done it all myself—in college. Of course it doesn't count in college any more than robbery does in finance. I'm mighty glad it doesn't. I wonder how many years I should have to serve if all my college record were dug out and put up to the grand jury! Makes me shiver to think of it. Why, in one night—when I was a freshman too—I was a whole mob of criminals all by myself, with what help Allie Bangs could give me. I infested the town and created a reign of terror. That's what the papers said. Did it myself, and me only seventeen, with light hair and blue eyes.

It all happened the night after I was initiated into Eta Bita Pie. That was a wonderful event for me. I had been wading through perdition for a week to reach it. I had obeyed the most frivolous whims of my brothers. I had been worse than a slave, for slaves only work, while I had also entertained. I had stopped sifting ashes at daybreak to grease the weather-vane on top of the house; I had hurried down from the roof to peel potatoes for breakfast, and had stood in the dining-room doorway afterward to catch eggshells as the members tossed them at me—getting a glass of water in the face for each error. I had gone out in the cold and lain down on the street-car track to detain the car until a senior could finish his coffee and climb aboard. I had gone to class in boy's clothes and had dusted the snow from the chapel steps with a whisk broom in front of Saunders, our president. I had footed it three miles to the lake in the afternoon to see if the ice was thick enough to skate on, and had been sent back to bring a sample of the ice to prove my statements. I had cleaned washbowls and windows, and had been punished for abandoning the job to run down to the college and bring back a foot-track in the snow made by some sophomore's divinity. I had gone to Browning Hall evenings with half a dozen of my masters and had stood in the corridor all evening holding their hats and coats and listening to the giggles of the young ladies who passed—and something over a thousand of them passed every few minutes.

I had done all this and a lot more with a patience that would have made Job welcome a crop of boils as a diversion to make him forget his real troubles. And then one night I was taken to some lonely place in the country, where a freshman might be dismembered and the deed not noticed for years, and there I was welcomed by my loving brothers into their ranks as the hungry threshing machine welcomes the sheaf of oats. When they had mangled me beyond repair they stood me up and said some wonderful words. I don't remember what they were, but it seemed to me that they put my fragments together again and made a man of me. And presently I wasn't a shivering piece of human junk any more, but a brand-new brother with my ears full of noble sentiments and my hot young soul panting for a chance to go forth and defy all America and Asia, if necessary, in defense of some young scoundrel who had been spanking me with a barrel stave an hour before.

I wore my new pin on my pajama jacket that night. When I awoke I looked at it a long time and held it tightly while I bathed, and put it on my undershirt until I got my trousers on, and then pinned it on my shirt until I got my vest on. Then I put it on the lower inside left-hand corner of my vest close to the buttons, and propelled it down to chapel, feeling like a man who was wearing a searchlight. Other frat men came up and congratulated me and I blushed and stammered. Girls looked at it and exclaimed over its beauty. I soaked and luxuriated in happiness with just one flaw: Here I had been a full-fledged Eta Bita Pie for eight hours, and as yet I had done no deed to save a brother sorrow and had fought no battle for one who wore the pin.

The thought gnawed at me until by chapel-time I was really unhappy. Here I was a worthless freshman, honored by a great aggregation of brothers, and after all they had done for me I had done nothing in return. Moreover I couldn't think of anything noble or brotherly to do. So when Brother Sam Byers fell into step with me and confessed that he had a calculus test the next morning, and that calculus was to him a sealed book, I leaped at the chance. I would save Sam.

I told him so. He declined the favor. "Don't bother," said he; "I've flunked before and I'll survive it."

That made me tired and I told him so. He was no sort of man to deny a brother a little pleasure. He finally consented to be saved and asked what I was going to do. I told him I didn't know; that I would save him as soon as I worked out a good plan. He told me to go ahead and amuse myself, and I left him feeling as proud and happy as if I had just been commissioned to take a chair leg and go over and stop this Mexican revolution business.

I also felt about as uncertain as I should have felt under the other circumstances. I had volunteered to save a junior from a flunk. It was considerable of a job for a freshman, and a freshman all cobbled up with court plaster at that. I couldn't take the exam. myself. I couldn't drill a hole into Byers' head and let calculus into him. I should have to suspend class in some manner. It didn't take me two minutes to come to this conclusion.

When I had reached it I shivered a little at the prospects. I had done a lot of primary—you might say kindergarten—deviltry around college, but I had never suspended classes or interfered with the operations of college. This was a really high-class job, worthy of a past-master in crime, and I didn't have the slightest idea how to go about it.

I was depressed. Here was my first chance to make a brother glad and I should probably end up by messing things more than ever.

Just then I noticed that Allie Bangs wasn't looking very cheerful either. Allie had been initiated the night before with me and was probably uncomfortable in as many places as I was. But it went to my heart to think that he also might be worrying because he had no chance to save a brother. And here I was, hugging a saving job to my selfish bosom. It wasn't right. I would divide the chance with Allie, so I got him to bum chapel and told him all about it.

Allie was a splendid boy, with imagination and nerve. He was wonderfully pleased at the chance and went right to work with me to figure out how it could be done.

"There are only two really good ways," said Allie. "We've got to shut down the coll. for the day or prevent Professor Wogg from hearing the class. Personally I think the last is the more artistic. To shut up the whole school would be wasteful. We'd better call off the professor."

That was all very well, but it took us an hour to get even the start of an idea. We finally agreed that the only

We Went Down the Street Like an Early June Cyclone

practicable plan would be to get the professor to class late. There was an unwritten rule in Siwash by which a class never waited for a professor more than five minutes. Five minutes past the hour was the deadline, and some of the most intensely exciting moments in my life have been those where the minute hand was just going over the four-thirty mark with a scout shouting that the professor was now well inside the yard and advancing on the run. More than once we've met the professor coming up the stairs as we came down, but we continued to come down. Artillery couldn't have stopped us.

When we decided on this plan Allie and I took deep breaths and looked at each other. Then we shook hands solemnly and gave each other the grip. In another day we might be hunted criminals; but it would all be for a brother.

Professor Wogg, who chivied the Siwash students through mathematics, was a middle-aged man with a mind which never came down below logarithms and which was usually absent admiring Euclid when it was needed in everyday emergencies. He lived in the north part of town with his deaf old mother, and as we canvassed over the situation it didn't seem so desperate. He was a very methodical man. Each morning at precisely a quarter to eight he appeared on the campus and proceeded to his classroom, which he inhabited, with an interval for chapel, until noon, with his fat old silver watch laid out in front of him on his desk. To be sure, the watch didn't do him very much good, for we always had to remind him that it was time to abandon mathematics for the day by such gentle means as tipping over the chairs or leaving the room in a body. But that watch was our chance this time. We would dispose of it by fair means or foul and then we would get into his house that night and set his clock back half an hour. With his usual regularity and inflexible accuracy, assisted greatly by his calm inattention to earthly affairs, Professor Wogg would arrive for his calculus test the next morning just twenty-five minutes after the class had evaporated.

It was such a simple little plan that we hugged ourselves for joy. But we had to work quickly. We had skipped our own trig. class. Inside of five minutes Professor Wogg's last class for the day would be dismissed and our last chance to capture the watch would be gone. We rushed over to his room. As the class passed out we leaped in and began eagerly to question the professor about one of the 1879 knotty problems in trigonometry which were making our young lives a howling desert just then.

The good old man, while a little astonished at our sudden interest, took the bait beautifully. He went to the blackboard to put up the problem. Suddenly there was a crash.

"Oh, goodness!" said Allie, horrified. "I've smashed your watch, Professor Wogg! This is really awful!"

Professor Wogg reached the desk in two steps. He was agitated. Allie held up the ponderous old turnip. Its thick crystal was broken and it was a dejected-looking affair.

"I was reaching for a book and swept it off," he said abjectly. "I'm awfully sorry."

"It was my grandfather's," moaned the professor, looking at it helplessly.

"I'm going to take it right down and have it fixed this minute," said Allie.

"Oh, no," said the professor politely. "I'll take it down at noon."

"No, you won't," said Allie fiercely. "I've been a clumsy idiot and I'll not allow you to inconvenience yourself. I'll take it down and stay right with it and then bring it up to you."

He took it from the professor's hands and we went away apologizing, through the corridor and down the stairs.

"Fine, so far," whispered Allie as he dropped the watch into his pocket. "Now for the house. What do you know about housebreaking?"

I Stopped Breathing for a Minute or Two

I knew precious little technically, but this didn't seem to be much of a job. Like most of the professors, Wogg had a college student who lived with him and mowed the lawn and fed the cow and kept the fires in winter for his board. We knew the boy. He was in our class. We knew this was the meeting night for his literary society and that even if he came straight home without waiting to fight with members of the rival society he would not arrive before half-past ten. Nine o'clock was the professor's bedtime. It was in the college statistics. Not even presidential elections or fires in the next block kept him up.

Nothing could have been more neatly arranged. Front doors in Jonesville were seldom locked. Student roomers roamed in and out at all times of the night and visited with each other without the formality of bothering the family. We would go up to the professor's house at ten o'clock and one of us would walk boldly in and up to Mangler's room. Then while the other man waylaid Mangler and persuaded him that his watch was fast the criminal would go through the house and turn back the clock. Even if Professor Wogg did hear him he would think nothing of it. Very few students who made their homes in private families neglected to go out to the kitchen at night to make sure that no piece of pie or cake was pining away and shriveling up from loneliness.

It was all so beautiful that we could hardly wait for night. I was selected as the burglar, and just before ten o'clock I tramped up Professor Wogg's front steps and entered the house. I had done it before to visit Mangler and I knew where his room was. Loudly and confidently I climbed up the stairs. The only thing that worried me was my heart. It was making an awful uproar. If Professor Wogg was awake he might mistake it for a steam pump and come out to investigate. I sat in Mangler's room for a few minutes and then went downstairs.

At the end of the downstairs hall was a tall grandfather's clock whanging away in a dignified manner. I opened its face and turned it back to 9:25, feeling like a man who was altering the calendar. As the hand passed the six figure the clock had a convulsion and then boomed out the half hour. It sounded like the first gun in the Civil War. I stopped breathing for a minute or two; but no one stirred.

Then from somewhere upstairs a clock struck ten loudly and defiantly. I was thunderstruck. But still no one rose to inquire, so I went upstairs to find that clock. This was risky work and I felt very uneasy. But the moonlight helped me and presently I found that clock in the professor's study and made a liar of it too. Then downstairs another clock cuckooed ten times.

By this time I was indignant. Was Professor Wogg running a home for aged clocks? I went down again and found the offender in the kitchen. Just for revenge I messed up its internals a little. Then, at peace with all the world, I tiptoed quietly toward the front door, and opened it softly. Mangler and Allie Bangs were just coming up the steps.

"Good," said Allie eagerly. "I hoped you'd be here."

I thought of forty-nine answers and chose one at random. "I'd about given you up," I answered.

We all three went upstairs to Mangler's room. I sat down on the bed while Allie took the rocking chair. I looked at them both a little wildly.

"I haven't told Mangler a word about it," said Allie, acting like a lowbrow and putting the whole job up to me.

"Well," said I taking a long breath, "it's just like this, Mangler." I stopped a long time, ostensibly for effect, but in reality to figure out what it really was like. "How would you like to be treasurer of the Athletic Association?"

That had been my own pet hope for the next year, but I abandoned it without a quiver. Anyway it was a sacrifice for a frat brother and I was proud to pay the price. Mangler stared a minute—he wasn't exactly what you would call prominent in the class. But we went to work and talked to him eagerly for a few minutes and in the end he became enthusiastic. I told him I had been waiting for him in his room for an hour, and Allie cussed me for not remembering it was society night and then we rose to go, unutterably relieved.

"You'll think about it, won't you, old man?" said Allie anxiously.

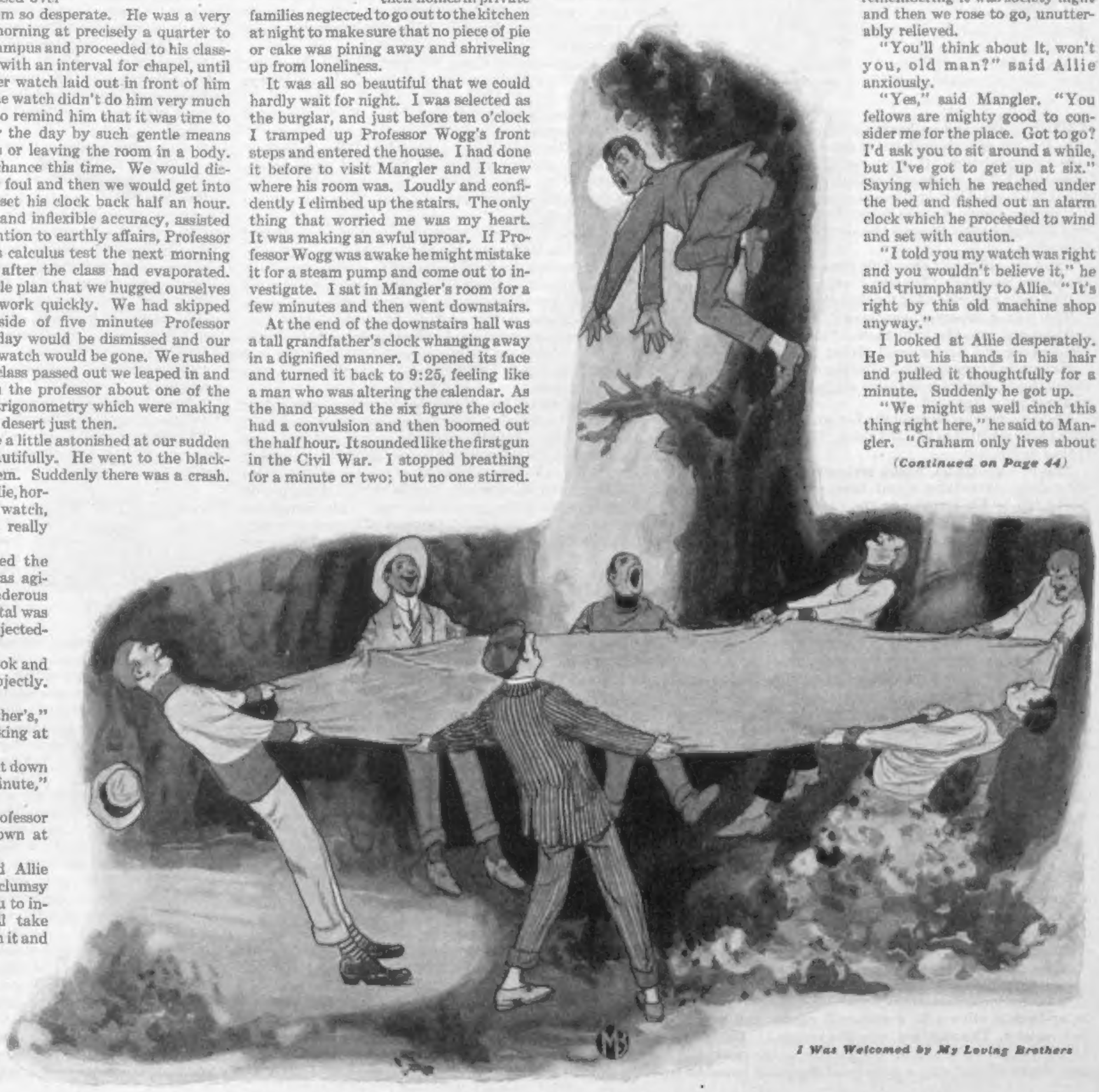
"Yes," said Mangler. "You fellows are mighty good to consider me for the place. Got to go? I'd ask you to sit around a while, but I've got to get up at six." Saying which he reached under the bed and fished out an alarm clock which he proceeded to wind and set with caution.

"I told you my watch was right and you wouldn't believe it," he said triumphantly to Allie. "It's right by this old machine shop anyway."

I looked at Allie desperately. He put his hands in his hair and pulled it thoughtfully for a minute. Suddenly he got up.

"We might as well cinch this thing right here," he said to Mangler. "Graham only lives about

(Continued on Page 44)



I Was Welcomed by My Loving Brothers

Jacob Plays a Counterpart

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE young and enthusiastic reporter stood awaiting the city editor's outburst of admiring and triumphant congratulation. It was a peach of a story! A front-page story! The young and enthusiastic reporter was not sure that it wouldn't justify a special edition.

"Write a couple of sticks," said the city editor, throwing into his desk basket the two photographs that he had been inspecting.

"But the old man's the whole grocery trade," protested the young reporter. "It's like I told you—the boy ——"

"A couple of sticks, child," sighed the city editor wearily.

The young reporter wandered blindly out into the corridor and into the local room. "Bonehead!" he muttered savagely. "Bonehead! What do you know——"

He found a typewriter and, after pounding out three inadequate leads, got his inspiration and wrote three-quarters of a column of hot stuff.

The copy butcher perused the hot stuff, doing things to it with his blue pencil as he went along. When he had finished it read as follows:

"Eddie Concannon, whose meteoric college career and subsequent adventures about town were concluded two weeks ago by his transfer to the paternal packing room, has lost his job. Yesterday morning, it is said, he arrived at the Water Street establishment three hours late, and the package that he brought with him caused a dramatic scene, in which Mr. Concannon, Senior, played the part of Brutus and severed his son's connection with the bottom rung of the wholesale grocery ladder. As a result the young man, it is asserted, left for parts unknown, and it is believed that his restoration to favor will depend upon his own unaided exertions. On this and any other point in connection with the event Mr. Concannon, Senior, last night had nothing to say for publication."

An hour and a half later the sporting editor appeared suddenly to the Bulldog editor, who had closed his desk and was pulling his shirtsleeves down over his bare, hairy arms.

"You've raised hell with those pictures," he remarked, poking a copy of the Bulldog under the editor's nose. Then he tersely and profanely explained.

The Bulldog editor yawned. "Aw, forget it!" he advised. "Who'll know the difference?"

Wesley P. Wicks, proprietor of the Spot-Cash Grocery at Logansville, sat in his swivel-chair before his desk reading the early mail edition—technically known as the "Bulldog"—of the Morning Record. He was a spare, sandy-complexioned man, with small red ears set close to his head, small light-blue eyes set close to the bridge of his nose and a small close mouth above a long sandy-tufted chin. His store was quite completely stocked and tastefully arranged—an up-to-date store with a spot-cash carrier and a spot-cash register. The assistant, who was engaged in sweeping, wore a spotless white apron. Logansville, as the center of a large resort district with a good hotel, boarding house and bungalow trade, was able to support a first-class store. Mr. Wicks was doing well and was quite willing to do better.

"I beg your pardon, but do you need any help?"

Mr. Wicks stared at the young man who asked the question. He looked like a resorter, the young man did, being dressed in a summer outing suit of undeniable cut and material. A rather slim, dark young fellow, with a pleasant smile and a confident manner.

"Help?" repeated Mr. Wicks.

"In the store here," explained the young man. "I'm looking for a job."

The grocery man frowned his natural disapprobation of any young man looking for a job, and his small mouth puckered sourly for the emphatic denial of his need of any assistance, but his mouth closed on "noth——" and opened slightly. He looked at the young man again, then at his paper, then at the young man.

"I—er—I don't know," he said, folding the paper up.

"I'd like to have a chance," urged the young man.

"Have you had any experience in the grocery business?" inquired Mr. Wicks not unkindly.

"Not a great deal," the young man admitted, "but I'm anxious to learn. I could"—he looked about the store—"I could sweep out," he continued, "tie up packages ——"

"Huh!" said Mr. Wicks meditatively. "Well, I might give you a trial," he decided. "I couldn't pay you much wages though."

"I'm not particular about the wages," said the young man. "I just want a chance to make good. Just so it pays my board."

"I guess you'll be worth that," Mr. Wicks predicted with quite a benevolent smile. "What name did you say?"

"Duffy," the young man informed him. "Jacob Duffy."

Mr. Wicks got up and slipped his folded paper into a pigeonhole of his desk. "Well, come with me, Mr. Duffy, and we'll take a look round and see what we can set you at," he said.

Jacob Duffy followed his new employer, who conducted him first to the back room devoted to kerosene, molasses, dill pickles, salted mackerel and similar wares; then back into the store and behind the counters, where he pointed out the shelf goods; on to the tea and coffee, the candy and the cereal and cracker sections, imparting information as to prices and costmarks as he went, and that in so kindly and patient a manner, with so much consideration and courtesy, that Jacob Duffy resolved never to trust first impressions again.

"Clifford," called Mr. Wicks sharply to one of the other two clerks, "why ain't there none of them imported sardines on this shelf? You hustle round and get some out, instead of standing there like you didn't have nothing to do. Hold on! Wait till I've done talking to you. This is Mr. Duffy and he's going to work here. See if you can do something right while he watches you." He turned his small smile on the initiate. "I guess you'll need an apron, Mr. Duffy. One of the boys will get you one. Excuse me now."

He nodded and smiled again and went back to his desk, to which an incoming customer had preceded him. Clifford, a weedy youth with freckles and flat plastered hair, grinned at the new clerk.

"Going to work here?" he inquired.

"That's the idea," returned Jacob. "I'm to watch you."

"You'll get dizzy," confided the other. "Find him much changed?" He nodded toward the desk.

"Well, we never met before, so I can't say I do," the new clerk answered.

Clifford considered that. "Where did you get your pull?" he asked.

"It's just my winning little way, I guess," said Mr. Duffy. "I think he's taken a fancy to me."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

The freckled youth shook his head, implying doubt. "Well, it's something," he said. "Come on and I'll get you an apron and then we'll open up a case of them sardines."

At noon young Mr. Duffy went to dinner, and when he returned to the store his thick and wavy dark hair was plastered close to his scalp and half way down his forehead in a neat curve after the mode Clifford. He had acquired a made plaid tie arranged to exhibit a gleaming twenty-five-cent gold-stone collar button. It was evident that he had an observing eye and a sense of the proprieties. In the middle of the afternoon he waited upon his first customer. To begin with he arched his arms before him and flattened his thumbs on the counter. Attitude of alert and polite expectation.

"How Do You Do, Mr. Duffy?"

"What can I do for you, miss?" he inquired blandly.

The customer's nose, which was a nice little nose, deliciously tip-tilted, became her prominent feature—that is, the tilt seemed emphasized. The customer's eyes, which were large, deep-blue in color and long-lashed, surveyed the attentive young man with languid scorn. The customer, who was attired in a low-throated pink gown of some soft cottony stuff, spoke musically but not encouragingly.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, disdain in every accent.

The new clerk smiled. "Obviously I'm waiting on you," he replied.

"You needn't wait," said she, and moved slowly away.

The new clerk paralleled her movement behind the counter. "I hope you won't deny me the pleasure of serving you, miss," he pleaded humbly. "I aim to please."

The customer stopped and looked at him again. "You're a poor marksman," she observed. "Do you mean to say you're working here—for my father?"

The new clerk was amazed. "For your father!" he exclaimed almost in a gasp. "And yet, and yet—the name can be no mere coincidence. Miss Wicks it was, I recollect."

"Do you recollect your own name?" asked the customer sarcastically.

"Jacob," answered the new clerk readily.

"I didn't say your Christian name."

"Pardon me, but Jacob isn't exactly Christian. Jacob was one of the old patriarchs, you'll remember. He worked for a girl's father seven ——"

"We want some potatoes at the house," interrupted the customer. "Will you send up some, please—a half bushel. Thank you. Good afternoon."

"Thank you, miss. Is there nothing more, miss?" inquired the new clerk. But the customer was already at the door.

Clifford, the freckled clerk, approached grinning. "Ain't she a little pink peach?" he asked. "M-m-m-m! You wouldn't think she was any kin to the old man, would you? Some class to her. I guess she gets that from the old lady. Y'aint seen the old lady yet. She used to teach school before she married Wesley. Say, I wouldn't mind ——"

The new clerk interrupted him. "Say, Clippy," he said, "just go chase yourself."

That evening as the Wicks family sat at supper Mr. Wicks told his wife and daughter of the recent acquisition. "Of course I wasn't needing no help right now, but ——"

"'I needed no help,' my dear," corrected Mrs. Wicks, a pretty, faded little woman with a prim manner.

"Who Did the Old Man Kill?"

"But the rush will be on by the time I've got him broke in," Mr. Wicks proceeded, "and I'm only paying him seven dollars."

"Broken, my dear," suggested Mrs. Wicks gently.

"Do you know anything about him, father?" asked Miss Wicks casually as she poured cream on his strawberries.

"I don't need to," replied Mr. Wicks with dignity. "I think I can look at a man and size him up pretty well. I just took a look at the feller, and I says to myself, 'You'll do,' says I. And I hired him. Didn't take no more than a minute to size him up. No, sir, he's all right; that boy is certainly all right."

"I took a look at him myself, and it didn't take me more than a minute to size him up either," said his daughter coolly. "I think you'll find yourself disappointed if you expect he'll be of much use to you, father."

"We'll see," smirked Wesley. "Good-looking young feller, ain't he, Ethy?"

"I don't think so much of his looks," declared Ethy. "If you're paying him seven dollars for that you've been stung."

"Ethel!" reproved her mother. "Is that what they teach you at the university?"

"I heard that at the dance at Glen Hollow," Ethel informed her. "A very smart young man used the word in the sense I was employing it. I think," continued Ethel reflectively, "that he was justified to a certain extent."

"I am very certain that you are not," said Mrs. Wicks.

"Any more of them strawberries?" asked Mr. Wicks. "If I'm stung you won't hear me holler."

Mrs. Wicks sighed and shook her head.

On the whole it seemed, as the days passed, that Miss Wicks' estimate of the new clerk's usefulness was a correct one. Not that he showed any disposition to loaf or to shirk the more unpleasant tasks about the store. He drew molasses and kerosene and unloaded and loaded farm produce with the utmost enthusiasm. He waited upon customers with the utmost politeness and celerity; but he also slopped the molasses and kerosene on the floor in his anxiety to give good measure and was equally careless of his employer's interests in the matter of weight. He had no sense of discrimination where customers were concerned, ignoring the excellent business principle that stale eggs have to be worked off on somebody, and should therefore be worked off on the somebody least likely to roar and "cutting least ice" if they did. He had turned his back upon the steward of the Buena Vista hotel to sell two pounds of prunes to a shabby, penurious and half decrepit old woman who made out to keep a paying guest or two during the season, and made the absurd excuse that the old woman was there first, waiting.

On the other hand, if Mr. Wicks was conscious of any stinging sensation he showed the true spirit of sportsmanship. So far from hollering, his manner to Mr. Duffy was kinder than ever. He pointed out that young man's errors of commission and omission of course, but so tactfully, so good-humoredly, almost jocularly, that it was impossible to take offense.

"You don't need to let this discourage you, Jacob, my boy," he said after one of these sugared admonitions, with a reassuring pat on Jacob's shoulder. "We've all got to learn! Tricks in all trades, eh? How are they feeding you at the boarding house? Pretty bum board, eh? Well, I'll tell you. You come up to the house and take Sunday dinner with us tomorrow. We'll give you one square meal anyway, eh! That's a go then. You haven't met my little girl yet, have you?"

"I've seen her in the store several times," replied the new clerk, "but only once to speak to."

"Well, you want to get acquainted," said Mr. Wicks benignantly. "You'll come up tomorrow then."

"Jake," said Clifford a few minutes later, "put me next. Who did the old man kill and where did he hide the corpse? It won't do you no harm to wise me and it might do me some good. Don't you tell me that you ain't got something on him. I've worked for him six months and he ain't ast me up to Sunday dinner yet. Hello, there's Dave Patterson. Howdy, Dave!"

A youngish, round-faced and nattily dressed man carrying two neat cowhide sample cases had entered the store and was looking round with protuberant, milky eyes.

"Greetings and salutations, Clippy," he returned. "How's the boy? Governor-General granting audiences? Sure, I see him."

He nodded, smiled and passed on to the desk where Wesley P. Wicks was busy with a pile of invoices. Setting his sample cases on the near-by counter, with one rapid motion he took off his straw hat, wiped his moist forehead with a polka-dot-bordered silk handkerchief and favored the grocer with a beaming smile. "Here I am again," he announced cheerily. "Large as life and twice as handsome. How's the boy?"

He shook Mr. Wicks' somewhat reluctant hand with fervor and complimented him on his blooming appearance with effusion. "Now," he concluded, "I've got one or two things here that I've been saving specially for you. Just as a matter of form I want you to look at 'em before you give me the order."

"Sorry ——" began Mr. Wicks.

"Now don't say no, if you'd rather not," said the salesman. "They're right here. You'll be weeping tears of joy before I can get my order book out. Brace yourself now and take a look. No extra charge."

"Oh, Ethel, Sweetheart, If You Only Knew Now ——"

Mr. Wicks got up from his desk with a bored air. "I suppose I'll have to humor you," he said, "but I ain't needing nothing."

The next twenty minutes were spent in a consideration of the glittering inducements offered by the sample cases. At the end of that time Mr. Patterson snapped the rubber band round his order book and snapped the cases shut.

"Oh, while I think of it," said Mr. Wicks, "I remember seeing something in the paper about that young rooster—what's his name—Eddie, ain't it? Eddie Concannon. Him and the old man had a split-up. Know anything about it?"

"Do I!" returned the drummer confidently. "Ask me!"

Mr. Wicks puckered his small mouth and fingered his chin tuft. "Do they know where he is?"

"They don't," replied the drummer. "He didn't even tell me where he was going, and Eddie and me are pals. He's a hot sport, Eddie is."

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Wicks.

Mr. Patterson hesitated. "Well," he said, "he's a kind of a—a medium-sized feller—kind of—I don't know whether you'd call him—he ain't exactly—you know how it is with some fellers, they're kind of ——"

"Is this anything like him?" Mr. Wicks had unfolded a newspaper that he had taken from a drawer in his desk. Mr. Patterson looked at it and his eyes brightened. "That's him!" he declared. "That's the kid. Gee! I'd like to see him. I guess ——"

"Just wait right here a minute," Mr. Wicks directed. "I'll be right back. Here, take the chair."

He forced Mr. Patterson into the desk chair and hurried to the wareroom where Jacob Duffy was lading olives from a barrel into a paper container. "Oh, here you are, Jacob," he said breathlessly. "Give me them olives; I'll take 'em out for you. I want you to—to ——" He looked about him and his eye fell on a high pile of sacked flour. "Move that flour over into that corner for me right away, won't you, Jacob, if you don't mind? Right away. I'll 'tend to your customer. Right away, please."

He almost snatched the olives from his clerk's hand and hastened from the wareroom, closing the door behind him.

"That was a near squeak!" he ejaculated. "It's a wonder he didn't recognize him as he came in."

He turned the olives over to Clifford and went back to the drummer. "I thought maybe I was running low on—on olives," he explained. "I've got plenty though. Going to Sunday at Staceyhurst? Yes?" He pulled out his watch. "Well, I guess you've just about got time to catch Number Six."

"That's what I was figuring on," said Patterson. "Still, if there's any chance ——"

"Not another thing," Mr. Wicks assured him. "Next time you're round maybe. But you'd better be hitting the grit if you want to make that train."

It was a pleasant change from the boarding house for Jacob. The Wicks residence was easily the finest in the village. It was set back well from the road in a pleasant and spacious area of lawn, embellished with shrubs, shade trees and cast-iron rabbits. It had a wide veranda with a gayly colored hammock and plenty of cushions and straw mats. Jacob Duffy thought the veranda and its appurtenances significant as he strolled up the neat gravel walk. "Ought to accommodate a good-sized mob," he thought.

As it was, there was nobody on the veranda but Mr. Wicks, who put down his section of the Sunday paper and shuffled forward to greet him.

"Glad to see you, Jacob, my boy," he declared cordially. "Set yourself down and make yourself comfortable. Shed your coat if you want to smoke." He extracted a cigar from the pocket of his open waistcoat. "'Tain't no store goods, that cigar ain't. I sell those kind, but I don't smoke 'em, eh?" He chuckled, or rather emitted the raspy little cachinnation that was his equivalent for a chuckle. "Well, this ain't the store, and I ain't the boss here, eh? Not when m' wife and Ethel's round. He, he!"

He seated his employee in a comfortable rocker and then sat down himself, but almost immediately started up again. "I got to leave you a minute," he said. "Just make yourself at home." Jacob heard his muffled voice within in colloquy with some person unheard.

"Well, I say I want you to come down. I don't care what you want."

"Maybe I can, but I want you to. You hear me!"

"Well, get ready, dad fetch it! You've had all morning to get ready. I told you to hurry an hour and a half ago."

"Huh! See that it ain't no more than a minute then."

Silence succeeded. Jacob sat smiling over the top of the Sunday paper at a cast-iron rabbit. Minute succeeded minute until a round ten had passed. Then Mr. Wicks' muffled voice was heard again: "Ethel!"

"So's Christmas."

Jacob's smile grew broader. Presently there was a brisk tapping of heels on a hardwood floor and Miss Ethel Wicks made her appearance. She smiled a nice, set little smile and held out her hand. "Mr. Duffy, isn't it?" she said sweetly. "How do you do, Mr. Duffy?"

Jacob responded with easy courtesy and the smile of a stranger pleasantly impressed. "Miss Wicks, I'm sure," he returned. "How do you do, Miss Wicks?"

"What makes you so sure?" the young woman asked as she seated herself in the chair that he had placed for her.

"You've been pointed out to me in the store," he answered. "Besides I had the pleasure of waiting on you on one occasion. A half bushel of potatoes it was. No doubt you've forgotten it."

"Was it long ago?"

"Ages."

Miss Wicks looked at him demurely. "Perhaps it's because you have your hair arranged differently," she surmised.

"I'm giving it a holiday," said Jacob, running his fingers through his abundant dark chestnut crop. "I must say it feels better. Would you mind if I told you that yours was very becomingly arranged? By the way, I noticed an illustrated article on the latest modes in the paper here. Should you like to see it? It's interesting if authentic."

"I should like to look at it very much indeed," said Ethel and took the paper. Jacob watched her as she gave it her undivided attention, with a keen appreciation of the contour of her cheek and the droop of her long eyelashes. He had been quite serious in his expressed admiration of her hair. Not only was it becomingly arranged, but the color was something to rave about—a rich auburn where it massed, golden where it fluffed. It went well with her warm, rich complexion.

"You may smoke," she said without looking at him.

Jacob took from his pocket a curious sort of a cigarette case for a grocery clerk to be carrying and selected a cigarette that was certainly not carried in stock by the Spot-Cash Grocery. As he lit it he said: "You are as good as you are beautiful."

Ethel lowered the paper and frowned on him, a frown that would have discouraged some young men. Jacob met it with absolute effrontery.

"And that's some good, fair maiden," he added.

"Mr. Duffy," said Ethel, speaking very distinctly and seriously, "I really wish that you would not talk to me like that."

"Miss Wicks," said Mr. Duffy, "your wishes are laws to me, effective as soon as spoken. I will not talk to you like that. If you'll only indicate the way you like to be spoken to you'll find me eager and earnest to merit your approval, just as long as it's in my power."

"Talk as if you had some sense," snapped Ethel.

"I'll tell you the news then," decided Jacob. "I heard it last night and I've every reason to believe it's true. I don't think I'm violating any confidence in telling you. If I did wild horses couldn't tear it from me. There's going to be a dance at Glen Hollow on Thursday night."

"That doesn't interest me," said Ethel.

"It has a melancholy interest for me," sighed Jacob. "Memories! Memories! The tingling pulsations of the mad mandolins, the wail of the violins, the low sob of the saxophone—shall I ever forget it? And the picture it brings back. A young girl in simple white with proud and haughty features. A youth ——"

"Silly and conceited," prompted Ethel.

"I really wish that you would not talk to me like that," said Jacob. "Let me tell you something about that youth. He may have been silly and he may be conceited; but what you failed to grasp was that he meant exactly and precisely what he said. Another thing about him is that once he makes up his mind it stays made. Wax to receive—under certain circumstances that mind of his is marble to retain. Constancy is a marked characteristic, too, of that youth, and indomitable purpose ——"

"Come on out here, mother," interrupted Ethel. "This is Mr. Duffy. Mr. Duffy, my mother."

Mrs. Wicks, flushed with culinary triumphs, advanced and bowed with gracious condescension to Mr. Duffy and sank into a rocker with an air of permanence. Conversation thereupon flowed into meteorological channels and glided thence into a placid stream of commonplace that was only diverted by the announcement of dinner. It was a dinner to be remembered, based upon chicken. As anybody knows, there are chicken dinners and chicken dinners, just as there is cream gravy and cream gravy. This was the sort of chicken that makes the eyes of the diners glisten in sympathy with the exquisitely gratified palate, and the gravy was gravy that arouses the salivary glands to retroactivity through distant years. Jacob showed his appreciation of both in the manner most evident of sincerity, thereby thawing in some measure the dignified reserve of his hostess. He was also respectfully responsive to the jocularities of Mr. Wicks, and addressed an occasional remark to Ethel that piqued the young lady to spirited small-talk. Mr. Wicks, keenly observant for all his genial jesting, noted this, and caught an unguarded glance or two directed at his daughter that made him rub his hands under cover of the tablecloth.

After dinner Mr. Wicks, pleading custom, begged indulgence for ten minutes of repose. "Did Jacob like music?" Music was a passion with Jacob. "Then Ethy should play for him. Perhaps Mr. Wicks shouldn't say it, but Ethy was considered by what you might call music experts ——"

"That will be quite enough, thank you, father," said Ethel, leading the way to the parlor.

"Play the Shopang thing, Ethel," suggested Mrs. Wicks.

Ethel seated herself at the piano and after a little improvisation played the Shopang thing, and even a little Tschaikowsky thing. After that she played a Grieg thing, and then demonstrated her catholicity of taste by an excursion into Offenbach and Luders.

"Please don't stop," begged Jacob.

She played Nevin's love song and then a lullaby. Mrs. Wicks nodded her approval of the love song again and yet again, and to the soothing interpretation of the lullaby she rendered the highest possible tribute—a tiny, quite ladylike snore, then another.

The last notes of the composition merged imperceptibly into silence and Ethel turned, eyes abrim with laughter, to the young man. With a mutual impulse the two arose and tiptoed from the room and out on to the veranda.

"It's a habit of mother's too," explained Ethel, and the laughter in her eyes vocalized deliciously from her pretty mouth. With the utmost discretion Jacob laughed too.

"I'm given to understand that it knits the raveled sleeve of care," he observed. "It's a habit I approve of."

"Perhaps you'd like ——" suggested Ethel.

"Not by any means," he disclaimed. "It isn't a habit of mine. And since I first saw you ——"

"Now you are going to begin again," Ethel remonstrated. "Please don't."

"Won't you let me tell you just a little more about that youth?" pleaded Jacob. "Just one little thing? No, I'm not fooling and I want you to listen. That night at Glen Hollow you set me down pretty hard and I think you were right from your standpoint. The trouble was you didn't understand that I was in dead earnest. You thought I was—well, we'll say fresh. We'll also say previous. I may have seemed so."

"You certain did," said Ethel.

"I admit it," Jacob conceded. "I was rushing things. Very well. If a man does wrong and owns it and tries to set it right, if he resolves to be patient and long-suffering, if he is determined to atone for his unduly precipitate conduct by waiting—waiting as long ——"

"I'm not going to listen to another word," declared Ethel. "I want to be friendly, but you won't let me."

Truly those deep-blue eyes—those incomparable eyes—were looking at him in a friendly way, and the rosy mouth—where did she get that mouth?—was curving upward at the corners. "Is that honest?" asked Jacob eagerly.

"Honest," declared Ethel.

"Let's shake hands on it," he suggested with glowing eyes.

"Not at all necessary," said the young woman.

"You mean that if I conduct myself with propriety you will be just as kind to me as you are to Clippy and Sam, and that you'll let me wait on you and perhaps call on you here some evening and—and be friends with me—good friends?"

"Tolerably good friends," Ethel answered. "If you conduct yourself with propriety, yes."

"Blessings on you," exclaimed Jacob fervidly. "If the devotion of a lifetime—that is to say, it's a whack."

"You Pin-Headed Fool, You Ought to be in an Asylum for Idiots!"

It seemed to Jacob not more than ten minutes after that that Mrs. Wicks awoke and came out to them. But it was a very delightful ten minutes, and when at last he took his leave he was in an exalted frame of mind, so much so that as soon as he was well out of sight of the house he grasped his left hand with his right and shook it heartily. After which he grasped his right hand with his left and shook that.

At about the same time Mr. Wicks smoked and said to his daughter: "Well, what do you think of him, Ethy?"

"I think he's rather conceited and a trifle silly," Ethel answered.

"You don't know what you're talking about," rasped Mr. Wicks. "Seems like to me you've been acting sort of that way yourself. Don't you make any mistake about Jacob, my dear," he went on in a more conciliatory tone. "He ain't nobody's fool. Smart as a whip, he is. He's a boy that's a-going to amount to somethin' too. You take your father's word for it. I was conceited when I was his age. Silly, too, wasn't I, mother?"

"I don't think you've got over it yet," replied Mrs. Wicks tartly. "He's a nice enough young man, I suppose," she concluded; "but ——"

She was more explicit later on in the privacy of their room. "What makes you so about that boy, Wesley?" she asked. "You haven't any idea surely of encouraging him to make up to Ethy?"

"I don't know why I wouldn't have," rejoined Mr. Wicks doggedly.

"A mere clerk!"

"I was a mere clerk one time," said the grocer with some heat. "It don't signify because he's only a clerk now that he's a-going to stay a clerk. If a young feller is honest and smart and a worker he's good enough for any girl. That's what I say, and if Ethy and him take a notion to each other I ain't a-going to stand in their way. That's all there is about that."

"But you took him without any references. You don't know anything about him," protested the mother.

"Maybe I know a heap more about him than you've any idea," said Mr. Wicks. "Don't you lose no sleep about me not knowing nothing about him."

"'Not knowing nothing'!" sighed Mrs. Wicks.

Then the discussion ended for the time, but it was renewed after Jacob's appearance on the veranda on the Tuesday night succeeding. In the meantime Miss Ethel had visited the store twice. On one of these occasions she had nodded kindly to the new clerk and on the other he had waited upon her. From the desk at the rear of the store Mr. Wicks kept an eagle eye upon them and tittered to himself. A week later he announced his intention of going to town and the following morning, shaved to the pink, wearing his diamond pin and the insignia of the I. O. O. F., he departed.

He arrived in town a little before noon, but sagaciously determined to defer his business until after luncheon. Having fortified himself with an excellent repast and one of the cigars that he did not sell, he proceeded to the wholesale house of Concannon, 1110 Sugar Street, and sent in his card to Mr. J. J. Concannon.

Mr. Concannon raised his beetling head from his desk and bent his shaggy brows on Mr. Wicks. He was a big, rawboned old heathen, the head of this considerable firm. He had a formidable jaw, glaring eyes, and a gruff voice that swelled to a bass rumble on slight provocation. Mr. Wicks felt his habitual self-confidence as a man of substance and standing rapidly deserting him under the glare with which he was favored, and his small smile was more than ordinarily puckery.

"Well, Mr. Wicks," growled the old man, "what do you want to see me about?"

The grocer glanced at the stenographer. "If you'll excuse me it's a sort of private matter," he suggested.

The stenographer arched her eyebrows. The old man hesitated a fraction of a second and nodded, upon which the stenographer picked up her notebook and left the room.

"Well, what is the private business?" growled Mr. Concannon.

Mr. Wicks moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Mr. Concannon, sir," he said, "you have a son."

The old man's shaggy brows contracted and he gave a sort of gulp, succeeded by a throaty sound that his employees knew as a danger signal.

"Well?"

"I ain't got a son myself, sir, but I've got a daughter, and I understand a father's feelings," Mr. Wicks proceeded. "That son of yours, sir, may have been a little wild. I ain't denying that; but, Mr. Concannon, sir, we've most of us been a little wild in our young days. I don't mind owning up that I've been a little wild myself, and what I say is, we should all make allowances—in particular, fathers. I leave it to you, now, if that ain't right?"

There were more throaty sounds that Mr. Wicks interpreted as assent.

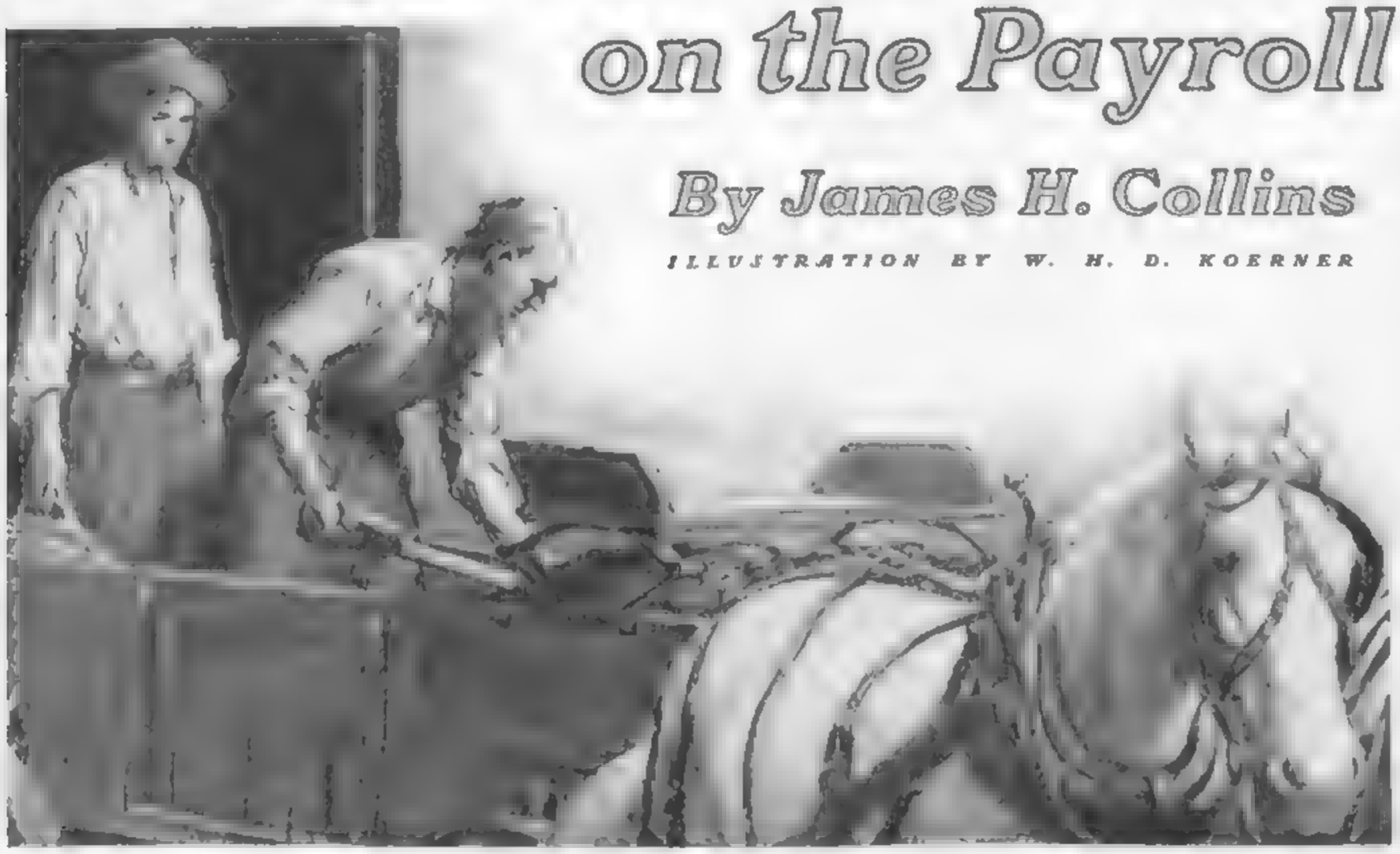
"I knew that you'd feel that way, sir," Mr. Wicks went on. "Now that boy of yours—I speak of him as a boy, because he ain't much more—that boy of yours is a fine feller. I say that and I stand by it. You and him may have had your

(Continued on Page 49)

Selling That Concerns Everybody on the Payroll

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATION BY W. H. D. KOERNER



The Agent Can Have Cars Ready When the Crop Is Dug

IT USED to be thought that selling goods for a business house was strictly the duty of the salesforce and nobody else, and other employees left that work pretty much alone; but today there is a new point of view in this matter. It is recognized that selling concerns everybody on the payroll, from the president of the company down to Mike, the hall porter. Each employee can be a salesman or saleswoman to a certain extent.

Any employee may have exclusive opportunities to get selling tips or start sales for the regular selling organization to carry on, or put the final clincher into some deal the salesforce has started, and help along the general good feeling that ought to exist between a house and its public—the basis of all sales. So some of the most interesting and fruitful development at the selling end is in the imparting of sales-sense to employees who have never thought much about selling methods—the drivers, delivery men, messengers, collectors, mechanics, operators, repair and construction workers, and so on.

There is the railroad station agent, for instance. Railroads employ traffic solicitors to cover the big freight-shipping centers, advertise their passenger facilities, put barbers, manicurists and baths on their limited trains, and exploit their double track, block signals and terminals; but until very lately they have overlooked the station agent at Littleville as a potential producer of new revenue.

The agent at Littleville was selected originally because he could operate a telegraph key. The road sent him to Littleville and rather forgot him. Trainmen and other employees were organized and from time to time demanded increases of pay and improved working conditions. The agent at Littleville had to have as much muscle as a freight brakeman so he could hustle freak trunks; and also possess the education of a traveling auditor so he could make out the countless forms and reports required at headquarters. He was usually the last man on the road to get a raise in pay, however, and the road looked on him as a non-producer and a necessary evil.

An Invaluable Station Agent

MATTERS have run along in this groove until the station agent has now become a problem. Men who can fill the job are scarce—at the price offered. It carries plenty of responsibility, with little authority and much work, with slender chances to rise. People living at West Littleville petition the road for a station at their point. The road replies that, as less than a hundred persons live there and but three trains stop each day, the request cannot be granted. It would be easy enough to build a station, but no agent could be induced to endure the loneliness and small pay of West Littleville.

Railroad officials now find that the solution of this station-agent problem is to make the agent a salesman. He is being drawn closer to the creative organization in the traffic department, and shown how to solicit freight and passenger business at his station, thus helping to produce the direct increase of revenue that will warrant better pay.

He is given more authority. Some night a thief breaks into the baggage room, smashes open a prosperous-looking trunk, and takes a few trinkets. The trunk belongs to the local banker, a responsible man whom the agent has known for years. Under ordinary railroad routine the banker would estimate his loss and the agent would forward the claim to headquarters, where the claim department, after months of delay on the hypothesis that maybe the banker broke into his own trunk, would pay the loss. Meanwhile the agent would have soothed the banker by apologizing for the road. Under the new order of things, however, the road lets the agent pay small losses at once, on his own judgment, out of his cash.

He is given a strong helper to hustle the trunks, and thus has time to look round Littleville and see what is going on. Northeast of the town the farmers have been clubbing together on some potato machinery. The agent can get them information about markets, advise about packing and shipping, have cars ready when the crop is dug, and make the farmers feel they are doing a progressive thing and that the road is heartily interested in their success. The Littleville Stave and Heading Works has been reaching out for business in apple-box shooks, but is handicapped by distance from customers and uncertain deliveries. The agent can show how fast freight manifest trains may be used and shipments kept track of. Or the local junkman is shipping a carload of old iron. He bills it as junk. The agent shows him how to cut the freight almost in half by billing it as scrap iron.

In many other ways it is possible for the station agent to maintain close selling relations with people in his town, and railroads are finding it out. Formerly they sent a traffic man from headquarters to see the big freight shippers, leaving small ones to look after themselves. Their idea of stimulating passenger traffic was to run a few cut-rate excursions from time to time; but now it is understood that small traffic and all-year-round travel at schedule rates make the steadiest revenue, and these are being taken care of through the station agent and better selling methods.

Another undeveloped salesman of considerable promise is the wagon-driver—in many lines of business the only employee who comes in contact with the public.

It is getting late on a Saturday afternoon in July, and it is hot—hot! A dripping load of ice, just taken from the car down on the team track, pulls on to the scales and is weighed. The proprietor of the Jordan Ice Company sticks his head out the office window and asks:

"Where you going with this last load, George?"

George, the driver, spits reflectively.

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Jordan," he says, "guess I'd better go up on the hill—hain't been up there fer three 'r four days now; an' them folks won't like to wait till Monday."

Which reveals a genial lack of order and selling method on the part of the boss. But the icedealer is waking up. Competition and better standards of service force him to work his routes systematically, take care of his customers and develop sales instincts. And as fast as he learns what can be done by a little planning and aggressiveness, he gets to thinking of George, the driver—for George alone knows the customers. To them he is the company. What if George could have a little sales-sense added to his cosmos?

The icedealer, the coaldealer, the laundry proprietor, the express company, the retail store, and other concerns with an organization of delivery wagons, are beginning to think about their drivers as potential salesmen, and to build better service by giving them sales instruction.

The laundry driver is typical. The boss has long thought the most important point in a driver's equipment was his ability to handle horses, and the next his willingness to work for moderate wages. Fulfilling these requirements, he has been given a team worth from four to seven hundred dollars and set to running it over a regular route.

Wagon delivery has been regarded as an unavoidable expense; but a new way of thinking applies to a delivery team. The driver who gets twelve dollars a week may be a mere passive gatherer of the laundry that is handed to him on his route; or if he has selling instinct he may get a better job with another laundry and take most of the customers with him. Even if he brings in a hundred dollars' worth of washing weekly, which is a good average, the cost of gathering and delivering will be not less than twenty per cent of the gross revenue. That is high. Suppose a commission is added to his wages for all additional work above one hundred dollars and he brings in fifty dollars more—this adds to his earnings, increases the gross revenue from the same delivery equipment, cuts delivery costs, and so on.

The new sort of driver is selected for his intelligence, enterprise, pleasing personality and some rudiments of selling sense. Horsiness is no longer the main qualification. Gasoline is rapidly coming to be the modern delivery horse, and farseeing executives drop the word driver altogether as something that is not descriptive of the job and which limits the man.

The New Type of Laundryman

GIVEN a candidate with the spark of living interest in his eye, the laundryman calls him a representative and takes time to show him over the plant. The washers, centrifugals, drying kilns and ironing machinery are explained, with methods of handling different varieties of work, the costs, and other points pertaining to the service that this new man will have to sell out on his route. When he takes up a route the boss does some of the sales thinking.

Each week there will be a different kind of laundry work to solicit in addition to the regular run. Summer has come. There are fine waists and white dresses to be done up. Women hesitate to send them to a steam laundry. The representative knows how such clothes are handled in the plant and can give reassurance. Or it is autumn; people are coming back from the mountains and seashore, and there are linen furniture covers to be washed. Quilts, blankets, rugs, lace curtains, dry cleaning and other special work, are available at the proper seasons. Much of this escaped the old laundry driver because he did not know when it was available, or had not the selling ability to ask for it and explain methods, and bring it in.

There is flatwork for families about which much may be said in favor of having it done at the steam laundry, to economize money and energy. There is the agency situation, a problem to every laundryman who does conscientious work at moderate profits; for cheap laundries pay unwarrantably high commissions to the barber and newsdealer agents who gather the bundles, and take out the difference by skimping the work.

In short if a first-rate salesman covered a typical laundry route he would find many neglected opportunities and think of many convincing sales arguments. The new idea is to give the driver some of the skill of a first-rate salesman, encourage good selling effort, and pay him for the extra business he can bring in.

The express companies, too, begin to realize that their stables hold undeveloped selling possibilities. Heretofore most of the effort in that quarter has been directed toward keeping horseflesh and rolling stock up to cavalry standards. Drivers have been required to cover their routes without missing any of the regular shippers, and to know the rates and classifications. The selling end has been in charge of traffic solicitors and agents who have touched

nothing more than the high spots. A driver's ability has been gauged largely by the condition of his team.

Uncle Sam is competing for the small-package shipments with his parcel post, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is regulating rates and routines, while in the public mind the whole subject of express companies is tagged with a big question mark.

One of the telegraph companies has lately turned to saleswork as a partial solution of an old problem in its business—that of finding something for messenger boys to do at the time each day when traffic slumps. Heretofore many of the boys had to be laid off. Now some of them are sent through the business districts to solicit new installations for telegraph callboxes, getting a nominal rate an hour and a commission on each box ordered in

This is instructive duty for the boys, good business for the company, and quite a novelty to the business public; for thus far it has been assumed that if any man wanted a callbox in his office he would have sense enough to ask for it. The number of new installations shows, however, that many persons who really need callboxes have not known how to go about getting one, and thus the company has been losing traffic.

Sales innovations of this sort, of course, look rather amateurish to the seasoned book canvasser or life-insurance solicitor; but in transportation, and communication generally, there has been so little selling effort of any sort that even these departments are in the nature of adventures. And they point to the future development of the selling side in express, telegraph, freight, passenger, trolley, and perhaps even postal service; for communication and transportation are becoming so complex that nobody but a rate specialist knows what one of the big companies can do for him in a given situation, and he, when actually confronted by the situation, is very apt to forget the precise rate or classification that applies.

Employees in the operating and mechanical departments of lighting, gas, telephone and other public-servire companies are also being organized for auxiliary saleswork. Each has his or her own circle of friends, acquaintances, merchants from whom goods are purchased, and so on. Once aware of the selling opportunities, it is a simple matter for him or her to report prospective customers that the regular salesforce might never find.

Commissions are paid for each new customer secured through tips turned in by such employees, and they are valuable helpers in a field of indirect selling even more important—that of keeping present customers happy by explaining shortcomings in service brought to their attention, taking up and reporting complaints for company action, and maintaining good feeling all round.

In recent years men at the head of business concerns have learned that it is well worth while to ask for employees' views about management, processes, routines, and ways of doing work generally. People on the payroll always do a lot of quiet thinking and have their views as to how things should be done. If not encouraged to speak of such matters they keep their thoughts to themselves; but when they understand that ideas are welcomed in the front office they often make suggestions of practical value. Now it is seen that holds true of selling problems.

This was illustrated not long ago in a certain factory where a heavy proportion of goods was proving defective in service. The difficulty seemed to be in lax assembling and inspection. Efforts were made to improve quality by better instructions to inspectors and assemblers. Still much bad work slipped through, making trouble for the salesforce.

The sales manager asked whether he might talk to these assemblers and inspectors; and when permission was given he put the problem before them from the sales standpoint. Efforts for improvement had been centered on mechanical details. Each man was trying to raise the standard on his small part. The sales manager got the men together Saturday afternoon, circulated a box of good cigars, began with some stories, and made everybody feel at home.

Then he told them about difficulties—not in their own work, but on the sales end—asking for suggestions. He described the competition in their business, showed who their customers were and how they were reached, spoke of prices and price trickery, and went into the details of some typical sales. These were cases where the house had been able to land goods against great odds; where there were excellent opportunities to make reputation and form lasting connections with skeptical purchasers.

This conscientious saleswork would then be nullified by some trifling defect in the goods—a spring snapped or a tiny part got out of adjustment. In the factory that would be a small matter. To the customer, ignorant of the way goods were made and far from spare parts, it was serious.

Having put the situation before them clearly, the sales manager said he wanted suggestions for dealing with such cases and gave them a month to formulate their ideas. Before that month was over, most of the trouble had been eliminated—for the men talked things over in the shop from the sales standpoint, made goods with selling conditions in mind, and worked with more insight all round.

In some lines of business the man on wages has prime selling advantages. As inspector, repair or delivery man, he is constantly visiting people in their homes and places of business, making adjustments and repairs and giving technical information.

If a central-station salesman called attention to an overloaded motor and suggested that a new one be installed, it would be natural for the owner of that motor to conclude that the salesman had a direct money interest in his advice—particularly if the motor were running; but when the motor refuses to do its work, and the repair man is called and gives the same advice, the reception is different. What a repair man says seems disinterested. His very lack of selling skill makes him strong in a certain field of salesmanship.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last article in a series by James H. Collins.

THE SURPLUS WIDOWS

Against Two Favorites, Virgil Custard Backs a Third Entry

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"'Tain't Nary Way to Settle Dis, 'Cep' by Payin' Me Dat Money"

RADIATING in all directions from Vicksburg the fame of Criddle's Coffin Club spread merrily. Every lip lauded its sample casket reposing in that gloomy burial parlor on Washington Street. Negroes trudged through many miles of dust to enjoy its Sunday buryings, white gloves, spangled badges, glittering spears, shepherd crooks, duly elected pallbearers, first-class hearse and all the happy mourners.

On top of this the Reverend Baltimore Criddle added a dizzy innovation by unveiling his "Endowment Rank—five hundred dollars to de widder, spot cash at de graveside." Reverend Criddle's smile grew broader, while the amplitude of his person took on richer curves.

Criddle, the Grand Organizer, sat in the Washington Street door of his Coffin Club, waxing sleeker and fatter, with a two-story chin in front and three flabby laps behind. The meat of him 'midships bulged through every crevice of a huge armchair. Virgil Custard, Grand Custodian, occupied a less capacious seat, Virgil being as brilliant, yet a smaller advertisement of prosperity, as one star differeth from another star in magnitude.

All paths converged at Criddle's door. A constant stream of negroes poured in to pay Coffin Club dues and premiums on their policies. Every man took off his hat and trod gingerly through those mortuary precincts. In bated whispers they spoke of illnesses and symptoms. Two or three stood respectfully beside the Grand Treasurer while he bent over his desk busily writing out their receipts. Within the room was shaded light and shaded persons and a murmur of reverent voices.

His strategic position justified Criddle's complacency. This being the first day of the second quarter, it was Criddle's perquisite to issue a quarterly password at fifteen cents per. The incoming member loosened up with fifteen cents, whereupon Criddle drew him into a corner and communicated the mystery. As a prelude to his elaborate uprising Criddle always placed both hands upon the arms of his chair, so that he might not take the chair with him. Then he moved majestically to the aforesaid corner, whispered those potent syllables and returned to his chair, where his down-sitting and squeezing-in were none the less impressive.

Criddle nudged Virgil Custard and observed: "Comin' 'cross pretty fast, ain't dey? Mighty nigh rapid as dey do jes' befo' a big funeral. We sho' is gatherin' in de grapes o' Ephraim."

Virgil nodded morosely. He failed to share the Criddle jubilation. Criddle was picking up dollars with just as little effort as he was picking up flesh. At a rough guess seven hundred members would fatten Criddle with more than one hundred dollars just for whispering one little word apiece. But not a cent was pouring Virgil's way. He had to hustle mightily for new members, which had been done so diligently as to thin out the raw material. The joyful jingle of commissions had stopped jingling, while Criddle rejoiced in a continuous performance.

That's why the Pop-Eyed Parson sat abstracted near the mellow glow of Criddle's contentment. Nobody now called him Pop-Eyed Parson—nobody except old Lem Collins, who used to know Virgil in Louisiana before that gander-shanked youngster counted the cross-ties from Tallulah. Wearing excessively striped trousers Virgil Custard had left his shirt-tail days behind him and become a lavishly decorated person. Virgil's taste ran gleefully to colors, while Criddle affected black—intense, honest, sincere blacks that harmonized with his complexion.

Old man Lem Collins came hobbling down the street. Virgil knew that Uncle Lem would grab his arm and brag his brags: "I knowed you when you never had nary pair o' pants."

These reminders of a previously humble condition irritated the Grand Custodian. So Virgil made a sneak into the Coffin Club just as Elvira Bunn escorted her husband to the door. This thrifty wife never permitted him to slip a cog in paying his dues. "Come 'long, Jack; dis is de las' day to keep financial."

Old Lem Collins put himself squarely in Jack's way: "Howdy-do, Solly? How's yo' ma an' pa?"

Jack heard but never tarried. He tore past like a man getting through a briar patch, shoved Elvira in at the door and followed. Jack had a stronger reason than Virgil Custard for not wanting to hear the name he had left behind him at Tallulah. Besides the name, Jack had left other inconveniences.

Elvira turned suspiciously: "Jack, how come dat ole nigger all de time callin' you Solly?"

"Unc' Lem jes' projeckin'. Come on an' les' pay dis policy." This diverted Elvira.

Elvira squeezed in close beside the Grand Treasurer's desk, making eyes at that brilliant tan personage. Virgil Custard leaned against the coffin in the center and beckoned for Jack. "Solly, you ain't got no job, is you?"

"No, de compress shet down las' Saddy."

"I knows whar you kin git a job."

"Whar at?"

"Firin' fer a sawmill—dollar six bits a day an' board. Mr. Emerson ——"

"Ain't Mr. Emerson de white man what's got de sawmill 'bout six miles no'th o' Tallulah?"

"Yes."

Jack shook his head. "I ain't gwine nowhars nigh Tallulah."

"Dollar six bits a day is mighty good wages," Virgil urged.

"Wages ain't no 'ticement whar Milly is at. I'm quit o' dat gal. She done gib me more'n 'nuff trouble." Jack spoke very low, his eyes upon Elvira.

Virgil nodded toward the woman. "Viry don't know nothin' 'bout Milly?"

"No, siree. An' furthermo', she ain't gwine to know. Come 'long Elviry, let's git out o' here."

The treasurer was taking entirely too much notice of Jack's starchy young wife; Jack caught her by the arm. "Wait a minute, Jack." Elvira held the policy in her hand, talking earnestly with the treasurer: "Ef Jack *should* happen to die den *I* gits five hundred dollars?"

"Every cent of it. Don't you see how it is written? 'Five hundred dollars on the life of Jack Bunn, payable to his wife.'"

Elvira began folding up the policy. "I jes' wanted to git de straight o' it. Dey pays at de graveside?"

"Cash, an' no discount. Our motto is, 'Pay fust, an' investigate afterward.'"

The yellow woman nodded. "I done noticed jes' soon as dese s'cieties begins to 'vestigate, dey quits payin'."

Elvira had brought Jack in, but Jack led Elvira out. Criddle gazed up and down the slim, saddle-colored man: "Virgil, dat nigger looks sickly."

"Jack is been had a misery fer de longest."

With thoughtful fingers Criddle drummed on the arm of his chair and observed: "Sickly niggers does mighty well fer de Coffin Club, *mighty* well, 'special at de start; us needs one or two fust-class funerals to git things whoopin'. But payin' out five hundred plunks apiece—dat comes too rapid an' reg'lar. Howsomeever you can't never tell. Thar wuz G. L. Radley, sound as a dollar one day, an' gits hisself shot full o' holes de nex'—cost five hundred. You can't count on *nary* kind o' nigger."

When the southbound train pulled into Vicksburg the next Sunday afternoon a cargo unloaded itself—a shapeless something that looked like a black haystack, with fluttering streamers. The woman, in profuse mourning and perspiration, waved her turkey-tail fan uncertainly, as if in doubt.

A white man hurried past. "Howdy do, Doctor Winston? What's de news up to Rosedale?"

The doctor stopped and smiled. "Howdy, Aunt Queeny; no news at home. You left Rosedale when I did."

"Sho' did, doctor; I seed you time you got on de train."

"What's the trouble?" The doctor glanced at her dress and veil.

"Lordee, doctor, ain't you heered?" Aunt Queeny gave the veil a swing. "Ain't you heered de news? Brakeman on Number Twenty-Six tole me my husban', Jack, he's daid. Dey gwine to hab his buryin' dis evenin'."

"I'm mighty sorry; Jack Bunn was a good man."

"Dat he wuz, doctor; sho' wuz; I done tried three or four, an' Jack wuz certainly de bes'. Whichaway is it up town?"

The physician pointed up the steep sidewalk. "Next corner is Washington Street."

"Lawd A'mighty! Doctor, is I got to climb plum to de top o' dat hill?"

"Take it slow. I must hurry to the hospital. Telephone me if I can help you."

"All right, doctor." Aunt Queeny cheerily swung her fan and began waddling. On the slope of the hill she paused two or three times. At the corner of Washington Street she stopped short. A funeral procession blocked the street; gaping negroes choked the sidewalk. The country woman panted and gazed—gazed at the brass band, the hearse, the horses with dangling tassels, the moving forest of spears, the double line of brethren with badges and collars and white gloves. Reverend Baltimore Criddle rode in the bellwether hack with a yellow woman.

"Lawd! Lawd!" Aunt Queeny thought of her own bereavement. She touched an old negro in front of her. "Who's daid, mister? Must be a big preacher?"

The old negro refused to unglue his eyes from that gorgeous procession.

"Must be a *mighty* big preacher," Queeny persisted.

"He war a member." This should have explained everything, but it didn't.

"Member o' what?"

"Coffin Club. Brudder Jack Bunn."

"Jack Bunn! Now people! People! Is *dat* Jack's buryin'?" Queeny stirred her fan triumphantly. "Jack useter brag he had plenty good friends in Vicksburg. Is all dese folks 'tendin' Jack's funeral?"

Half in amusement and half in contempt, the city negro illuminated her. "Heap more's gwine dan dis. All dem in de procession, likewise all dem on de street. Criddle pays de widder five hundred dollars at de graveside. You watch 'em pilin' on de street cars jes' soon as dis peerade gits by."

She caught the old man's arm and jerked him round. "Mister, please, suh. What remarks wuz dem you passed 'bout payin' de widder five hundred dollars?"

Ranks of glittering spearmen were marching by; the old fellow hated to be disturbed. Aunt Queeny kept pestering until he wheeled savagely. "Lemme 'lone; ain't I done specify dey pays five hundred dollars to de widder, cash at de graveside?"

"I'm sho' gwine out an' git dat."

"What you got to do wid it?"

"I'm de widder—dat's all."

"Huh! Huh!" the man grinned. "Jack Bunn's widder is ridin' in dat front hack."

Nobody knew when Aunt Queeny got to the graveyard. She got there. A thousand negroes, who had honored the

"Who is You, Anyway, Talkin' to Me 'bout Ole Times?"

passing of Jack Bunn, now crowded forward to witness the passing of five hundred dollars across his open grave. The Grand Treasurer was a beautiful sight to see, long black coat, white vest and tie, soft gray pantaloons and patent leather shoes. He stood bareheaded; a proud boy held his shiny hat. Criddle maintained ponderous decorum at the head of the grave. So far the widow Elvira had failed to "take on"—nothing more than a few premonitory groans.

The Grand Treasurer was closing his graceful remarks. A wad of crisp new money rustled in his hand. He was in the act of handing this to Elvira. Criddle had lifted both hands and exclaimed: "O Death, whar is dy sting?"

A sudden resistless force assaulted that crowd from behind, and kept assaulting. Queeny Bunn crumpled their rearguard and broke their center, turning negroes aside like a fourteen-inch plow. "Hole up thar." The Grand Treasurer held up his peroration with a jerk, while some one took the intruder gently by her arm. "Dearly beloved sister ——"

"Hole up, you yaller nigger!" Queeny made a grab for the treasurer. "Gimme dat money."

"Give it to you? What fer?"

"*I* is de wife o' *dese* remains."

The Widow Elvira stood silent and becomingly tearful, not having got her cue for athletic bewailments of widowhood. Now she flung aside the veil. "You? De widder? You ain't nothin' o' de sort!"

"Who say I ain't?" Queeny squared herself, chunkily-built as a brick powder house, glaring at mourners and multitude.

Elvira's diversion had caused the Rosedale widow to shift her eye momentarily from the Grand Treasurer. When she turned back that prudent functionary had stuffed the cash into his pocket and squeezed through the first line of pallbearers. It would be their job to protect him. Pallbearers should meet responsibilities as well as enjoy their pleasures.

The tactful Criddle seized upon Queeny's instant of indecision. In mellow tones he spoke: "We ain't gwine to pay dis money at de graveside. We now adjourns to de office, whar bofe o' dese ladies gits equal chance to talk."

These few brief words robbed Jack Bunn's funeral of its charm. The Treasurer had filtered through the crowd and was hiking it hotfoot toward the gate. Far-sighted colored persons were tumbling over the graveyard fence and catching the first car back to the Coffin Club.

Many rushed to the Club, but few got in. Late arrivals could not wriggle within half a block of the Washington Street entrance; sly ones, dodging round to the back door, found the alley in a jam.

Luckily for the overflow meeting, big Jim Miller got footing on the threshold. Jim was tall, with a stretchable neck and a voice. It was like witnessing the world's championship series by telegraph—better than nothing, but tantalizing.

The grand stand listened to Jim, and groaned whenever their home team got the hot end of a play.

"Dat black 'ooman 'low she been married seben years to Jack Bunn."

"She say he lived at Rosedale, firin' fer de compress, excusin' dem times when de compress shet down an' Jack come to Vicksburg huntin' work."

"Elvira 'low dat ain't so. Jack stayed at Vicksburg reg'lar. He jes' rambled up to Rosedale once in a while, when he got out of a job at home."

A clamor uprose within, a storminess of many words; the grand stand hung breathless on Jim's next report:

"Elvira up an' remark she got papers what her an' Jack wuz married by, married on de *book* wid a preacher. Lot o' you folks 'members dat."

The crowd cheered. "Dat we do! Dat we do!" a dozen voices shouted. "I wuz at de weddin'."

"Me too."

"Me too."

Partisans volunteered in a rush to get inside and add their testimony. Jim Miller waved them back. "Dat black 'ooman keeps a 'sputin'—'tain't no diffunce—she had 'im fust—papers don't cut no ice wid her."

Shrill contention surged out upon the hush of the street, every voice for itself, until Queeny cried: "'Tain't nary way to settle dis, 'cep' by payin' me dat money." Then everybody could hear Criddle—not what Criddle said, only the hum and the soothing murmur of his tones.

"Jim," shouted an anxious hanger-on at the fringe of the crowd. "Oh! Jim, is Elviry got de money?"

Jim stood on tiptoe, stretching his giraffe neck. "Not yit; Criddle 'nounce dey ain't gwine to pay no money not today. Dey wants to 'vestigate."

"Huh!" sneered the anxious person; "dey won't never pay nobody. Dat's what dey always does when dey 'vestigates."

Jim Miller lifted his hand. "Hush, niggers, lemme lissen. Dey gwine to hol' a trustees' meetin' on Saddy night an' 'cide which lady is got de morest right to be de widder."

In perfect stillness all could hear the ultimatum of Queeny Bunn: "I'm gwine to set right here 'til I *gits* dat money."

Negroes began squeezing out of the Coffin Club, mopping their faces. The mob broke into small groups, each having for its center a dripping and soppy person who had been on the inside. Some heard this and some heard that. All agreed, however, that Elvira held her own pretty well, considering the difference in size.

Criddle was beaten. He gave up trying to coax Aunt Queeny out of the door so that he could lock up. He and the Treasurer stood on the sidewalk, consulting in whispers with Virgil. "She's *boun'* to git hongry an' be bleeged to crawl out." Virgil realized what it meant to be starved into a hustle. Criddle glanced at the well-fed woman and grinned. "Reckon she do 'quire tol'able reg'lar vittles."

Aunt Queeny never stirred, except to rock back and forth in Criddle's big chair. She might have been there until now if Doctor Winston had not come along, worming his way through the crowd. Queeny rose like a hippopotamus,

shouting: "Doctor Winston! Doctor Winston! Now lissen all you niggers! Dere's a white gent'man from Rosedale what knows me real good; don't you, doctor?"

"Certainly I know you, Aunt Queeny. What are you doing here?"

"Dese niggers 'sputes me bein' Jack's widder."

Elvira's backers were leading her away. She stopped. Criddle, the Grand Treasurer and Virgil listened for Doctor Winston's answer: "Of course you're Jack Bunn's wife; been living together at Rosedale for six or eight years. Own a little property, I believe?"

"Dat's what I tole 'em; owns a house an' three acres. I got papers fer dat fan' to Jack Bunn and Queeny Bunn, his wife. You-all niggers mought jes' as well pay me dat five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars?" the doctor inquired.

"Yaa, suh. Dey wuz fixin' to pay cash fer Jack, pay it to *dis* huzzy, an' she ain't de widder. *Ise* it."

Elvira bristled up and Criddle stepped into the breach. "Doctor," Criddle's explainer worked without a hitch, "our dearly beloved brudder is gone from dis worl'; we pays de wife five hundred dollars at de graveside, an' dese ladies is been squabblin'. You knows how wimmens acks. Ain't it reasonable fer us to 'vestigate an' see which one us got to pay? We gwine to settle Saddy night."

"Let me understand you," the doctor addressed Criddle and Queeny together; "Jack Bunn had a five-hundred-dollar policy in your society, payable to his wife, and both of these women claim it?"

"You jes' oughter hear 'em claimin' it."

"You can't tell which one to pay?"

"Doctor, kin you look at dese two an' pick de right widder?"

Doctor Winston smiled. "Aunt Queeny, that seems reasonable. Wait until Saturday night. I'll help you get witnesses from Rosedale."

"All right, doctor, ef *you* sez so. I won't take dese niggers' word fer nothin'."

"Dar now!" Virgil Custard whispered to Criddle. "White folks done butt in; I got a hunch we gwine to have trouble."

Virgil Custard failed to foresee half the trouble. Even the acute Criddle overlooked many complications. Criddle had been up against the same proposition before; he knew how easy it was to delay and postpone a claim, and compromise with the claimants, to Criddle's honest profit.

There were many short cuts in this benevolent game which Virgil had not caught on to; but he was learning. He began to learn that same night when Criddle led him into his sanctum.

"See here, Virgil, 'tain't no use beatin' de devil roun' de stump. I'm gwine to compromise dis case. Pears like dat Rosedale 'ooman is got de bulge on Elvira. I kin 'swade her 'tain't nary chance to git a dollar, excusin' I helps. O' cose de 'Dowment Rank pays de five hundred and—you sees how 'tis."

Virgil was beginning to see, but he hankered for details, which Criddle volunteered.

"You got to talk a little to dat 'ooman, den back me up aginst de Grand Treasurer, dat us oughter pay her. I flashes a hundred in her face an' she signs any kind o' paper I sticks at her. You gits twenty-five."

"Dat ain't no more'n right ef we settles it peaceable."

"Eve'ything will be mighty nice an' pleasant, 'ceptin' Elviry; but you can't please everybody, no matter how hard you tries."

Criddle knew niggers and lived off his knowledge. He talked on persuasively, while Virgil did the extemporaneous listening. "Now den, Virgil, git busy. Tell her dat Criddle will pay a few dollars jes' fer kindness' sake."

Virgil sauntered down the street, planning an accidental interview with the widow from Rosedale. It would not do to tackle her while she was hot. How long would it take that sized woman to cool off in August? Virgil stopped at the corner to consider. Here the treasurer met him and Virgil saw that Perkins had something on his mind.

"Hello, Virgil. I was jes' thinkin' how me an' you could make a little spec'."

"Dat's nice; dat's *mighty* nice."

The treasurer glanced round cautiously.

"This Queeny woman has put in her mouth an' give us a good excuse to hang up Elvira's claim."

Long before the treasurer finished Virgil knew he was coming out of the same hole where Criddle had come out. And the treasurer did, with the conclusion: "Women hates to wait. They'd rather have six bits today than a hundred tomorrow. I handles the money and that induces 'em to come my way."

Throughout his sinuous explanation, Virgil Custard never batted an eye. He had learned from Criddle.

The treasurer sauntered on. Alone on the street-corner Virgil meditated: "Ef Criddle pays de Rosedale 'ooman I gits twenty-five. Ef de treasurer pays Elviry I gits twenty-five. 'Pears like I can't lose nothin', neither way de cat hops. 'Tain't no sense in me workin' an' worryin'."

"Go Get That Woman—Quick. Bring Her Here"

Virgil did not work or worry, not until he commenced figuring how much Criddle would get, or the Grand Treasurer would get. "Ef Criddle 'lows dat 'ooman a hundred, an' 'lows me twenty-five, lemme see, dat leaves Criddle three hundred an' seventy-five. Same way wid Perkins. Wonder he didn't hog it all! Hungry nigger makes a clean plate. I oughter thought o' dat fust." If Virgil had first hit upon the idea he might have been doling out twenty-five to Criddle and pocketing the balance. Suddenly the Pop-Eyed Parson jumped up and came down with both legs spraddled. "Dar's Milly!"

"Milly!" Virgil's feet began to fidget with traveling itch. "Gwine to git Milly." Using her as a claimant Virgil could scoop the coin. Of course the country woman did not know about Jack Bunn's policy, and would be satisfied with whatever Virgil chose to give.

Virgil Custard scarcely slept that night. Next morning, when he stepped off the train at Tallulah, his eyes looked more than ever like those of a young owl.

On Deerfield Plantation, four miles from Tallulah, Virgil began his guarded inquiries. Milly had always lacked ginger, and it was no surprise to find her living within half a mile of Solly Davenport's old cabin. Virgil recognized Milly the moment she emptied a skillet out the cabin door. He saw the same flat-chested figure, the sallow face with its spatterment of rusty splotches, snuff-stick, and a tight knot of kinky hair at the back of her head. Solly had no right to desert her, but Milly was undoubtedly an extenuating circumstance. A four-year-old girl clung to her mother's apron.

Virgil tipped his hat. "Ain't dis Milly Davenpote?"

"No, 'tain't. Dis is Milly Simmons. I don't want to hear de name o' dat Davenpote nigger."

"'Scuse me, Miss Simmons."

Two lanky boys were wading in a mud-hole; Virgil remembered these as Solly's children. The baby girl was an interloper for whom he had not yet accounted.

The Grand Custodian reeled off a mighty seductive line of conversation. "I jes' 'lowed to stop an' pass de time o' day fer de sake of old friendship. Sho' is glad to see you." Virgil stuck out his hand.

Milly wiped her hand on the dish-rag, but hung back suspiciously. She had never been acquainted with such striped trousers as Virgil wore, nor seen such a hat in her life.

"Who is you, anyway, talkin' to me 'bout ole times?"

"Lawd! Lawd! Milly, don't *you* know me? Ise *Virgil*."

Milly stuck out a couple of limp and clammy fingers

By tactful advances and cautious retreats, Virgil was progressing nicely with his affair, when a hulking young black man slouched in from the field.

"Dis is my husban'; he's Ed." Milly already knew that Solly Davenport had deceased, and she could get fifty dollars by going to Vicksburg and signing some papers. At this suggestion Ed showed signs of life.

"What fer is Milly gwine to get fifty dollars?"

"Fer bein' Solly's wife."

With an air of general discouragement Milly remarked: "It's wuth a heap more'n dat to put up wid Solly."

"But Milly ain't none o' Solly's wife," Ed objected. "She's *my* wife."

Virgil looked at him disgustedly. "Ed, s'posin' fifty dollars cash—maybe a hundred—done drapped in yo' mouf; wouldn't you shet dat mouf?"

Virgil winked. Ed Simmons saw the point. "How we gwine to git it?"

"She ain't got nothin' to do 'cep' prove she war married to Solly Davenpote, an' sign a little teeny bit o' paper."

"I can't write," Milly complained.

"You jes' tech de pen—dat's mighty little to do fer fifty dollars—maybe a hundred. You kin prove it easy." Virgil pointed to a framed marriage certificate on Milly's wall. "Yon's dat stifikit; I 'members when Solly hung it up; all de res' o' dese niggers sot in to hangin' up deirs."

Virgil also had his eye on a crayon enlargement—from a tintype—of Milly standing with one hand on Solly Davenport's shoulder. "I reckon dat'll cinch it."

Ed Simmons considered. "Milly can't go widout me; an' us ain't got nobody to leave de chilluns wid."

"An' us ain't got no money," Milly suggested.

Loftily Virgil volunteered: "I'll lend you-all de money; you kin pay back out o' what you git."

That settled it. Ed was ready to travel with anybody who paid the freight. He would get a free excursion to Vicksburg and plenty of ice water on the train. "When does we start?"

Virgil looked at his watch. "Ketch dat fust train. Wid fifty dollars lyin' roun' loose, 'twon't be no time befo' somebody grabs it."

Milly glanced up. "Fifty dollars? I thought you said a hundred."

"I said *maybe* a hundred. Dat depends."

Milly trembled at the thrill of going on a trip. She jerked a box from under the bed and produced a hat with limp red poppies on it.

Ed shouted for the boys to come in from their wading. Both of Solly Davenport's heirs were yellow, stalky and sappy, like cocoa grass that had sprouted beneath a barrel, Solly being ten and Jim eight.

Virgil was looking with open disapproval upon Milly's glad rags.

"Milly," he asked, "ain't you got no mournin' clo'es? Red hats ain't fittin' fer no widder."

"I ain't studyin' 'bout no widder; what I wants is dat money."

"You can't git de money widout bein' a widder."

"Whar's de mournin' clo'es a comin' from? Tell me dat."

Up spoke the pure and noble Virgil: "Us gits to Vicksburg in de night. Nex' mornin' us gwine to buy plenty mournin'. Nobody can't rightly be a widder widout plenty mournin'."

This suggested an idea to Ed. "What kin' o' mournin' is I got to wear?"

"You better stay home."

"But I *got* to go," Ed persisted.

"What fer?"

Ed sulked. "I ain't lettin' you take my wife nowhar's widout I goes."

"It's dis way. You gits to Vicksburg an' says to de lawyer, 'Gimme dat money fer my wife.' He say, 'What money?' You say, 'De money what Solly Davenpote lef'.' Den de lawyer specify, 'Solly ain't lef' no money fer *yo'* wife; de money's fer *he* wife.' Ef Milly is Solly's wife, an' Milly's yo' wife, all at de same time, dat makes some kin' o' humbug, accordin' to law."

Virgil Custard waited for the idea to soak in. "Ed, ef you goes 'long you better say you's Milly's brudder."

"Den I kin wear some black cloth roun' my arm?"

"It don't signify what you got on yo' arm. Tie one o' dem black mufflers roun' yo' tongue, an' dat'll suit me fine."

Ed continued cramping his feet into a pair of Sunday shoes. As Milly went on hopefully with the preparations, her slow mind digested something. "Pop-Eye, what wuz dat you 'lowed 'bout de lawyer? I can't pay no lawyer."

"He ain't costin' you nary cent. I'll tend to him. Ed, git busy wid dat weddin' stifikit, an' dat picture off de wall. Wrop 'em up."

Late that night, at Vicksburg, Virgil Custard counted his flock off the train and led them into a negro boarding house. "Now you-all lie low an' don't talk to nobody."

"When does I git dem mournin' clo'es?" Milly asked.

"Tomorrer mornin'."

Virgil arranged with the landlady to assist in the purchase of Milly's funeral trousseau.

Virgil immediately got a hustle on himself and found Criddle at the Shining Light Restaurant. Criddle had news. The Rosedale widow was beginning to weaken. "I'm a-leadin' her gentle." Criddle winked. "Eyes to de blin', an' a lantern unto her feet. 'Twon't be but two or three days. De longer dey waits, de cheaper you gits 'em."

Then Virgil treed the Treasurer and elicited some other confidential facts: Elvira wanted to get married and go away; she couldn't hold out much longer; it was a cinch to buy out Elvira.

After consulting with Criddle and Perkins about their schemes, Virgil began to feel wabbly concerning his own. He was up against two mighty sharp financiers—with an ignorant country family on his hands. "Dis ain't no time to be skull-draggin'. I needs a *lawyer*." Virgil did need a lawyer, a particular kind of lawyer, a lawyer who was not particular.

The Honorable Gus Rigg maintained a red head and a reputation for being slick. He also had a back stair climbing from the alley to a small door on a platform. Negroes called this the "Woodpecker's Hole," because of a flaming topknot that frequently thrust itself out of the door. Virgil used the back door instead of the front, which was too public; loafing negroes might tote the news to Criddle. The red head cocked itself to one side. "Come in, Parson, and sit down."

"Ain't got no time to set down. What does you charge to write a little piece o' paper, 'bout so long?" indicating half a finger-length. "I 'lowed 'twould 'mount to 'bout two dollars' wuth."

Virgil rattled the money, knowing that Rigg never permitted a cash fee to escape.

"All right," said the Woodpecker and took up a pen. "What do you want to say?"

"Specify dat Milly Davenpote are de widder o' Solly Davenpote, an' she claims her policy."

The Woodpecker laid down his pen. Much good cream could be skimmed from these policies. "How much is involved?"

"Nothin' 'tall involved. Jes' go 'long an' set it down on dat paper."

"What must I put down?"

Virgil didn't know. He had no accurate idea how to work out his details. He stood and studied. The white man sat and studied. The Woodpecker was also in a quandary. He might hold off for a fat fee, while two perfectly good dollars got away. The Woodpecker threw out a feeler.

"Solly Davenport? Never heard of a negro dying by that name."

Virgil hesitated. "Jack Bunn went by dat name in Loozianny."

"Jack Bunn! Then you have to file your claim in *his* name, alias Solly Davenport."

It suddenly dawned upon Virgil Custard that there were contingencies which he hadn't considered. He weakened perceptibly, and the Woodpecker saw it.

"Milly Davenport, is she Jack Bunn's widow?"

"Yas, suh. She's de one what Jack fust got married to."

"Can she establish the validity of her marriage?"

"Yas—yas—suh."

Virgil wondered what "validity" meant.

"Of course you have a certified copy of the record; license from the clerk's office; formal attestation of the solemnizing officer, together with legally authenticated signatures of witnesses present at the ceremony?"

This chased Virgil up a tree. "Is you got to have all dat?"

"Sure! That ain't a starter. Nigger weddings must be proved, right jam up, accordin' to the statutes made and provided therefor." The Woodpecker scrutinized Virgil's face as if he were prying for a bug in a crevice. Quite deliberately he pushed away his paper. "No sense in making claim if you haven't got your proof. Who else is trying to get that money?" He fired so abruptly that Virgil bounced up as the shot struck him. The Pop-Eyed Parson did not answer; but he might as well have told it all.

"It stirs up the hardest kind o' law points when several women claim to be the beneficiary." Gus Rigg looked very grave, gazed at the ceiling and deliberated aloud: "Of course, not being even a quasi-criminal proceeding, the presumption of innocence does not arise as a paramount element in the present litigation; *but*, a contrariety of conflicting presumptions incident to the situation are well calculated to mislead. Long-settled precedents go far to sustain the legality of holy wedlock once entered into bona fide. The law indulges a rebuttal presumption that the parties were *able* to contract, *willing* to contract, and in fact *did* contract, with all the formalities and safeguards specified by the statute."

Anxiously the Woodpecker listened for something to drop—as a boy who throws a stick at random into the nut tree. Virgil shrank and shriveled; his eyes got wider and bigger; the Woodpecker chunked another stick.

"When you attack the legality of an alleged marriage you assume the burden of proof. It's mighty easy to bark your shins against that burden of proof. By being sharp a fellow *can* wiggle round that part of it, but here's another trouble. Colored people keep moving about so much; they don't stay in the same town, or the same state. Parson Custard, have you ever noticed how frequently a negro shifts his domiciliary jurisdiction?"

Virgil's mouth flew open, but no wisdom came out.

"That's what bothers the court, and bothers some lawyers too. It raises this conflict between the *lex loci contractus* and the *lex fori*. And don't forget the preponderance of evidence—another mighty bad thing."

Virgil couldn't say a word; that lawyer had spoken them all. He shivered in a panic when the Woodpecker reached up for his hat. "Parson Custard, I'll go get a death blank, and ask Criddle how to make it out."

That last stick fetched the nuts; Virgil jumped up and cut off the Woodpecker at the door. "No, suh! *no, suh!* Mr. Rigg ——"

"But Criddle understands the case, and ——"

"No, suh! Criddle ain't got to know nothin' 'bout it. I gives *you* de case. I gives *you* de case."

"Very well." The Woodpecker sat down, with Virgil firmly hooked.

When Virgil emerged from the Woodpecker's Hole he had agreed to pay Gus Rigg one-half of what he got. Virgil felt that he had stripped off his hide to save his horns and tallow. The Woodpecker thrust a red head out of the hole. "Go get that woman—quick. Bring her here," he said.

"I is de Wife o' Dese Remains"

Virgil Custard soft-footed out of the Woodpecker's Hole and hurried off to find the woman; he moved as if treading on eggs, and shied at his shadow. "Dat 'ooman is nacherly 'bleeged to talk, an' den—an' den ——" Virgil dreaded the trouble that would come when Milly began to talk.

Once outside the alley he braced himself. No one noticed his sauntering along the levee; no one saw him stop and peer round, then dodge into a negro boarding house. Milly was sitting on a straight chair, without flaw in the sorrowfulness of her attire. It was about the deepest, thickest, widest mourning that Virgil had ever seen—bought ready made, and more than big enough for two such skimpy-built women. In contemplating her Virgil paid no attention to Ed Simmons.

"Look at pappy! Look at pappy!" said little Honey Lou, pointing to her father.

Pappy was worth looking at, with crêpe round each arm from elbow to shoulder. "I'm all right, ain't I, Parson?" asked Ed.

"Ed!" Virgil spoke sharply, "you take dis little nigger back to Tallulah. She'll sp'ile de whole bizness. Train leaves at 12:40. Here's de money."

Ed laid back his ears like a stubborn mule. "Ain't gwine to do it."

"Nigger, whar's yo' sense? You passes fer Milly's brudder; dat's proper an' reg'lar. Den 'long comes Milly's chile an' calls you 'pappy.' Grab her an' ketch dat train!"

Virgil shoved them out of the front door.

"Now, Milly, you an' dese boys come 'long wid me and tote dat sack wid dem pictures."

Milly rose obediently and Virgil led them forth. "Foller a little piece behind. When I p'ints up a pair o' front stair-steps you-all go right on up."

"Is dat de lawyer shop?" Milly inquired.

"Yes."

"I ain't got no money to pay no lawyer."

Virgil was already nervous and easily irritated. "Ain't I done said you needn't pay dat lawyer a cent? He'll ketch de money fer you; he's a jim-dandy lawyer."

"Jim-dandy? What's dat?"

Virgil grinned. "A lawyer what kin ketch fleas wid boxin' gloves on—he's a jim-dandy."

After coaxing his herd up the Woodpecker's steps, Virgil scurried through the alley. Milly mustn't talk too freely with that red-headed lawyer. They were already talking when Virgil arrived—that is, the lawyer was already answering, mighty nice and soft. "No, Mrs. Davenport, I never take money from a widow lady. Here's Parson Custard. Let's get down to brass tacks." The Woodpecker cocked his head wisely to one side. "Mrs. Davenport, when did you marry Solly Davenport?"

"Lawyer, jedge, I disremembers de day, but 'twuz long in de late part o' de fall."

Virgil produced the certificate, which fixed the date November 12, 1901.

"Good," the Woodpecker nodded; "that's five years before the Rosedale woman claims to have married him. And seven years before Elvira Bunn pulled off her pretended wedding. What picture is that?"

"Dis is Milly an' Solly taken indurin' de time dey bofe got married."

"Bully! That's a clincher!" The Woodpecker rubbed his hands together. "Now, then, Parson, we must find somebody to swear that Jack Bunn was the same man as Solly Davenport."

"Easier'n fallin' off a log: ole man Lem Collins knowed Solly like a book; an' Soldier Graham come from dat same plantation. Bofe of 'em's right here in town."

"Can they identify Milly?"

"Sholy they can."

"Now, Mrs. Davenport, were you ever married before?"

"No, suh."

"Had your late husband married before he married you?"

"No, suh. In dem days Solly warn't much of a han' fer marryin'."

The Woodpecker was delighted. "That's all, Mrs. Davenport; you can go back to your hotel, and let me draw the papers."

"I wants my hundred dollars."

(Continued on Page 28)

Every Man His Own Merchant

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

By FORREST CRISSEY

"She Wants to Furnish the Service Herself and Get the Benefit of Her Forethought"

THEORIZING about the economics of every man being his own merchant is fine mental exercise—but how does it work out in actual practice?

The prevailing opinion is that coöperative storekeeping has not a single solid, established success with which to support the philanthropic idea on which it is based, and that it is often used as a cloak under which the schemer is able to mulct the consumer.

There is a still more common conviction that it is a field in which well-meaning theorists with a surplus of humanitarian emotions are constantly working off their sympathetic steam and forming organizations foredoomed to failure, building trade structures that are predestined to fall into the hands of the wrecking crews of competition—men who will convert this cooperative salvage into the foundations of personal enterprises that will prosper because the impelling motive behind them is wholly personal and selfish.

There is no doubt that a comprehensive history of cooperative failures in America would make a bulky and depressing volume; neither can it be denied that shrewd merchants have constantly made clever and profitable salvage use of these coöperative wrecks, and that selfish schemers are often able to use the zeal and faith of the apostles of coöperation as convenient tools with which to pull their own chestnuts out of the fire.

Instances of this character are all too numerous. But when you put the question squarely: "Is there a single instance to prove that the coöperative store can succeed year after year under down-to-date American conditions of competition?" the answer is, "Yes!"

A Fertile Field for Coöperation

CALUMET, Michigan, the greatest copper town in the world, comes forward with this affirmative answer. It speaks from an experience of twenty-three consecutive years of coöperative storekeeping. Probably there is less theory and more actual experience connected with coöperative merchandizing to be found in Calumet than in any other American city. And it is an experience that snuggles tight to the cost-of-living problem and furnishes coöperative advocates with ammunition of high explosive power.

Some of the most discouraging handicaps that could possibly be saddled upon a coöperative enterprise have been carried by the Calumet undertaking from its inception; but in spite of this burden its dividends for the year 1912 were $103,947; its sales were $845,930; its reserve in bank was $18,724; and it has paid out since its organization a total of $1,144,006 in dividends to its owners, who constitute the main body of its patrons. Its paid-in capital stock is $68,180 and it has $105,000 insurance in force. Its actual assets today are three and one-half times its paid-in capital, and it has eighteen hundred and fourteen shareholders. Measured by any standard of retail storekeeping, this is an example of success that is alluring and worth looking into.

When it is remembered, however, that this store is a clean-cut example of coöperative merchandizing without any private strings tied to it—as pure a type of commercial coöperation as may be found in any country on the globe—the consumer and the competitive merchant are both compelled to take off their hats before such a record. And if they are at least partially alive to the tendencies of the day they will wish to take this coöperative success apart and see what makes it go. Certainly its history and its methods command a serious respect that the public has perhaps seldom been called upon to accord to anything bearing the cooperative trademark.

As a melting pot of nations Calumet tops the list. A long time ago the keen Yankee minds controlling the great Calumet-Hecla Mining Company decided that about the best insurance against strikes which could be found was to employ a force speaking more sundry and diverse tongues and dialects than broke loose upon the air of old Babel when the original language trust was dissolved by divine decree.

A more barren field for the planting of a coöperative enterprise than this could hardly be imagined; but about twenty-five years ago a man of faith drifted in from Northumberland, England. With Robert W. Bennett coöperation was almost a religion. For more than fifteen years, back in the English coal mines, Bennett had been a leader in establishing a cooperative store for the benefit of his fellow workers. The devotion that his minemates had bestowed upon their pet dogs was directed by Robert Bennett into fighting for the principle of coöperation. And no Northumberland miner ever lavished upon his fighting terrier more devoted attention than Bennett bestowed upon the little coöperative enterprise that he felt was bound to lift some of the heavy burdens resting upon the shoulders of the men who worked in the mines.

In those fifteen years before he came to America, Bennett saw a coöperative store placed upon a solid footing. Despite his zeal Bennett was a hard-headed man, and his long service as a director of the coöperative store drilled into him a practical knowledge of working details, of the difficulties that beset the path of the coöperative principle, and of the kind of fighting required to triumph over them. When he set sail for America the heaviest burden on the heart of Robert Bennett was the thought that he was leaving behind him the miners' store into which he had poured the best energies, the warmest sympathies, and the highest, keenest thinking of his life.

On the passage over, the thought came to him that perhaps he might serve the cause in America as a missionary of cooperation. The inducements he had received to come over were, however, so alluring that he had a vague suspicion that perhaps mining conditions in America were so prosperous that the workers would be beyond the need of the saving the coöperative store might effect for them; but this notion was speedily dispelled when, on his arrival in Calumet, he bought a lot of family supplies with which to begin housekeeping. He was business man enough to know that it is not what a laboring man earns but what he may save—if he will—above the cost of frugal living that makes his lot desirable. In the cost of his first household supplies Robert Bennett saw a challenge to his missionary spirit and realized that he had his apostolic work cut out for him.

Within a few weeks every boss, foreman and mine captain with whom he came in contact saw that Robert Bennett was no ordinary mineworker and that he was bound to exert an influence among his fellows. James Cruse, one of the mine captains, was the first man with whom Bennett ventured to discuss the possibility of a cooperative store in Calumet.

The scheme appealed to Cruse for reasons the man from Northumberland could not fully appreciate because of his unfamiliarity with local conditions. All matters intimately affecting the welfare of the mineworkers were almost invariably talked over with Captain John Daniell, then the general manager of a large syndicate of mines—a man of broad sympathies and keen business penetration. He had the confidence both of the owners of the property and of the men on the payroll. When the plan of the English miner was placed before him Captain Daniell remarked to his friend Cruse:

"Jim, that's a good scheme. We've got to put a brake on the fingers of the storekeepers in this town; they want to get their hands on about every cent the miners earn, and lately they've been learning better how to do it. Have you noticed that the last three times we raised the wages of the men there has been a prompt raise in the price of store goods of every sort, and especially of all food supplies? That isn't good for the men; it isn't good for the mining properties, and it is not good for the town. If we can put this thing on its feet in good shape it is bound to act as a balance wheel in local trade."

How Bennett's Plan Took Form

"THE owners of these mines are not advertising themselves as philanthropists, but, at the same time, they are about as decent and broadminded a set of men as ever got hold of an enterprise of this character; and it goes against their grain to raise the wages of the men merely for the sake of seeing them absorbed by the local storekeepers. If the men and their families got more to eat and more to wear out of an advance in wages, then I wouldn't care so much; but, as it is going now, they don't even have a chance to eat more."

Captain Daniell promptly put his shoulder to the movement and twenty thousand dollars was subscribed and paid in to start the enterprise going. Before the end of the first year this was increased to more than forty thousand dollars. No limit was placed at the start on the number of shares any one man was permitted to hold. This was not because of any failure to recognize the soundness of such a restriction, but because in this way only could enough capital be raised quickly to put the enterprise on its feet, and especially to give it a standing with the wholesale and jobbing houses that would cause them to compete for its account instead of dodging it. With some four or five of the strongest executives of the mining companies as directors and heavy shareholders in the coöperative venture, it was a foregone conclusion that it would receive a consideration at the hands of the jobbing trade that had not up to date generally been given to coöperative associations.

Again, these mine executives figured that by coming out into the open and backing their enterprise the mineworkers would come into the organization in greater numbers, and

"The Customer Demands Almost Continuous Delivery"

the competitive merchants of the town would perhaps take the hint that they had been carrying things with too high a hand to suit the owners of the great mines upon which the whole town was dependent.

Consequently when, in the fall of 1890, the Tamarack Coöperative Association came into being its president was Captain John Daniell, and nearly all its other officers were prominent mine officials. The first manager, Mr. William J. Light, was not only a man of keen native intelligence, but he was equipped with a broad and rather exceptional experience in general merchandizing. Mr. Light knew the store-keeping game from all its angles except that of coöperation, and he was in thorough sympathy with the coöperative principle.

Four of the nine directors were mineworkers. To meet the needs of the workers and cope with the situation it was necessary for the store to handle a full line of clothing, drygoods, shoes, hardware, furniture, crockery, groceries and fresh meats. If the enterprise had started out with inadequate capital it would have been impossible for the association to take on all these lines.

When the Tamarack came to close its first year of business it made the mistake common to most young coöperative merchandizing associations—it not only paid a dividend but it put into that dividend practically all the net profit it had earned. This established a bad precedent; in any subsequent year a failure to pay this percentage would inevitably be interpreted by the shareholders as a confession that the association was losing ground and falling behind. It is now recognized that it would have been wiser at the start to have met the issue squarely and forced all or a greater part of the net earnings into a surplus, to take care of expansion and emergencies.

More Than Twenty Years of Dividends

HAVING set for itself an eight per cent pace, however, the association has not in the twenty-three years of its existence once lowered its standard or failed to pay a dividend of eight per cent on the capital paid in. The first dividend paid on purchases was also eight per cent, and that has been maintained without a drop. For the last twelve years not less than twelve per cent nor more than thirteen per cent on the purchases has been paid. At the start it was determined that the association should not enter upon a cut-price policy, but should charge the prevailing prices and give its shareholders the benefit of the saving effected in the form of an annual cash dividend.

The shrewd, practical business executives at the head of this coöperative association showed remarkable foresight in many directions. For instance, quarterly or at least semiannual dividends were considered quite the proper thing in cooperative circles; but these men were not taking a complete, ready-made theory and seeking to impose it upon their community regardless of local conditions. They saw that reduction of expense along every possible line was the first principle of success in their undertaking, and that the cost of taking a complete inventory of their big and diversified stock four times a year instead of once would make quite a perceptible hole in their profits.

Again, the annual dividend would give the association a much longer use of the dividend money; and this was a consideration not to be disregarded. Another course dictated at the outset by these farseeing business men on the board was a thorough campaign of education in the prompt settlement of bills. As most of the customers of Tamarack were mineworkers, dependent upon their daily wage, this was not so difficult a principle to instill into them as it would have been had they been in more comfortable and independent circumstances. From the start the association's loss from bad debts was undoubtedly lower than that of any other store in Calumet.

Though the missionary spirit of Robert Bennett was grieved because it was considered impractical to put into operation at the start all the fundamental principles governing the Rochdale plan of coöperation, to which he had become attached in England, he recognized the fact that to make a start with ample capital, high standing with the jobbing and wholesale houses, and with the best business brains of the community at the helm, was better than to have a full set of Rochdale principles with meager capital and restricted credit. So he waited quietly for the time to come when the stock should be more widely scattered among the workers, when there should be fewer mine executives on the board of directors, when the cardinal Rochdale principle of one-man-one-vote should be adopted as the voting basis, and when a dividend should be paid to each shareholder in proportion to the total of his purchases rather than upon the number of shares of stock he happened to hold.

He did not have long to wait for the realization of the most important of these wishes. About five or six years after the association was started the one-man-one-vote plan of representation was put into force, dividends were paid to stockholders upon the basis of their purchases, and no one person was allowed to acquire more than twenty shares of stock.

Then, too, there came a time when one after another of the mine executives holding official positions in the association concluded that the enterprise was about big enough to undergo the weaning process. Though the board of directors today still has a remnant of what certain malcontents describe as the boss element left in it, the wageworkers are numerous enough on the directorate to put through any measure they may unite upon.

This shifting of the balance of power in the directorate from the hands of the bosses to those of the wageworkers has been a gradual evolution, and the soundest and shrewdest men among the wageworking shareholders recognize the fact that there has not been a year in which the Tamarack Association would not have been weakened by the entire elimination of the mine executives from the board.

The present manager, Mr. Abraham Roberts, was practically raised in the Tamarack Cooperative Store. He entered its service as a lad, intending to stick to the counter only long enough to collect the sinews of war with which to launch himself on a lucrative and respectable career as a middleweight pugilist. Like Malachy Hogan, he always hated peace; but after a little experience in the coöperative store he decided there was a better chance for a fight there any day—not to say every day—than the busiest prize ring in the country could offer.

Of course the kind of fighting in the coöperative store was generally a little different from that inside the ropes but not always; in fact he had more than once found his ability to meet threats of physical violence without fear or evasion of the most practical service in the cause of coöperation. Not that he has been looking for trouble or that he is inclined to speak boastfully of these things, but only to indicate that the job of running a coöperative store in the biggest mining town in America is no path of roses, and that it has points of dissimilarity from conducting a fancy grocery in a fashionable section of a large city.

"In England or Scotland," says Mr. Roberts, "where coöperative storekeeping has reached its highest development, the miners are practically all of one race and one tongue. They think alike and feel alike, and when you have once got the firing range on their characteristics you have mastered a big part of the problem, so far as the basis of coöperative work is concerned. Because they are of one tongue and one manner of thought they present possibilities of cohesion, of consistent teamwork, absolutely out of the question in a community of this kind, where our membership has never contained fewer than twelve distinct nationalities. At times we have had as high as twenty races represented."

Difficulties of Operation

"IT MUST be remembered, too, that a very large percentage of these shareholders speak only their own native tongue, and are therefore shut off from anything like free communication with the men of any other race but their own. Of course I have been compelled to pick up a smattering of nearly all of the tongues spoken in this copper-melting pot of the North; but this does not affect the broad proposition that cohesion and cooperation are entirely foreign to our situation—a condition that is said to have been originally devised for the particular purpose of preventing anything like consistent united action on the part of the body of mineworkers as a whole.

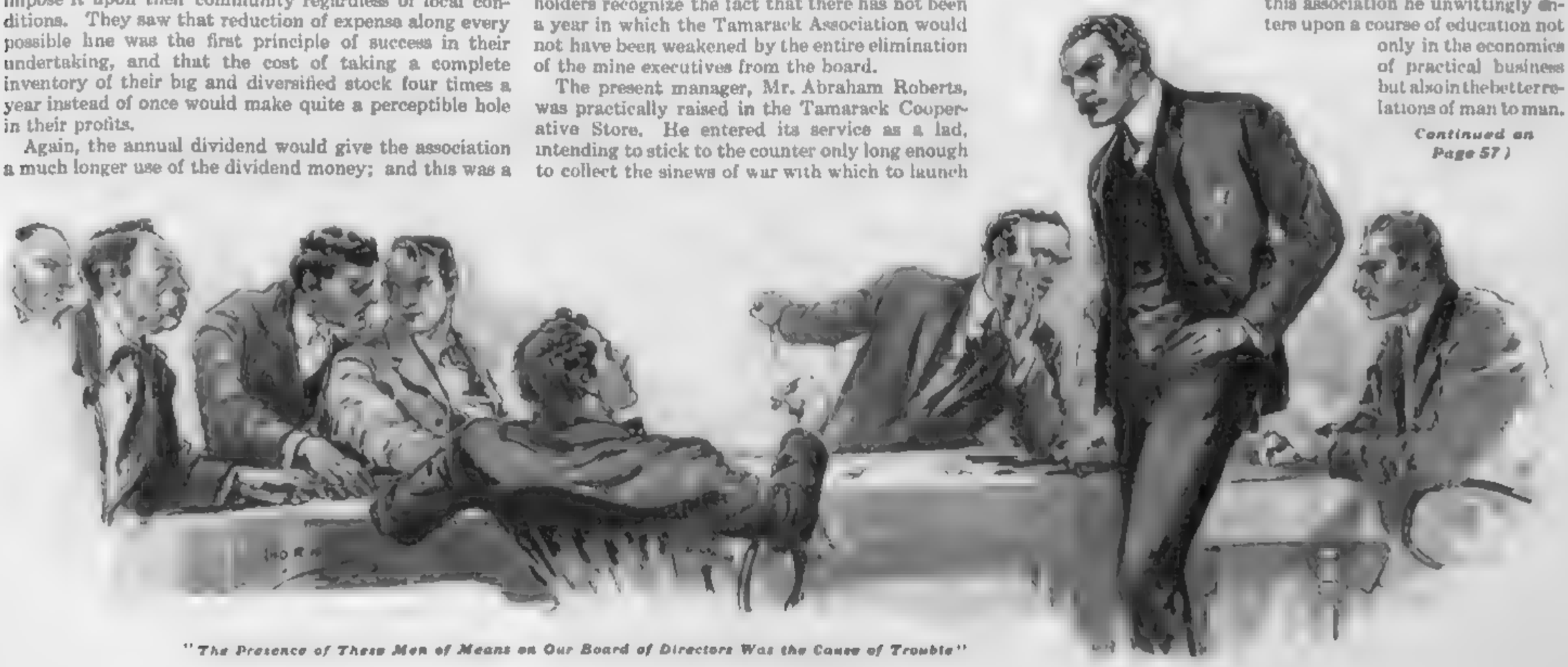
"By comparison it would be a mere Sunday-school picnic to run a coöperative enterprise in an English or Scottish mining town, where the natural racial forces would be for cohesion instead of against it. Not only in language but in point of temperament too, each race represented in our body of stockholders presents a separate problem. The Finns have to be handled in one way, the Italians in another, and the Hungarians in still another.

"My point is that if coöperation has succeeded here—and our accounts prove that it has for twenty-three years without a break—then it certainly can be made to succeed, it would seem to me, in almost any other community the imagination could suggest.

"But it would be a mistake to overlook the fact that this cooperative concern has done much more for our people than the mere saving of money. It has broadened and stimulated them intellectually to a surprising degree.

"Any man, except our competitive merchants, who has lived in this community for a number of years will bear cheerful testimony to this fact. When a man becomes a member of this association he unwittingly enters upon a course of education not only in the economics of practical business but also in the better relations of man to man.

(Continued on Page 57)



"The Presence of These Men of Means on Our Board of Directors Was the Cause of Trouble"

The Government Company

III

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NOW don't be mistaken as to the things I am telling you about the government of the city of New York in those days. Every solitary instance of graft and waste I mention is authentic. I can turn back to trustworthy reports of the times I am writing about and show you book and page for every single case.

Here is one little illustration: When we took over the management of the city—being business men—we naturally checked up its stock of goods on hand, and so we came across three hundred thousand unopened schoolbooks that had been entirely overlooked and forgotten. There they were, neatly crated, belittered and covered with dust; but nobody knew of their existence—three hundred thousand of them!

And the city was just as free and easy with money itself as with all other forms of property. A bureau or department asked for what money it thought it needed. An appropriation was made out of revenues or out of a bond issue to meet the requirement. We had the books properly audited, and unearthed literally hundreds of unexpended balances of appropriations, aggregating nine million dollars, which had been overlooked and forgotten like the books.

"This Bureau Made a Practice of Examining Roads in Winter"

You see, department heads could spend money virtually as they pleased. They received an appropriation of so much to last through the year; but if they chose to blow it all in the first month there was nothing to stop them. Then they had to go in debt for the other eleven months or the department must shut up shop. Why should they worry about money? That would be like asking a man who lived on the Mississippi to worry over the water for next Monday's washing. Remember that in the decade preceding our coup the city of New York had spent more than two billion dollars—nearly a billion and a half derived from taxation and over half a billion derived from a net increase of funded debt. Some Mississippi that! We judged that about five hundred million dollars of it had been wasted.

The city was continually buying real estate for schoolbuilding sites and various public improvements. Of course it had a bureau to look after that business, with official salaried appraisers to see that it did not get cheated. Well, a little investigation showed that, for millions of dollars' worth of real estate purchased through this bureau, the city had paid exactly two hundred and seven per cent of the assessed value of the land. That looked odd, because when the city bought land it must have, in addition to the appraisal of its own experts, an appraisal by an outside expert.

Some further investigation showed—as was all set forth in a report published at the time—that in various cases the city's own expert had gone to the outside expert and induced him to increase his appraisal of land the city was about to buy. Anything to soak the city!

Law required the city to do a lot of advertising—inviting bids on contracts, publishing certain proceedings, and so on. Anybody who published any sort of paper in any language could get a slice of this advertising if he had a little pull. Actually seventy different publications were carrying city advertising. We cut the number down to five, with a saving of four hundred thousand dollars a year.

New York was then one of the busiest little publishers in the world. I remember very well one day when the comptroller—who, as I said before, was an excellent man—took Edgar Thomas and myself into his office and showed us the publications issued by the city within a year. In bulk they would have made a very respectable library. There were proceedings of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in volumes the size of an unabridged dictionary; proceedings of various other bodies; fat reports from all sorts of departments and bureaus. You needed only to open a cover anywhere to see that the stuff was mainly the merest junk. No living being except the proofreaders had ever read them or ever would. Yet in the whole heap there was nowhere any such clear, concise showing of what was really important as you could have found in any good twenty-page railroad report.

However, that was not the point of the exhibition. The comptroller wanted us to know that two years before he had taken this matter of city printing in hand, and by injecting some business intelligence into it had saved a million two hundred thousand dollars a year. Before that, it seemed, city printing had been like the Congressional Record: anybody who had a fancy to see anything whatever in type simply chucked it in.

Well, as I mentioned a while back, we were going after this scandalous waste just as we should have done if we had found it in a railroad—and we were getting on tiptop; but one day Tom Briar, who was closer to politics than the rest of us, telephoned John Stone, Peter Thorne and myself to meet him at the Metropolitan Club. He looked pretty serious when we went in.

"Tammany is after us," he said, "and the Republican machine is after us too. You see, grafting on the city and state is what they live by. We are spoiling all the city graft—and they've concluded to fight."

"They can't do anything though," said Peter Thorne. "The court will back up our receivers to the limit."

"Oh, they are going behind all that," Tom replied. "They're going to run Doctor Butterworth for governor on a reform fusion ticket; and if the doctor gets in he'll immediately call a special session of the legislature to revoke the city's charter if that is necessary to get us out. Of course the legislature can do anything it pleases with the city."

That was another beautiful arrangement in those days. In addition to the incompetence and dishonesty of its own government, the city had to reckon with the greater incompetence and dishonesty of a state legislature that had almost unlimited power over the city.

It did look rather ominous. Doctor Butterworth was a college president and a most respectable gentleman. As a reform candidate, secretly backed by Tammany and the Republican ring, he might prove formidable. It is an odd thing in politics, by the way, that if you want to rob an orphan asylum or burn an old ladies' home you can always get some eminently respectable gentleman to act as stalking horse for you by playing on his vanity and giving him some issue that appeals to him, and so on.

Well, we discussed it all the afternoon. With Doctor Butterworth in the governor's chair and a sympathetic legislature they could probably throw us out—and return to the good old system of paying two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for repairs on a four-hundred-dollar patrol wagon. Peter Thorne, who always was so timid that he could scarcely go short of his own stock and then pass the dividend without blushing, thought perhaps we had better compromise; but John Stone put his foot down on that.

"You might as well try to compromise with a bottomless pit," he said. "We've got to beat them or give up!"

So it came to a square out-and-out fight before the public at the November election. I must say we hated it, because we were not used to that sort of thing; but there was no way out of it. Naturally we looked round for all the help we could get—sensible chaps who could understand what we were trying to do, and see that it was one of the best things anybody could do politically at that time.

Presently we had our Committee of One Hundred and our spellbinders and press agents, and all the rest of the campaigning paraphernalia. We thought George Jerkins, being more or less professionally addicted to reform, would help us here; but he kept worrying us to death to discover some huge, sensational instance of graft that would fairly paralyze the public and stampede them into voting for our gubernatorial candidate.

He finally got Peter Thorne—and even, to some extent, Tom Briar—into the notion that our salvation depended upon it. As for the Committee of One Hundred, he had two-thirds of them scared stiff.

I went down to a committee meeting one day when the campaign was getting well started. George made his usual speech about the vital necessity of some big sensational disclosure. He thought we ought to hire about a hundred extra auditors and put a regiment of private detectives at work right away. As he pictured the desperate straits we were in, with both the old party machines secretly against us and worthy Doctor Butterworth orating about the sacred palladium of our liberties, which we were supposed to have kidnaped, I could fairly hear the committee's teeth chatter. So I got up and made a speech myself—about this way:

"This town is spending a hundred and ninety million dollars this year from regular revenues and fifty-five millions more from bond issues. Probably fifty million dollars of it is wasted or stolen. Now you fellows expect us to discover that fifty millions in a heap—to open a secret vault and find it all in twenty-dollar goldpieces, or to dig up an old ironbound chest with a skull and crossbones on it. But the fifty millions is right here on this table. This little object is a hathook. It is worth six cents. The city paid sixty cents for it. This other small object is a valve-wheel. My railroad pays eight cents for it. The city paid a dollar and a half.

"Now count up all the hathooks and valve-wheels the city has bought in the last ten years and see how much money they come to. It will be only a few thousand dollars; yet that is where the city's fifty millions goes. This pair of handcuffs is worth two dollars and a quarter. It cost the city four dollars and seventy-five cents. Multiply that often enough and you'll see where the money goes.

"Here," I continued, "is a report on the shoeing of city horses. It shows a very neighborly system. When there

was nothing else in particular for city horses to do they were led round to certain shops and reshod. The same horse might be reshod twice a day. That doesn't come to a great many thousand dollars in the course of a year, but it's where the money goes.

"This report shows another neighborly system whereby city horses worth three hundred dollars were sold to certain gentlemen for a third of their worth, while from the same gentlemen's friends the city rented other horses at more than they were worth.

"We found the city was paying for more than three hundred telephones in private residences. Some of these phones were not in the public directory. Most of them were useless to the city. We took them out. It saved only fifteen thousand dollars a year; but if that doesn't interest you you might as well quit."

"At least we ought to start a lot of prosecutions for graft," said George Jerkins rather sulkily.

"Why, out-and-out graft, that you could send a man to the penitentiary for, is the smallest part of the trouble," I replied. "When we came in here every blessed little bureau was having a separate form of warrant printed for every separate account on its books. The city was printing more than two thousand forms of warrants. We adopted six standard forms and saved twenty-five thousand dollars a year. That isn't very exciting maybe, but it is the way fifty million dollars is wasted here every year. We've got to make the people see that—show 'em what that twenty-five thousand, and the next fifteen thousand, and the other forty thousand—and so on—would do; how many miles of street it would clean; how much milk inspection it would pay for, and so on. We can get it across to 'em if we try hard enough."

A majority of the committee weren't very enthusiastic, but we started in on that basis. About that time we completed an overhauling of the water department, from which the city derived a revenue of nearly fifteen million dollars a year. The report is still on file if anybody cares to look it up. Meters everywhere were out of repair; instead of reading meters, city inspectors just guessed at the amount; stables, laundries, bottling establishments, and other large users of city water, instead of paying for the water they really used, paid a flat frontage rate, which amounted to making them a present of a large part of the water; clerks in the department arbitrarily reduced bills for favored customers. With very little trouble we were able immediately to increase the net revenue of the department by two million dollars a year—which was more than it cost to support the city's parks.

This gave Tom Briar an idea that we carried out with dazzling success. Tom's idea was to get up a great free show in Madison Square Garden for the purpose of exhibiting all these things in such a way that they would get home to everybody.

For example, we set up a flashlight sign to indicate, at one side, a city bookkeeper making one entry every eight minutes and, at the other side, a bank bookkeeper making entries every minute, with the legend: "The city pays a hundred million dollars a year for labor! This is the kind of return it gets for its money!"

To show the amazing inequalities that ran all through the city payroll we showed some wax figures on a platform. One was a rosy and sporty-looking gentleman who drew a salary of twenty-seven hundred dollars a year, when all on earth he did was ordinary typewriting that a girl would have done better at sixty dollars a month. Another was a meager clerk in the water department holding a position of real responsibility—for he could do the city out of thousands of dollars a year by altering bills if he wanted to. Yet his pay was only six hundred dollars a year—the poor devil having no pull. There was one stenographer getting fifteen hundred dollars a year and another getting seven hundred and twenty—both doing virtually the same work in the same department.

These were all authentic cases from the payrolls, you understand, as the records still show. One of the signs over this exhibit read "The city employs eighty-five thousand persons! This is the way it pays them!"

A very tasty little booth in the police exhibit showed a holdup and murder going on behind a policeman's back while the policeman was busy receiving part of a roll of bills which the white-slaver in front of him had just taken from a street-walker whom he was holding by the arm. The sign over this booth said: "There were three hundred and seventy-five homicides in this city last year. The police made only nineteen arrests for homicide, in cases where the accused were not identified at the time of the murder or within two days afterward. Of these nineteen arrests, four were in the case of a murder that was planned by a police officer. On the other hand, over a thousand men derive a regular and comfortable income from the white-slave traffic that has been carried on with the tacit sanction of the police in consideration of hush money and graft."

By Shutting Off Their Water, Gas and Electric Light We Brought Them to Time

Another booth showed a ragged pushcart pedler and explained that by a regular system he paid a license fee of twenty-five dollars a year—of which two dollars and a half went to the city, while twenty-two dollars and a half were divided between grafters inside and outside the license bureau.

The hospital exhibit was one of the most successful. Ice was worth on big contracts twenty-five cents a hundred pounds; but at Bellevue Hospital the city had been paying forty cents and then getting forty per cent short weight right along.

We showed the chunk of ice the city actually got for forty cents beside the chunk it should have—and then a sick tenement baby dying for lack of that difference in the two chunks. You can bet there was a clamor of indignant female tongues in front of that booth all day long!

At Bellevue, of course, there had been the fine old system of everybody in authority buying whatever he happened to want on his own hook at any shop and at any price, and then using it to suit himself. By standardizing the use of gauze in surgical operations we saved seven thousand dollars a year. By buying meat in halves and quarters instead of by retail cuts we saved another seven thousand. We showed that by exhibits which anybody could catch on to. Then a consumptive laborer was shown, with a statement that the fourteen thousand dollars a year saved on gauze and meat would give fifty like him a chance to get well at the state's outdoor sanatorium for tuberculosis victims.

We showed a bit of tenement-district street piled up with snow which the city had not got round to remove; then a view of a public bath, with a snug company playing seven-up. The point was that the city baths employed more attendants in winter—when there were no bathers to speak of—than in summer.

There was one wax figure of a man with a red mustache, a brown derby hat and a diamond horseshoe in his tie. The sign said: "This man has no office, no capital, no rating in the commercial agencies; yet from him and others like him the city buys hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of supplies instead of going to regular dealers." That was a fact.

Altogether the show was a great success and we won the election—that is, Doctor Butterworth was defeated. The result was generally regarded as a public indorsement of our administration and seemed to assure us clear sailing for some time to come.

Naturally we were pleased; yet by that time we saw plainly that all we had done was merely a beginning—or only getting ready to begin. The same sort of thing had been done on a smaller scale a hundred times before. There had been spasms of reform, investigations and reports. This corner had been cleaned up; then that corner. The reformers had pointed proudly to the fact that they had saved so many millions. Yet it never lasted. Always the old machine dropped back again into the old ruts. In spite of the millions that were supposed to be saved, expenses mounted higher year after year.

To show the curious condition of the city government at that time, there was an absolutely volunteer outside organization, having no official or legal standing whatever, called the Bureau of Municipal Research. At an expense of many thousand dollars a year—contributed by well-meaning individuals—this bureau undertook to do what should have been the first duty of the city officials: namely, to check up and report the most obvious instances of waste and graft.

It is quite likely, indeed, with the lapse of years and growing decrepitude of memory, that I have got what we did

(Continued on Page 61)

"When There Was Nothing Else in Particular for City Horses to Do They Were Reshod"

BEATING BACK—The Long Riders

By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin

WHEN I tell how the events of a single night transformed me from a lawyer to an enemy of the law I shall fail, I suppose, to convince Eastern people and all others brought up in a regular, ordered state of society. To understand, such people would have to know the game as we played it in the old West. It will be all the harder for me to convince them, in that the beginning of my story involves feelings too deep and sacred for expression on paper. Further, the decision in the case of Oklahoma Territory versus Jack Love and Temple Houston prevents me from giving fully my side of the tragedy. I must keep to the facts, bare though they may seem.

After I lost my county-attorneyship at El Reno I drifted for six months, dividing my time between the towns and the cattle ranches, while I looked for a good location to resume the law. My family had settled at Woodward, a new Oklahoma town, where father was county judge and Ed and John were practicing. I was paying them a visit when Ed got a large and interesting case.

Frank Garst had brought eighteen hundred head of C-Dot-G cattle into Oklahoma and put them out to pasture on a range held under fence by Jack Love. When the time for payment came Garst and Love had a dispute over the pasturage fees. Garst consulted Ed, who found that Jack Love held no title to that pasturage—he had fenced government land. By advice of counsel Garst refused payment and moved his cattle. Love sued out an attachment; and on this process Garst and Love locked horns in court. Ed was Garst's attorney of record, while Temple Houston represented Love. The trial, which I witnessed as a spectator, became very bitter. Ed won a complete victory—he had all the law on his side. Both Love and Houston took the decision hard.

A week later Ed defended some boys for stealing from a boxcar. Being busy he asked me to assist him at the trial. There we bumped again into Temple Houston, who was assisting the prosecution. Jack Love, for some reason or other, was a spectator at this trial. Houston, by sneers and indirect references, showed that he was still bitter. His attitude got on my nerves. My temper suddenly flamed up and I called him a liar. He replied by calling me another liar, with additions; then he jumped toward me. Ed came between and slapped his face. Court adjourned in great confusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Al J. Jennings

The Beginning of a New Trail

THE town of Woodward knew all about the bad blood between Jack Love and Temple Houston on one side and the Jennings brothers on the other. Moreover Love and Houston were notoriously handy with guns, while I myself had some such reputation. So every one expected shooting before morning. Nevertheless after my father talked to me and showed me that I had put him in a ticklish position I cooled down a little and promised to patch it up. However Temple Houston was drinking heavily that night and in no condition to hear reason. I told father that I'd catch Houston at the courthouse door next morning, present my apologies and await his. In the mean time, home was the only place for a Jennings. Meeting Ed on the street I asked him to find John and bring him in. Then I went home and lay down to wait for them. It was a hot night and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by some one calling outside:

"Judge! Get up, quick! Your boys are killed!"

I ran to the door. John was just coming through the gate, bleeding.

"I am all right," he said in a low tone, "but go to Garvey's. Houston and Love have killed Ed." How I got to Garvey's saloon I don't know. A crowd surrounded the place and the barroom was deserted. But the back room was full. I shoved people aside and got to Ed. He had two holes in his brain. I took his head in my lap, and there he breathed his last.

Before they took me away the change in my nature had come over me. Looking down into Ed's face I swore to give up everything and kill those two men.

The day after we buried Ed, Frank came from Denver. He found John delirious, trying in his ravings to tell us how it happened. My father sat beside him, dumb with grief. Frank felt exactly as I did. He told me so.

But our father was county judge. Knowing what we had in mind he begged us for his sake to let the law take its course. There was a special reason at the time. John's wounds had become infected. He lay in danger of his life. Father asked us whether, with one of his boys dead and another dying, we wanted to pile a new tragedy on him. At last we promised.

We dared not trust ourselves in Woodward, where Love and Houston, as soon as they got out on bail, would offer continual temptation. As things stood I was certain that the law was going to fail us, and I determined to put myself clean outside the law. The night when the doctors pronounced John out of danger Frank and I saddled our horses, took what money we had and rode away toward Indian Territory, intending to establish among the outlaws some base from which, if the time ever came, we could make our raid and kill those two men. From that time forth, as I know now, I was an outlaw in spirit. The rest was like sliding downhill.

We went to Moore's ranch. There I made my first friend among the bandits—one Jim Hughes, a rough, game man, not yet publicly known as an outlaw. A partner of Hughes and Morris was in an Arkansas jail, charged with murder. They asked me, as a lawyer, to help him out. I had never intended to practice law again, but I could not refuse this favor to a friend. We rode into Arkansas, camping out as we went. Concealing my true name I assisted his attorney of record and got an acquittal. All this drew me one step deeper into outlaw society.

W. J. Gilbert and Al Jennings. Jennings Robbed Gilbert When He Held Up the Train at Chickasha

Headquarters at Spike-S

ALSO it led to an adventure, consummated months later, when I myself was on the dodge. My client had for cellmate in the Arkansas jail a robber charged with murder. The case against him was so strong that he never stood a chance, and he went to the gallows. The condemned man told my client where he had buried seven thousand dollars in stolen money—gave him a map and full directions. The next spring a party of us—all wanted by the law—went hunting for this buried treasure. We camped, leaving a negro to guard our horses. The map was perfectly plain; we found the place according to directions and began to dig under a flat rock. Before we had got down a foot we heard a shot. We grabbed our guns, crawled to the bushes and surveyed the camp. It looked peaceable and we rushed in for our horses. We found the negro rolling and moaning with pain. He had got to monkeying with a loaded revolver, and not understanding guns had shot himself in the foot. We were patching him up, when we spied a body of marshals looking for gentlemen answering our description. When the subsequent episode was finished we found ourselves miles from the treasure and afraid to go back. If that seven thousand dollars ever existed it may be there yet. And there it will stay for all of me.

However this treasure hunt happened long after my return to Indian Territory. At the time John Harless owned the Spike-S ranch—so called from its brand—near the junction of Snake Creek and Duck Creek in the Creek nation. Harless was a cattleman with a habit of rustling other people's livestock. The Spike-S ranch, in fact, was a rendezvous for "long riders," as we used to call them—train robbers, bank robbers and raiders. These people were aristocrats in the territorial underworld, looking down on plain horse thieves, brand blotters and whisky peddlers. They rode the best horses in the country, for their lives depended on the speed and endurance of their mounts. I cannot fully describe the people whom I met at the Spike-S, because in this story I will give away no secrets but my own. Some were men of good education, driven out from society, as I had been, by tragedy. Some were born killers. Some were products of the Eastern slums. But they were all distinguished by their nerve and daring; which accounts, I suppose, for the fact that the horse thieves and whisky peddlers, together with a great many people who never turned a criminal trick in their lives, would always protect them against marshals.

The Spike-S was one of the most beautiful ranches in the territory. Mrs. Harless had planted a flower garden and a peach orchard; Harless had put up a big red barn that was a landmark. Three or four miles south lay a little mountain range, wooded with chestnut and cedar trees, and to the east a heavy thicket covered the bottoms of Duck Creek. Once in the mountains you could laugh at the marshals, and no man who wasn't an outlaw or a friend dared enter the thicket—it was too good a place for an ambush.

Jack Love and Temple Houston had not yet come to trial when Frank and I determined to locate on the Spike-S. I borrowed three thousand dollars from a friend and invested it in cattle with Harless. So for a few months we

hung round the ranch, lending a hand with the cattle and studying outlaw society. During this period the boys pulled off two or three jobs. I knew exactly how they were done and I was always invited to go along; but I laughed and declined. The outlaws told me they would get me yet. They were right.

In January, 1896, I learned that my father was at Tecumseh; and I rode down to see him. When he came to the door he seemed surprised and dazed.

"My God, Al!" he said; "what are you trying to do? Do you want to disgrace our name?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, and he answered:

"Don't you know that they are hunting you for train-robbery—that Norman job?" A train had been held up at Norman a few weeks before, though I didn't know it then.

Of course I denied the charge. He asked me why I didn't give myself up and stand trial. I wouldn't for several reasons, mainly my difficulty in providing an alibi in case they framed up testimony against me. For when father told me the date of the robbery and I ran back over the past few weeks, I realized that I had spent all that day with the outlaws on the Spike-S. None of those men could be dragged alive into a court of justice.

Father and I parted bad friends. I rode all that night with my hatred for the world swelling in me. Next morning I pulled up at a little country store to buy some crackers and cheese for breakfast. Three or four heavily armed men stood about watching me. Whether they were marshals or long riders I did not know or greatly care. I finished my breakfast, mounted and started away. I hadn't ridden two hundred yards when the whole crowd opened on me with their rifles. My horse went down dead and I got a bullet in the left ankle.

Bad though my temper is, I have never known such anger as I felt at that moment. It is literally true that I saw everything red. I jerked my rifle from the scabbard and ran toward them, firing blind—trying to mow them all down with one shot. If they had been real killers they could have got me a dozen times, for all my shots were going wild. As it was, they and the storekeeper ran into the timber. I rushed through the store looking for some one to kill. It was deserted.

My First Criminal Act

THERE, in the spirit of a fellow who misses a man and kicks his dog, I committed my first crime. They took me for a criminal. Very well, I would show them! I smashed the cash drawer with the butt of my gun, robbed it of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, mounted a horse that stood hitched by the door and rode away. I hadn't thought of my ankle until I saw my stirrup dripping with blood. It was shot clean through. I found a puffball, which is first aid to the injured in the West, and managed to stop the bleeding. When I rode into the Spike-S, they tell me, I was as pale as a sheet—I don't know yet whether from loss of blood or from anger. The boys were eating supper round a campfire. I told them what I had done.

They didn't appear surprised. I can see yet the cynical smiles on their brown faces. The worst killer of the lot spoke up and said:

"Pretty soon the law will be looking for a little fellow about the size of you!"

"They can look!" I said.

"I guess you'll join us now!" said the killer.

"I'm with you until doomsday," I said.

I had forgotten Frank, until he found me alone out behind the barn.

"Do you mean it, Al?" he asked.

"I sure mean it," I said. "You can do what you please."

"Then I'm with you, old sox," he said. To the end Frank followed the game mostly because I was in it and he wouldn't leave me. He never had a real liking for outlaw life, and he tried at intervals to make me quit. Not that he wasn't game—he is the bravest, coolest fighter I ever knew.

Four days afterward we went on our first train robbery. I started this story with the intention of telling every

Ed Jennings, the Boy Who Was Killed

Zonie's Past Was a Mystery

crime that I ever committed. There is no reason why I shouldn't, if I were the only person to be considered. The statute of limitations has run on my offenses, and I couldn't make my old reputation worse by setting down everything I know. But as I think over these affairs in detail I keep coming on other people's part. Not one job but involves some man who has given up the game and gone to live far away unsuspected by his neighbors, or some woman who is happily married and out of touch with outlaw society. So I must be indefinite about the actual robberies in those early days. In the last few months of my outlaw years I did things which involve me alone, or which have been aired to the smallest bit of evidence in court. These I shall relate in order.

But I can tell about that first robbery, because it never came off. As usual we had learned from private sources that a large sum was to be shipped into the territory by express. We picked out a siding where the train must stop for water—but we took no chances on its running past. We planned to make the flagman signal for a stop, and to build a barrier of ties across the track so that the engineer, seeing them, would slow up.

Five of us went on that job. It was a pitch-dark night. We crossed the railroad to a small grove that looked like a black smudge against the skyline. In the densest part of the thicket we tied our horses. The boys took off their coats and closed about me with the garments spread

John Jennings, Who Practiced Law With Ed

out, while I lit a match and looked at my watch. The snapping of the lid, as I shut it, sounded to me like a cannon shot. It was forty minutes until the train was due—little time enough to complete our arrangements. In absolute silence, except for the clinking of our spurs and the creaking of a new cartridge belt, we reached the tracks and passed on to a bridge.

The Hold-Up at the Watertank

I WAS all nerves and apprehension—I admit that now. I remember looking up to the sky and seeing a long black cloud which obscured the stars and seemed to follow us as we walked. I felt uneasy about that cloud. I stopped to look at it. Then realizing that I had fallen behind and fearing that the men might josh me, I pushed on. Now a fear of cowardice took possession of my soul and I rushed ahead of my comrades. Then a weakness came over me. It seemed that my joints must surely give way beneath the weight of my body. As I looked down through the ties and saw the stars dizzily reflected in the black, swirling water I had a sinking heaviness in the pit of my stomach. It was such an amazing heaviness that I didn't see how I could go further. I made a misstep and my leg slipped down between the ties. Some one gripped me and got me on to my feet. The action steadied me. The cloud kept following. The iron bridge rods above looked like prison bars. I finished with my eyes straight ahead. We made a turn. Before us was the tublike hulk of the watertank, and near it the light of a window pierced the darkness. What if a sheriff with his force were waiting behind that light?

We halted and held a conference in whispers. Two of my companions sneaked away. They came back, supporting between them an old Irishman, who staggered dizzily and begged them to "Go easy" with him. When they halted him before us I could hear his teeth chattering. In fact we had to joke with him and reassure him before he gathered enough nerve to take orders.

"You stand here," our leader said. "If she whistles for water, do nothing. If she don't, you stop her."

The Irishman started to take his lantern out from under his coat. Some one shoved a gun into his face and he nearly collapsed, so that we had to let him light his pipe, under cover of our bodies, in order to get his nerve back. Meanwhile two of the boys had laid half a dozen ties across the track, where the engineer would see them by his headlight.

Then came the rhythmic quiver of the rails. The train was on time. The leader ordered us to cover our places. I was to take the opposite side of the track and begin shooting at the windows as soon as she stopped.

I got my place. The treetops suddenly flushed yellow. A fiery eye had dodged round the curve. With the first

flash of their headlight the gang disappeared as though by magic—every man had dropped to the ground.

The regular clicking of the wheels over the rail-joints came to me as I lay there. It seemed to me that this vibration had become communicated to my body. My nerves twitched with it, my flesh quivered with it. My scalp tightened on my head and I couldn't keep my revolvers from shaking in my hands. What would happen in the next few minutes surged through my mind—curses, commands, shots, shattered glass, cries, perhaps bloodshed, even death.

The lantern began to swing. The train did not slacken its speed. The Irishman signaled madly and for his life; still it went on. There was a blaze of windows in my face. It passed me, raising a sucking wind. Then I saw little Dick rear up beside me, waving his revolvers and yelling so that I heard him above the racket:

"My God—the women and children! She'll be wrecked!"

That was the first I'd thought of our barricade, and it froze me to stone. The cowcatcher struck the ties, tossed them this way and that, and the train went on unharmed. I learned a lesson there. Never again did I build a barricade before a train. We were not out to slaughter the innocent.

The killer of our outfit wanted to shoot the Irishman, believing he'd given a secret signal for the train to go by. We closed about him and tore him away. It wasn't the Irishman's fault. You could see by the way he swung the lantern that he was sincere. I never quite understood this affair. It doesn't seem possible that the engineer could have failed to see both the signal and the barricade. Most likely he had received a tip somehow that we were after the treasure and had taken a chance.

When we went on our next job I was leader of the long-rider gang that operated from the Spike-S. Just how that came about I can't exactly tell, unless it was a matter of the trained mind. Most of these outlaws were ignorant, and none of them had much cunning. When it came to the pinch you could count on them for courage and action; but none of them—except Frank, of course—could go very far in mapping out a raid. As a lawyer I was accustomed to look at any proposition from every side—I not only could plan a robbery, but I could prepare getaways and alibis—provide for every contingency. A train-robbery needs a directing head as much as a battle. From the time when we started on a raid until we scattered with the *dinero*, I had absolute authority over my gang.

How Train Robbers Worked

AFTER all, one train robbery is much like another. There are two ways of going at it. Under the old method, used always by the Dalton boys, two of the gang mount the forward end of the baggage car a station down the line. When the train starts they crawl over the tender, hold up the engineer and fireman, and force them to make a stop at the point where the rest of the gang is waiting. But if the trainmen have a heavy consignment in the express car, and therefore expect to be robbed, they watch that baggage platform; you risk a complete fizzle. We generally used another method. We picked a point where the train had to stop for water; or else we held up a signalman and made him flag her. As soon as the train stopped, part of the gang would begin a fusillade from both hands in order to cow the passengers and the crew. If a passenger shoved his head out of the window we would smash the glass over his head. In the mean time two of the gang would attend to the engine, one keeping the engineer and fireman covered until the other turned water into the firebox. When that was done one remained with the trainmen while the other went back to help in the actual robbery. Though we sometimes went through the passengers, the express safe was always our real object—we never robbed a train unless we had a tip on a large sum of money. There isn't very much in robbing the passengers. You can't watch them all. At the first fire big wads of money and the valuable jewelry generally go under the seats or behind the steampipes. Mostly you get only watches, trinkets and small change.

Occasionally the express messenger showed fight, but a few bullets just over his head always stopped him. Then with one of my coolest men I would attend to the express safe. Sometimes we made the messenger open it; generally we blew it with giant powder. We'd empty the contents into sacks, fan a few shots round the train for a warning, and get to our horses.

People were so dazed that they acted like trained dogs. Really robbing a train is easy. The element of surprise favors the robbers. The hard and dangerous part comes afterward, when the trainmen start up the marshals and vigilantes and the whole country seems roused against you. I've seen a district alive with armed men an hour after the robbery. We generally held together for a day or so. Then when we'd got clean through the cordon we'd scatter, making an appointment, often months ahead, to meet for the next robbery. Generally I'd pass the time among the cattle ranches in another part of the territory. Frank used to loaf round among the nesters. When we found him again he'd be comfortably settled down in a farmhouse, smoking a corncob pipe, helping the women wipe the dishes, and singing at the melodeon of evenings. He could eat into the bosom of a family quicker than any other man I ever knew.

I understand that people are digging all over the Creek nation for the buried treasure of the Jennings gang. I buried my treasure all right, but not that way. It used to run through our fingers like water. First a big wad went to the territorial or railroad official who had informed us of the shipment. We had our friends to take care of—they were mostly poor. We thought nothing, when we were flush, of throwing down a hundred-dollar bill on the table. Most of the valuables we gave away—gold thimbles and brooches to the little girls, gold watches to the older people. I don't know just where the rest of it went—mostly, I suppose, I dropped it on Broadway; for I used to vary life on the ranches by going East. When the time came for the next job we were always broke.

Our chief trouble, barring the escape from the marshals, was in reassembling. We didn't dare use the mails. Most of us were going under assumed names. I usually traveled as "Mr. Edwards" and Frank as "Mr. Williams." Sometimes when you heard of a chance for a robbery and wanted to gather the riders, you had to hunt for a fortnight. You knew nothing about them except their regular haunts, and even then you were hardly ever right. One such hunt I shall always remember for its finish.

We had scattered at the 22 Ranch after a hot pursuit by the marshals, and I was knocking round among the horse thieves and ranchers on the Chickasaw, when I heard news of a place where we could make a reasonably good haul. I knew where I could lay my hands on the rest of the boys, but I wanted especially a certain long rider whom I'll call Webb. He was a very reticent man and I knew little of his past, except that he came from the East and had a good education. Between jobs he was very gentle and of a sentimental nature. In action he was absolutely deadly.

The last heard of Webb—so "Mex," one of our long riders, informed me—he was at Perky's on Mud Creek. He described Perky's place as a little log house with a stone chimney that had fallen away from the wall and been propped up by a timber. Mud Creek was a dangerous country for any one connected with the law. A good many deputy marshals had been killed there for prying into matters that didn't concern them. Perky himself was a horsethief.

I found at last the house with the leaning chimney. A man stood digging in the little cotton-patch—striking a few strokes, then looking round. I asked him if he was Perky. He said: "No, I never heard of such a fellow."

I was sure of him nevertheless; so I told him I was looking for Webb.

He said: "Who Webb?"

I answered: "Just Webb."

He shook his head. "Did you know Mex?" I asked.

He stopped digging right there and asked: "Do you?"

"Sure. I just left him on Winter Creek," I said.

"I reckon I know who you are now," he said. "I thought I did, and then I waren't certain. You're Al, ain't you? Webb was here yesterday."

Al Jennings as a Convict, Wearing the Uniform of a First-Class Clerk

I was so eager that I got too sudden. I asked: "Where did he go?" He grew suspicious again and said:

"If you're Al you oughtn't to ask me that question. By ——, I don't know whether you're Al or not!"

I said: "I can tell you just how he looks and what he was riding."

He said:

"Any fellow can do that. You get down and come in. We ain't got much, but the old woman can scare up something." It was an hour before I persuaded him that I was really Al Jennings. Then he told me that Webb had gone on to Baker's. At Baker's they said that he had left the day before without telling where he was bound. We seldom informed any one of our movements.

I was up against it. I simply wandered round in circles, asking questions, until an old-time cowpuncher told me that Webb was sparking a nester girl over on the Spavinaw.

To make a long story short I hunted for four or five days, never more than a few hours behind my man and never finding him. Finally I heard that a horse thief named Ike, present whereabouts unknown, might have the information I wanted. And a certain John Barrows, of the same occupation, offered to guide me while I looked for Ike. We rode to a little cabin in a clearing.

A pack of fox-hounds came out, barking as we drew up at the front gate. Presently a head slid through the window, and this was the conversation as I recall it now:

"Howdy, John?" said the head. "Won't you light and come in? I didn't know who you were, first off. Then I seed it was you. Got anything to swap?"

"No, I reckon I ain't got nothin' to swap today. Ed, this man is from Mex an' he wants to see Ike. I fetched him down, as I reckoned you's about the only man who knowed where Ike was."

Trailing Webb and Ike

IN SILENCE Ed whittled for a time on a splinter he had cut from the window-sill. Then he spat impressively on the ground, and afterward gazed in utter helplessness at his dusty cotton patch choked with brown weeds.

"Don't know how I can get off, John," he said. "My crop was about took with the consarned weeds an' was awful backward, an' I've been layin' off for some time to go horse-huntin'. I reckon I'll have to swap that mare if I ever get her again. She's breachy, and there ain't no fence can hold her. You'uns get off." He turned his head up toward the sun and continued: "It's most too late in the day t' start now, but I reckon I can go tomorrow." We stayed with him that night. It was morning before Ed offered to take John's place and guide me to Ike. We started; we had gone five or six miles when we saw a man picking lazily among the cotton rows. Ed called:

"Howdy, Izard? How's your crop turnin' out?"

With alacrity Izard dropped his basket, approached and perched on the fence.

"My cotton ain't what it oughter be," he said. "'Spect I've done let it go too long. I'm powerful crowded with work an' jes' ain't had time to turn round."

"Folks well?" asked Ed.

"Nothin' to brag of. Little Izard's had the agey, an' the baby's awful collicky. I ain't so powerful pert myself. Rest of 'em's so's to be round, 'cept my woman, an' she ain't had a well day since we left Texas. Your folks well?"

"Jes' tol'able. Seed anythin' of a little bay mare, fourteen an' a half hands high, wire cut on left shoulder?"

"Yours?"

"That's the calculation."

"Any brands?"

"Yes, only they're blotched. Looks kinder like this."

Sliding from his horse Ed squatted down on his spurs in the road and began to trace the design. Izard followed the stubby, rope-stiffened finger. Finally he said:

"Ain't seed her, Ed. Want to swap her? I'll give you a powerful good swap, sight unseen."

"What's your swap?"

"The one I'm huntin'."

Then they negotiated. Ed wanted Izard to throw in a pig. Izard said that he'd even up if Ed would throw in a pup which he could get from his brother Jim. They closed the transaction there, the horses to be delivered when found.

Izard got up, squinted at the sun and said:

"It's most noon, fellers. Ain't got much to eat, but sich as it is you're welcome."

"Jest ain't hardly got time," said Ed faintly and politely; but just the same he sidled up the path to the house. By the time we'd finished our fat bacon, cornbread and white butter we had learned for sure just where we could find Ike.

Ike lived much like the others. Before he came in from the cotton patch Ed had pumped Mrs. Ike to find if there was a horse trade in sight. As soon as Ike arrived he and Ed fell into horse-swapping negotiations. When he was left alone with me Ike grew communicative. I asked why he didn't settle down on a good farm. He said:

"Well, brother, us fellers has got to make something off our horses, an' o' course that don't let us stay long enough

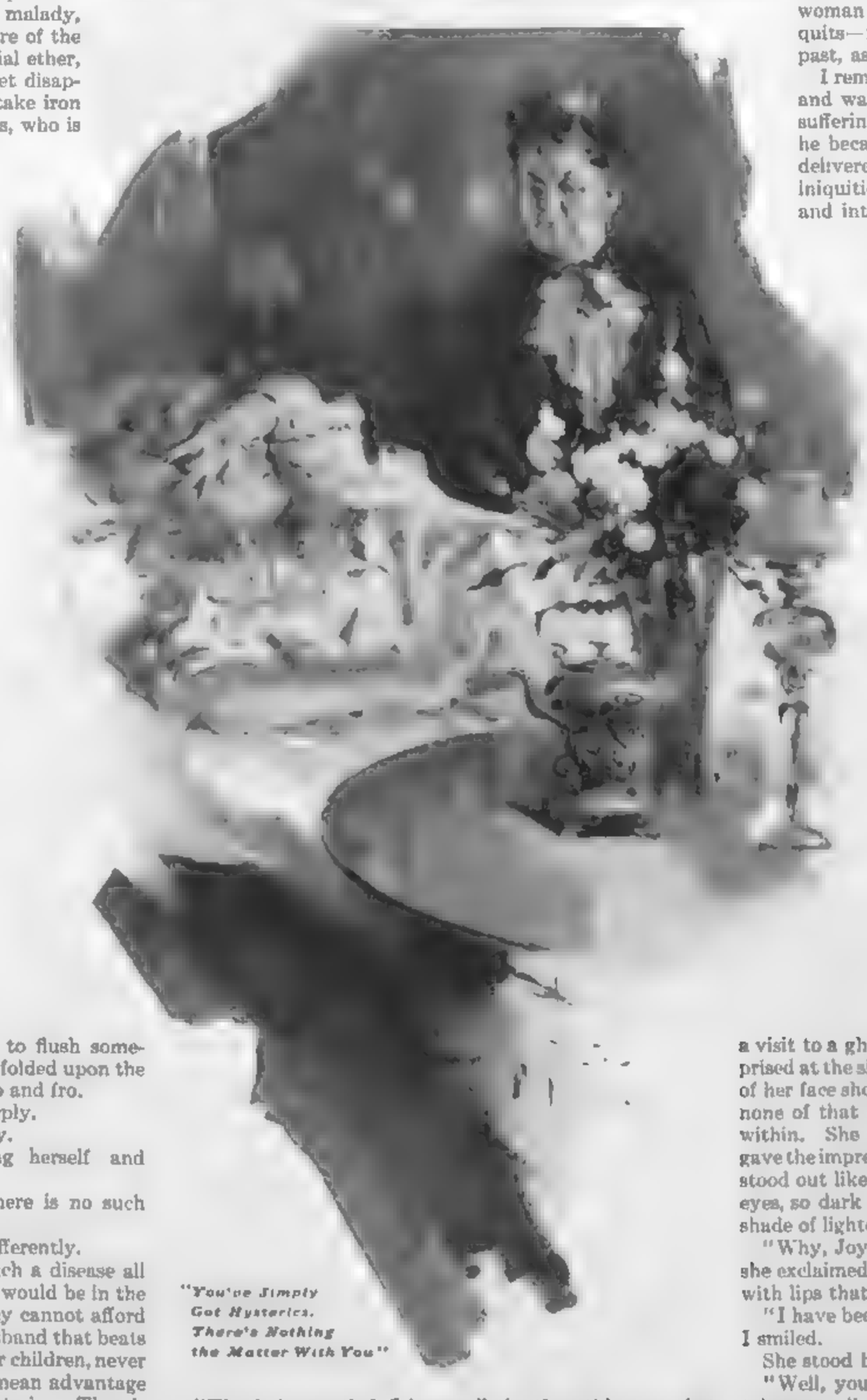
(Continued on Page 36)

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

IX

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER



"You've Simply Got Hysterics. There's Nothing the Matter With You"

I SPENT the month of January in bed with a slight intermittent fever, not seriously ill. I was enjoying very calmly one of those collapses common to women in society. It is called nervous prostration, malaria, any name to cover the real malady, which is, in fact, the subnormal temperature of the spirit, brought on by inhaling too much social ether, and more often by the shock of some secret disappointment. Many a woman is obliged to take iron and strychnine, and submit to alcohol rubs, who is suffering from a compound fracture of her pride—an affliction she cannot explain to the physician. Still, one recovers in spite of the medicine.

I lay strangely peaceful, like a wounded man, withdrawn from the firing line beyond the din of trumpets and guns. After a campaign lasting over three years it was a relief, this coma. I sank beneath the level of pain, that agony of hope deferred. I did not think of Emmet at all. He was a symptom of my disorder which had passed forever. David was a phantom far removed. Alice became a specter, no longer immediate or malignant. She called every day or sent some token of her singular regard, but I was mercifully spared the sight of her. The world in which I had moved ceased to be. No echo of it reached the quiet, warm, darkened room in which I lay. The nurse fed me with a spoon. Father was alarmed; Francis was irritated; Mrs. Buckhaulter paid frequent visits, inspected me suspiciously, but asked no questions. Women sometimes know when to hold their tongues.

And they always know when not to hold them. At the end of a month Mrs. Buckhaulter's patience was exhausted. One afternoon she came in, popping her heels noisily upon the floor, scolding loudly to Molly who admitted her. The righteousness of my invalidism was stirred, offended. I lay frowning at her as she bent over the bed, her large eyes focused upon me coolly beneath their wrinkled lids, her thick lips pursed authoritatively, her little nose pointed suspiciously, intelligently like that of a setter who is tired of setting and is determined to flush something. She seized one of my hands, limply folded upon the counterpane, and waggled it impatiently to and fro.

"Can't you use it?" she demanded sharply.

"I suppose so," I answered indifferently.

"Do it then!" she exclaimed, seating herself and signaling the nurse to leave us.

"Listen to me, Joy," she began. "There is no such thing as nervous prostration!"

"No?" I murmured, looking at her indifferently.

"Certainly not! If there really were such a disease all the poor and wretched people in the world would be in the hospitals. They don't give up because they cannot afford to surrender. A woman with a drunken husband that beats her, who works night and day to support her children, never has it. Nobody has it who cannot take a mean advantage of the situation. You've simply got hysterics. There's nothing the matter with you. The nurse tells me you have had no fever for ten days. If you do not rouse yourself you'll never get up. I've known women to come down like this and keep their beds for twenty years, become sanctified shut-ins, afflicting their families and friends with a spurious resignation.

"I want you to get up from here and quit swallowing raw eggs and gruel. It's the diet of cowards! Dismiss that nurse, put on your clothes and eat bread and beefsteak like a respectable woman!"

She sprang from her chair, waddled like an old duck to the windows, jerked the cords angrily and sent the shades flying to the top with a clack. The room was flooded with light. She returned to the bed, fuming.

"I've always said there is one incontestable argument in favor of this Christian Science: if you go on believing that you are ill, you'll develop a tallow complexion out of your imagination. You are as pale as a sick baby—and you are not teething!" she snapped.

"I'm tired," I whispered, beginning to sob.

"We are all tired, and the weariest people in the world are those who do nothing," she retorted.

"I can't endure the thought of beginning all over again. It's so aimless, so useless, the life we live. Nothing comes of it," I wept, turning my face to the wall.

"That's it exactly! I knew all the time this was what ailed you. Well, you'll not begin where you left off. We never do. Things have progressed in Millidge like a house afire while you've been lying here sulking."

"How progressed?" I asked, feeling the sting of anxiety for the first time in weeks.

"Get up and find out," she retorted, fastening her furs beneath her chin and rising to take her departure.

"I'm asking some women to a bridge luncheon next week. I need you to make out the set. Don't fail me," she said, moving to the door.

"Couldn't you ask them to play dolls, or build block houses, or do something else. I'm so tired of cards, of the foolish tension, of pretending not to mind when Mrs. Gulfilling reneges."

"See here, Joy," she answered, laughing in spite of herself, "you have been lying here destroying your illusions. It doesn't matter what we do. It comes to the same thing. It is the way we have of passing the time. You'd find playing dolls much more dangerous than playing bridge! You ought to thank your stars that Millidge society does not play dolls just now anyway!" she concluded darkly.

If we remain quietly in our graves long enough we shall not need to be judged in the last day. We shall have slept off, recovered from our many transgressions, and we shall rise from our dust naïvely purified. They, those sins so ardently committed, will have passed out of mind. We shall be healed of them as of wounds suffered long ago. Occasionally Nature accomplishes this in some measure even while we live. The worst man or woman who quits the business of wickedness—merely quits—for a while becomes strangely innocent of the past, as trees are innocent of last year's leaves.

I remember once when father sprained his ankle and was obliged to remain at home for six weeks, suffering just enough pain to keep his mind occupied, he became a perfect Pharisee of virtuousness. He delivered stern sentences upon his own favorite iniquities to his visiting friends. He was as exacting and intolerant as a saint. It was not until he was able to hobble back downtown to the club and fall by the wayside that he resumed the rôle of a charitable gentleman, the kind and indulgent father, walking softly and politely in the shadow of his natural shortcomings.

As I began my convalescence I had some such feeling of having passed out of the long darkness of myself. I had not lived for a month. I felt singularly guiltless. But one cannot live and remain so. Piety is a furlough, not an existence. The good get out of it artfully into conscious righteousness. That is the peculiar snare that awaits them. But they do transgress, even if it is in their prayers, even if it is in their honest condemnation of others—which is the subtlest form of iniquity practiced in this world.

My snare, the means by which I was lured back into the thick of things, was of another kind—the one most suited to my talent—which, I believe, is dissimulation.

I was seated in the library before the open fire. I wore a loose white frock of soft cashmere, with a Roman blanket drawn like a rainbow over my knees. My hair fell curling and abundant over my shoulders, held back from my face by a wide bright green ribbon band, one long end of which hung down instead of being knotted into a bow.

I was expecting Alice, whom I had not seen since the night of the New Year's ball. She came about three o'clock, entering softly, with the air of a person paying a visit to a ghost. I do not know which of us was more surprised at the sight of the other. She was very thin, the bones of her face showing; no roundness, no softening of the lines, none of that concealment which flesh makes of the spirit within. She was so pale that the rouge upon her cheeks gave the impression of a hectic flush. The veins on her hands stood out like a blue web. There were circles beneath her eyes, so dark that they seemed to fade the pupils to the shade of lightest gray.

"Why, Joy darling, I thought you had been very ill!" she exclaimed, taking my face in her hands and kissing me with lips that burned my forehead.

"I have been, not very ill, but comfortably indisposed!" I smiled.

She stood back staring at me.

"Well, you look rested. I believe you have actually taken on a little flesh!" she exclaimed.

"I have, and I am feeling splendidly," I replied, laughing.

"I thought you were taken very ill at the New Year's ball," she went on, seating herself, still regarding me wonderingly.

"I was; but, you see, I have recovered," I replied with sweet animation.

"Charlie said he found you in the colonnade dreadfully upset," she continued vaguely.

"Not upset, just feverish. I had a little headache," I corrected.

"He said you told him you had been taking some refreshments there with David Brock and me," she went on slowly, her eyes reading my face, which was a bland text written in an unknown tongue.

"Yes," I answered, understanding what was in her mind, perceiving that she had suffered the keenest anxiety for weeks. This accounted for her altered appearance. And my mere affirmation of a curious lie only increased it. I waited for her next question, being sure she would ask it.

"How long had you been there?" she asked after a pause.

"I do not remember—a good while," I answered coolly.

"Did you see—were you alone?" She stumbled over the words, deeply confused.

"Except for you and Mr. Brock!" I returned, withdrawing my gaze, really not able to endure the hypnotic

anxiety of her face sharpening into the fiercest excitement. I wondered if she would dare the next question, the thing she really wished to know—whether I had overheard the conversation between her and David. She could not. It was a confession not to be risked. She would not go far enough even to accuse me of the lie she knew I had told. When the silence between us had reached the agony of a sword thrust I released her. It was like that—as if for one moment I held her suffocating in my grasp.

"What is the news? I've heard nothing for weeks," I began, changing ground.

"The engagement of Margaret Derry and Emmet Marshall has been announced. They are to be married in the spring. It came as a surprise. We all thought Emmet was in love with you, Joy," she said.

"Never," I replied. "We were only good friends. I knew he was going to marry Margaret."

"Did he tell you?"

"Yes, long ago," I answered serenely.

We both felt the tension relax. For the next hour we gossiped together like boon companions, yet with a difference.

Late one afternoon as I was standing in the garden a little green and gold snake, with rings of red upon its body, wriggled from beneath an old rosebush, crawled toward me rapidly upon the ground, with its slender head lifted, licking out its black-forked tongue at me inquisitively. It was a cowardly little thing. The moment I moved it turned and wriggled back into the shadows.

I had the same sensation about Alice now that I had then about the snake. She seemed to be crawling in this serpentine motion, the spirit of her licking out a forked, venomous tongue. Over and above the apparent speech between us she seemed to be asking:

"What made you ill? And if you have been ill why do you look so outrageously well, so serenely refreshed? Did you hear what David said to me? What I replied? What are you going to do about it? What is the game? Are you never going to show your hand? Will you keep me in this suspense forever? I cannot bear it!"

At this point, when we were really discussing the possibility of Mabel Leigh's engagement to Chan Peters, she sprang to her feet, stood before the fire, plucking nervously at the ruffs in the sleeves of her frock and looking down at me desperately. Then she remembered to repeat a pretty compliment some one had paid me.

"He said you were the only beautiful woman he had ever seen who achieved beauty from year to year, like a rose blooming finer with each added season. Pretty speech, wasn't it?" She offered me this as if she begged at some secret door for admission.

"Very. Who said that?" I returned pleasantly.

"Oh, I must not tell you, dear. It would make you vain, and you've never been vain. With all your loveliness, you are the most natural, the least self-conscious woman in Millidge. And he was right. You are beautiful." She bent, caught my face in her hands and kissed me.

"You do love me, don't you?" she pleaded.

"Of course," I answered dryly, withdrawing.

She sighed; stood up with her hands behind her.

"Life is such a bore, Joy. One must do something, anything, to pass the time. One must be always looking for an interest, an excitement, anything to keep from realizing the uselessness of it all. Nothing really to do, nothing to achieve. Sometimes I positively envy those poor wretches who must work so hard, who never have a moment to think, who are blessed with the terrible necessity of earning their bread or perishing. Why are we always trying to relieve them, to help them into this horrid independence of nature which is nothing but a curse?"

"It's funny to hear you philosophize upon social economics, Alice," I laughed.

I knew that she was offering a defense of herself, that she was pleading with me to accept a certain explanation of her conduct, and I deliberately refused to do it.

She began to move restlessly about the room, pulling on her gloves as she did so. She passed before a bowl of roses on the table.

"Beautiful! Who sent them—or is that a secret?" she asked, and smiled back at me.

"Oh, no; Mr. Brown sent them," I answered.

"They say he will be the next governor," she suggested with a laugh.

"He may be the next coroner for all I care!" I retorted with real impatience.

A few minutes later she took her leave with effusive affection.

I did not see her again for several months. I spent the remainder of the winter with the Buckhaulters in Florida. When we returned to town in the spring Alice Archibald had accomplished one of those denouements common in society and in the domestic economy of bees—she had

"I Tell You Nothing Happened, Except That He Is Ruined Financially"

swarmed, so to speak. Forced out of the circle where she was accustomed to move, she had withdrawn and formed a new colony, taking with her certain social derelicts, among them David Brock and a few others. She and Charlie and even David continued to appear at the larger affairs where the raveled edges of society always show. But they had really migrated and colonized and had their amusements apart with impish gayety, the scandal of which composed the whispered news of polite society. I was the only one of her old friends who kept up relations with Alice. We exchanged visits, impelled by the same motive. She knew that I was still in love with David, and I knew that he was still attentive to her. It was the horrid, hypnotic bond of treachery and betrayal that held us, bound like two forces with drawn swords. I met David occasionally, sometimes at a dance, sometimes upon the crowded streets; a savage figure always, more and more repellent in his manner to me, as if he enjoyed a certain contempt for me that amounted to anger—an anger that it was impossible for me to overcome, though he must have known I was willing enough. But this very willingness was his continued accusation against me.

Once the wall crumbled between us and we beheld each other sadly, face to face. This was during another cotillon given by Mrs. Franklin, where for a moment I was his partner in the dance.

"David," I whispered, my head against his breast, "David dear, do stop it!"

I felt him tremble, saw him flush.

"Stop what?" he laughed harshly.

"Stop everything you are doing. You are ruining yourself. It hurts me!"

"A man can't stop having typhoid fever, Joy!" he answered soberly.

"But ——" I began.

"Hush!" he commanded, swinging me furiously through the last measure of the dance.

A widow has one advantage which she does not appreciate—she knows that her husband is dead. The maid forsaken by her lover has no such consolation. I beheld in the dark eyes of David then my love imprisoned by another. If only he had been dead, and so immeasurably beyond her reach, I could have rejoiced. I could have shed tears of relief and happiness

I now recall having but one source of consolation at that time. This was Charlie Archibald. From the hour when we sat together in the colonnade at the New Year's ball we seemed to walk hand in hand even when far apart, nearly always silent. And always cognizant of what was going on, of every whisper behind lifted fans. We became two sextons, sadly appointed to cover, to bury what Alice achieved. A glance exchanged across a crowded room united us, drew us together with a common purpose. We found comfort in each other. We had rendezvous in out-of-the-way corners where we met during every dance, to smoke, to carry on a little aimless conversation. It was like the ghost of love, too pale for passion, this relation growing between us, gently binding, like shadows that drift along the path of life, lifting, falling, mingling according to a destiny we could not control.

The year wore on with its everlasting round of amusements and diversions grown stale with repetition. I was infinitely wearied of it all, yet heartily resolved to see the thing through. I shared with Millidge the conviction that the relation between Alice and David could not last. The town was rife with rumors about David's financial condition. More than once we heard of his losses. The tract of land he had purchased on the other side of Millidge had already proved an unfortunate investment. He spent enormous sums in the effort to drain it, but without success. He neglected his business, and his dissipation was more and more apparent. No one could foretell the issue; but all were sure of impending tragedy. He and Alice alone seemed recklessly indifferent to the situation.

Meanwhile I had acquired a new and curious position in society. I was very far from being the belle that I had been, but I was the acknowledged beauty, and not only of Millidge—for my fame had gone abroad. My photograph had appeared during the summer of that year in a Northern magazine, having printed beneath it: "Miss Mary Joy Marr, the Most Beautiful Woman in the South." After that no occasion was complete without me. I was in demand by ambitious hostesses—a sort of decoration they desired to show along with the other decorations. Millidge was proud of the distinction of having produced the "most beautiful Southern woman" and hastened to claim it—and it would indignantly have denied the truth that there were several thousand others in the state equally beautiful.

Besides, with the decline of my popularity with men my popularity with women increased. They are never jealous of mere beauty in another woman. That which they resent and suspect is charm, attractiveness to men, which many a beautiful woman never exercises. In spite of myself I had risen from the bargain counter and had become a sort of souvenir, a trophy to be cherished – by women!

The fact is that I had acquired something that enhanced my fairness. If you do not submit to the inevitable, if you refuse to suffer defeat when you are defeated, it becomes a power that exalts the spirit and lifts the countenance, imparts a calm that is finer in effect than genuine animation. I had accomplished this expression by refusing to permit misfortune to interfere with my circulation or my nerve centers. I retained my complexion and a serenely unwrinkled brow. I worked out serenity as if it had been a pathological problem. I could not overcome the odds now opposed to me, but I refused to suffer them. This was not a virtue, but a quality of courage with which I was endowed. The result was a glorifying, as if I were really entitled to the ineffable effulgence of a certain high look.

But a professional beauty must maintain her fame without regard to cost. She has no conscience about that. Her conscience is overruled by another ambition—the desire to preserve her fame for beauty. I studied, not the fashions, but the art of adapting them to my own needs, a far more difficult and expensive business. I required more and handsomer gowns. I was spending now three or four times as much upon my wardrobe as when I was a débutante. It is impossible to say how much longer Francis might have endured my outrageous extravagances if I had not finally passed all bounds.

This was a gown imported for me from Paris by Madame Prince, the fashionable modiste of Millidge. It was a sort of Hallowe'en interpretation, which I wore to the Hallowe'en dance given that year at the Country Club. It was a misty thing, the color green is, when reflected in a moonlit pool combined with the deep yellow of tiger lilies, weird, ragged, such a garment as vagabond fairies might wear when they dance in the dim starlight. There were no seams, no hems, no bodice, no skirt, merely a green and golden blossom, held together with rhinestones that shone like drops of dew, fastened on my shoulders with little flat yellow butterflies.

We accomplish prophecies without knowing it. This was the last ball I ever attended in Millidge. Shortly after that

I returned to Nature. I became merely the human herb in my garden. That night I wore this gown, which was such a garment as Nature might have made for me if I had grown and blossomed above the green sod.

That Hallowe'en ball is still remembered in Millidge as the night when Joy Marr wore her fairy godmother's dancing togs. For the last time, although I was far from suspecting this, I was the sensation, the mysterious heroine of the occasion, which was a very gay one. As I danced the narrow slashed green widths flew back, like long cornblades blown in the wind, the pumpkin yellow sheath beneath divided as if every moment I might dance through it barelegged. Yet beneath the ragged calyx of green, beneath the yellow sheath, there still showed fold upon fold of thinnest gauze changing from white to deepest pink. The audacity of the thing was its persistent modesty, in spite of the suggestion it gave of my so near the surface.

The effect of the whole was enhanced by my seriousness and silence. I merely danced with a grace and abandon I had never felt before. I scarcely spoke during the evening. It was as if I wore a mask; as if I had been a stranger from another planet. I avoided Alice, who I felt was watching me, sometimes seeking an opportunity to speak to me. I refused to see Emmet and his wife. For once I failed to keep the understood tryst with Charlie Archibald. This was because I was in no need of companionship. I had ascended into a kind of gay silence. I had accomplished an incantation. I saw Charlie return to the ballroom, stare at me as if he also were mystified. I had not seen David during the entire evening. This was the first time in years that he had not appeared in Alice's train. I wondered vaguely what that meant.

Some time after midnight I slipped out and was making my way to the dressing room, following in the wake of the Buckhaulters, with whom I had come early in the evening. There was a mirror hanging in the shadows upon the wall at the end of the hall that led to the staircase. Before ascending I paused in front of it, regarding the strange image of myself reflected there. I was considering with an artist's eye whether it had been right to draw all the curling mass of my hair so completely back from my face; whether, after all, this had not been too bold, had not a little denied the mystery of my gown. Slowly, as I gazed, the reflection of another image appeared beside my own. I looked into the eyes of David Brock. If I had seen a ghost I could not have been more startled. His face, always flushed, was now very pale, drawn as if he regarded me from his grave accusingly.

"David!" I whispered, starting back and turning about, expecting to see him standing behind me.

The passage was empty. I sat down upon the lowest step of the stairs and buried my face in my hands. I recalled the night long ago at my first ball when I had seen him mirrored then in the glass above the Buckhaulters' table. But with what a difference! Then he was Cuth-Ullin, the vivid stranger whom we called the brigand. Now he might have been the pallid ghost of Fingal's blind son, staring at me with vacant eyes, yet filled with the nameless horror of blindness and despair.

"Joy! Joy! Hurry, dear, we are waiting!" called Mrs. Buckhaulter from the door of the dressing room.

Half an hour later when they set me down at my own door I was still in a trance. I ascended the steps like one who walks in her sleep. It was not until I had entered and bolted the door that I came to myself enough to wonder why the lights in the library were still turned on at this hour. I went in to turn the switch before going to my room. I beheld Francis, standing with his back to the fire.

"Why, Francis," I exclaimed, "what are you doing up so late?"

"Waiting for you," he answered grimly, without looking at me.

I stood silent, wondering at this attention, knowing that it boded nothing pleasant. I saw now that he held a paper in his hand – a curious, white, folded, unromantic-looking paper. He offered it to me.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Read it and see!" he said sternly.

I opened the thing and saw that it was Madame Prince's last bill. It contained two items:

One Gown	$300
Two Cabies	50
Total	$350

Beneath, written in Madame's own cramped hand, was: "Please remit at your earliest convenience."

I was really astonished at the cost of the gown. I folded the bill and refolded it nervously. I felt, not conscience-stricken, but anxious to get through what I knew was to be a disagreeable scene.

"Is that the thing for which I am to pay three hundred and twenty dollars?" Francis demanded, looking me up and down in cool disdain

"This is the gown, yes. I had no idea it would cost so much," I admitted.

"And have you the least notion of how you look in it?" he exclaimed with sudden fury.

"Like the Spirit of Hallowe'en!" I explained, defended.

"Then the Spirit of Hallowe'en looks like a woman of the demimonde!" Francis almost shouted, beside himself with rage.

I looked down at myself, at the green draperies, at the yellow gauze showing between. I moved my foot, disclosing the white veiling beneath. I stared at the emerald toe of my slippers with the rhinestone buckles, shining like dew. Then I looked at Francis, livid with rage, his lip curled, his eyes scornfully narrowed. He was not a man to be moved by tears. I seated myself calmly and waited. I felt that matters were even between us after that speech, whatever the gown had cost.

"Why didn't you marry Emmet Marshall?" he sneered.

"Why didn't you marry Margaret?" I retorted, laughing impudently.

"You know very well why I didn't!" he answered.

"Yes, because she preferred Emmet—that answers both questions."

"It also makes an end of the bargain between us," he went on. "For four years I have paid your disgracefully extravagant bills. You know why. I expected you to marry. Why haven't you married somebody?"

I was silent.

"That fool Brock, for example. You could have."

I refused to answer.

"Why didn't you take one of those boys, Hopgood or Peters or Redding? You let Redding leave here when you know you could have married him."

Francis seized the poker, rammed it into the grate and stirred the coals angrily, as if he would have preferred to use it on me.

"And now why don't you marry that little widower Brown. You ought to be thankful that he still wants you a girl that has passed from hand to hand the way you have!"

"Because I don't want to marry a little widower—or anybody else," I answered, suddenly beside myself.

"Wait!" he commanded. "Do as you please or as you can now about marrying. I've paid your last bill! If you ever order another gown from this Madame Prince you may pay for it yourself! From now on you may make your own clothes. You may do that much that is useful. I will never pay for another made garment. Save yourself the humiliation of having me notify Madame Prince by not risking another order from her. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I answered; "I do understand. You are still in love with Margaret and you are taking your spite out on me."

"And you are still in love with that fool Brock, whom your friend Alice has held in leash like a lapdog for three years. Well, that is over at any rate. You and Alice have both lost him!"

"What do you mean?" I whispered with lips suddenly dry.

"Oh, it'll come out soon enough!" he retorted, thrusting me aside roughly and passing through the door upstairs to his room.

x

THE following day was one of such suspense as I can never forget. The heart of a woman may be far more faithful than she is. I could think of nothing but David. I recalled that he had not been with Alice and Charlie the night before; that he had not been in the ballroom at all; that he had passed like a vision across the mirror in the hall and disappeared like a vision. I remembered now what I scarcely noticed at the time, that he wore his greatcoat with the collar turned up, the brim of his slouch hat pulled over his eyes, as if he had just come in or was on his way out. I thought again of his pallor, of the leanness of his face, of the cavernous blackness of his eyes made larger by the dark circles beneath.

A long time had gone by since he had called me over the telephone, yet every time the bell of it rang I lifted the receiver tremblingly to my ear, expecting to hear his voice, hoping to hear it. Once as I was arranging some magazines on the library table the bell rang almost beneath my hand. I started violently. It was Alice. I thought her voice sounded strangely low, not like the cool, tinkling tones I knew so well. She just wanted to tell me how lovely I looked the night before, she said. The Hallowe'en gown was wonderful. Where had I got it? Did I dream it? She thought it looked like a thing that had been dreamed, not made. I thanked her. I said I was glad she liked it, and so forth and so on. Then we waited each for the other to speak, to break the suspense we both felt.

"Have you heard anything, Joy?" she asked, breaking the intolerable silence.

"No. You sound mysterious, Alice! Is anything unusual going on?" I returned.

"Oh, no; nothing. It's a wretched day, isn't it? Goodby!"

I hung up the receiver and sat pondering the curious change in her tones.

(Continued on Page 52

"You are Still in Love With That Fool Brock"

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Rural Credit Possibilities

GENERALLY speaking, the owner of a farm has no trouble in borrowing three-fifths of its market value on long time at an interest rate considerably lower than that prevailing in his region for short-time loans; but the farm-owner represents less than half the rural population. Nearly two and a half million farms are worked by tenants—being more than one-third of all farms—and the proportion of tenant farmers steadily rises. With machinery and the gradual introduction of more intensive methods, the proportion of hired laborers also tends to rise.

Rural credit is almost always dealt with from the point of view of the farm-owner; but there is quite as big a problem from the point of view of the man who tills the soil but does not own it. We want no loafing-landlord system here. The British government's land-purchase scheme is already changing Ireland from a country of abject tenants to one of thrifty, uplooking small owners.

We are a vast distance, thank goodness, from Ireland's former condition! But even here divorce between ownership of the soil and tillage of it has gone far enough fairly to raise the question as to whether a credit scheme cannot be worked out that will make it easier for the ambitious and competent tenant or farmhand to buy land.

We hope the American commission that recently returned from an extended investigation of agricultural credit systems in Europe will give this phase of the subject due deliberation. Coöperative building-and-loan associations enable a great number of city people to own homes. Cannot something in that line be adapted to the purchase of agricultural land?

Saccharine Arguments

WEIGHTY objections may be raised to the sugar schedule of the tariff bill. It will cost the Government fifty million dollars a year of easily collected revenue. In view of European prices it is not reasonable to expect that the price here will fall more than a cent a pound when sugar is free; nor will the consumer, in any event, get the benefit of the whole cent. About a third of our consumption is in various manufactures—candy, pastry, chewing gum—in the total cost of which sugar is only one item.

Consumers can hardly expect to get those articles cheaper because sugar is a cent lower at wholesale. In short it is seriously debatable whether sugar should not have been one of the last articles for free trade instead of one of the first.

These questions of expediency, however, did not long detain senatorial champions of protection. They must insist that nobody can possibly get any benefit from free sugar except the trust—which they so powerfully assisted in creating; that everybody else will be fearfully injured; that it will at once ruin the domestic producer and raise the price to the consumer.

Cuba, as the cheapest producer, they say, will capture our market, destroying Louisiana cane growers and Western beet growers; but this will be a very bad thing for Cuba. They must follow their time-hallowed custom of treating every dollar we pay for a foreign product as though it were money irrevocably lost. They do not actually declare that candy made of free sugar will poison children; but they do declare that, economically speaking, it will be worse than cyanide of potassium for the country.

The extravagance of protectionist arguments would reconcile us to putting almost anything on the free list.

Low Tariffs and High Wages

WAGES have always been higher in this country than in Europe. Throughout the Colonial period—when no blessed protective system shed its phantom bounty upon American labor—wages were so much higher here that scores of travelers from Europe remarked on the fact, as Senator Williams pointed out the other day.

And wages were higher here because men were freer. If Spanish tyranny had extended to the St. Lawrence, labor, in all human probability, would presently have been as little rewarded as in Europe. No part of this continent was richer in undeveloped natural resources than Cuba; and so soon as Spain got that island well in hand wages fell almost to zero.

Russia today fairly matches us, both in natural resources and in prohibitive tariff; but wages there are among the lowest to be found anywhere in Europe, because nowhere else in Europe are men less free.

For sixty years wages in England, with no tariff protection at all, have been decidedly higher than on the protected Continent; and, on the whole, there has been more actual individual liberty in England.

Whatever condition enslaves, cramps or degrades a man necessarily lowers wages; whatever liberates a man necessarily raises wages.

If you think of it a moment you must see that your own wages will be higher in proportion as you are actually free and can choose what you will do. When you find men working for beans and a calico shirt you need no professor of civil government to tell you they are not free.

As a thoroughly aristocratic system—based on the notion that government should confer benefits on certain chosen persons who will hand the benefits along to the masses—protection is opposed to liberty. If, on the largest view, it has had any appreciable effect upon wages, that effect has probably been to lower them.

Fine Feathers Have Fast Friends

SAID Senator Reed: "If you have a bird that is of no use except for its feathers what does the senator think God Almighty made it for, anyway? I honestly want to know why there should be any sympathy or sentiment about a long-legged, long-necked bird that lives in swamps and eats tadpoles—why we should worry ourselves into a frenzy because a lady adorns her hat with its feathers! . . . Of what interest is it to the people of the United States to protect birds that eat insects in South America? . . . Instead of making these things dearer, I am in favor of making them cheaper."

It appears to have been upon such sapient arguments as this—powerfully reënforced by certain importers of plumage for millinery purposes—that the Senate struck out the House's prohibition of the importation of plumage—except ostrich feathers.

There is no reason which will satisfy a truly practical man as to why there should be any sentiment about birds—or anything else in the universe that is exterior to his own clothes; but a great many vaporish persons have a soft sort of feeling that restrains them from attempting to interpret the purposes of the Almighty in terms of a tariff bill. Seeing a very marvelous creature, even though it eats tadpoles, they do not know but its Author may have had something besides Schedule G in mind.

Possibly the sentiment that seeks to protect birds is foolish; but, from the saying about the fall of a sparrow to Coleridge's "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small," a number of very respectable authorities may be cited in support of it.

An Inquest on a War

AN INTERNATIONAL commission—bearing the famous trademark of Carnegie, and supplied with his money—is forming to muckrake the second Balkan War. We sincerely hope it will set an enduring precedent.

Strangely enough, in an age the banner of which is publicity, war has become a mystery. Japan set the fashion—expedient enough from a military standpoint, no doubt—of practically banishing war correspondents from the field. From both Balkan Wars the press was rigidly excluded, and the world's only immediate information came from official reports, which in many cases were unquestionably doctored to an outrageous degree. So when Greece accuses Bulgaria of unspeakable atrocities and Bulgaria retorts upon Greece with like charges, we have only the flatly contradictory statements of two highly interested parties. It would be well to know the truth.

There is a still bigger question: The reason for the second Balkan War—with fifty thousand men killed and wounded in a single battle—is much more obscure even than the reasons for most wars. If it is possible to fix the responsibility for that huge crime the possibility ought to be embraced. The Carnegie commission embraces representatives of this country, England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia—of high standing and special qualifications for the job. We hope every war will be thoroughly muckraked in like authoritative fashion, so the world may know who is actually responsible for it and the savagery attending it. That would be a highly valuable contribution to the cause of international peace.

Radical, but Rational

PRESIDENT WILSON—so far—has been astonishingly fortunate. As nearly all impartial observers viewed the situation last March, his proximate danger was that the elements in his party corresponding to the standpat wing of the Republicans under Taft would revolt and mangle his legislative program. But the conservatives have eaten out of his hand, and the only real sign of disaffection, to this writing, has come from a clique of visionary radicals, who are so impatient of the dusty paths of experience that the President and his secretary of state are quite rock-ribbed old Tories in comparison with them.

Mr. Wilson's ideas of a banking bill pain New York. The radicals' ideas send Chicago into a fit and congeal the financial spines of Minneapolis and Kansas City. If the President can keep his unwieldy party from cracking at any other point the success of his administration seems fairly assured.

The only ghost that has frightened the Democratic banquet so far is not that of Toryism, but of Populism—with its whiskers longer and more tangled than in life. Probably this threat of revolt by impossibles is the luckiest political circumstance that could have befallen the President. He is radical, but also rational. It is a good thing for him in this juncture that the conservatives should have the distinction impressed upon them.

Bowie County's Good Example

CONGRESS will cheerfully squander millions of dollars in erecting hundred-thousand-dollar post-office buildings in twenty-five-thousand-dollar towns. It blithely throws away many more millions in "improving" rivers and harbors that have no commercial value. If half the sum absolutely wasted in building and river appropriations during the last ten years had been devoted to good roads the country would be appreciably richer. People are beginning to understand this—in Texas, at least.

Bowie County, in that state, has two small streams for the improvement of which Federal funds have been appropriated. A Texarkana correspondent writes: "These streams are jokes, so far as steamboat navigation is concerned; and the Government is wasting its money in these appropriations. In many places you can take a running jump and reach the other side of the river!"

So the Bowie County Good Roads Association earnestly memorializes representatives and senators to stop this waste if possible by having the useless appropriation for river improvement diverted to the making of a Federal highway through the county.

Of course the representatives and senators will be unable to do that now because there is much precedent for squandering public money on fool building and river projects, and none for wisely investing it in good roads; but if enough other counties join Bowie in the same demand, Congress will soon set a precedent. What county will be next?

Labor's Handicap Lessened

THE London Board of Trade has issued a report on the first year's operation of national compulsory insurance against unemployment. The outstanding fact is that the scheme—so far—has worked. Even Tory organs confess that. The insurance, of course, applies only to certain trades, yet it includes two and a half million persons. There has been complaint of malingering; but less than nine per cent of the total claims presented were disallowed on investigation, and only forty-seven downright fraudulent claims appear to have been discovered.

One very valuable result of the British experiment is already evident in the first report—that is, we shall get a better light upon the actual conditions of labor with respect to unemployment. The report covers a period of floodtide prosperity, when the demand for labor in England was at the highwater mark. It applies, moreover, only to certain favorably circumstanced trades—such as building and engineering; but in the half year ending with July about four hundred thousand workmen applied for unemployment benefits because of temporary interruptions to their wages.

In nearly all cases the period of idleness was very short, commonly representing the interval between the finishing of one job and the beginning of another; but the aggregate of allowed claims in the six months exceeded a million dollars, and it all illustrates most forcibly that lack of continuous employment is labor's greatest handicap.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

His Friends Say He Is Entirely Natural

OF COURSE the time will come in our politics when the man who looks like the man who looked like Lincoln will have vote-getting power; but at present we are close enough to the Emancipator to utilize homely Illinois patriots who are but once removed.

And far be it from Illinois to have no one of these statesmen in office—far be it from Illinois; and the more so because William G. McAdoo, from the South originally and from the Tubes most recently, is stealing some of this Illinois stuff and, as secretary of the treasury, is doing a modicum of Democratic looking-like himself.

So it came about when Uncle Shelby Cullom, of modified Lincoln exterior, was forced to go before the people a spell ago in order to continue where he had been for fifty years—in office—there rose another like-Lincoln-looker to contest with Uncle Shelby for his toga, and that one was Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Springfield. So they had at it—Uncle Shelby looking like Lincoln when Lincoln wore whiskers, and L. Y. Sherman looking like Lincoln when Lincoln was not so decorated. Apparently the whisker is not so potent as it once was in Illinois politics, albeit J. Ham Lewis has 'em. Anyhow, Sherman defeated Uncle Shelby in the primary fight and went before the legislature as the Republican candidate.

It has never been decided to a certainty whether of late years the legislature of Illinois has looked on the election of a senator of the United States as an endurance contest or a bargain sale—or a combination of both. At any rate, when the matter of replacing Lorimer and Cullom came before that body last winter there was another of those long-drawn contests, extending over days and days; and when things finally were untangled Colonel Lewis had the six-year term and Sherman the two-year one; and for that space, at least, Illinois will have her looker-like draped in a toga in the greatest deliberative forum in the world, as we are prone to remark when discussing our Senate for purposes of public record.

What may be said privately—especially in view of some of the results of the primary system as applied to the selection of shoefillers for Webster, Clay, Platt of Connecticut, and many others of the old boys—is quite another matter and need not be dwelt upon here.

Jim Ham's Foil

POSITIVELY there is no accounting for tastes. One man may think or know absolutely that his happiness consists in and depends on owning forty suits of clothes with haberdashery to match; while another may hold that he gets his joy from possessing but one complete aggregation of garments, comprising a coat, a waistcoat and a pair of pants always pants in these instances—with a couple of hickory shirts and a hat he has had for four or five years and that is still perfectly good because there is no hole worn in it.

Extremes of this kind happen along now and then, and the said and similar extreme is now engaged in representing Illinois in the Senate; for, whereas Ham Lewis has forty or four hundred and forty—or some such number—of complete changes of apparel, Lawrence Y. Sherman, unless he has perked up a lot, if he had another complete suit would then be possessed of two. And in neither case is this an affectation. Certainly not! It merely is a pose.

Just as J. Ham cashed in on his wardrobe and whiskers, so Lawrence Y. realized on his lack of the same. All of which goes to show there are more ways than one of arriving in the spotlight, in which position Lawrence Y. and J. Ham are now contending for such honors as there may be.

Inasmuch as he is one of the plain people, Sherman has assiduously endeavored to remain just as plain as possible.

To be sure, Nature gave him a running start on the job; but from time to time he has added little fancies of his own, until now he may be said to be one of the plainest plain people who ever plaintively plainted his plainness on the plains.

Lawrence Y. is so all-fired plain he looks too plain to be true; but nevertheless it is a good lay. And, as has been observed in the case of Colonel Lewis, he is in the United States Senate from the great, the imperial state of Illinois. His friends say he is entirely natural, which is an excellent place to leave it.

An Adventure in Evening Clothes

STILL, it is on record that Sherman overcame his repugnance to cuffs not long after he became speaker of the Illinois legislature and gave credence to the report, hitherto unbelieved by him, that possibly a man may have two neckties in his possession simultaneously and not be considered a dude. There were lengths to which he would not go, however, and one of those was the donning of evening clothes.

They labored with him, explaining that evening clothes were worn in the evening mostly, except on some few breakfast occasions in Chicago and by waiters; and that, as his constituents mostly retired early, there was no chance of any of them seeing him and considering him stuck up and non-plain. He consented to have a suit made, stipulating that it must not cost more than forty dollars, and that he never, never would wear it save as a badge of his social eminence due to his speakership!

His acquiescence came too late. Before the tailor had finished his regalia there came an invitation to attend a function given by then Governor Tanner, and evening clothes were imperative. He could not refuse, nor could he go in a hickory shirt. The ever-resourceful John Corwin was called in for consultation.

"Easiest thing in the world!" said John, after the case had been laid before him. "I'll fix you up so they can't tell you from one of the waiters to save their lives!"

John went about among the newspaper correspondents and soon came back to the Sherman abode with a truckload of assorted evening suits, which gave rise to the rumor that John had gone into the old-clothes business.

They carefully sorted out this first-part attire—selecting a coat here, a waistcoat there, and a pair of trousers some other place.

Sherman is a small man physically, and it so happened the only pair of trousers that would not invest his meager legs with flowing-drapery effects belonged to a hundred-pound correspondent who had worn them long and often. To be accurate about it, these particular trousers had seen their best nights.

They foraged for shirts and ties, and white gloves and silk socks, at the nearest emporium for such wares; and presently Lawrence Y. Sherman was the mold of fashion and the glass of form, or vice versa, for the first time only he balked at a plug hat, and he stuck to his familiar and faded slouch.

They started to escort him to the place of festivity at the proper time. Unfortunately the streets were slippery. Lawrence Y. Sherman, immaculately attired, stepped carelessly on the slipperiest spot and, after throwing a few preliminary somersaults, landed afoul a picket fence in such a manner as to destroy a most essential portion of those trousers. It was a calamity! Also it was a seatless pair of trousers.

They hastened him back to the hotel to sew him up. There was not a tailor to be found. An awning maker had his place near by and they took the trousers there. The awning maker sewed them—sewed them firmly; but he used cord instead of thread—cord being the medium for his usual tailoring. And for six long hours L. Y. Sherman was forced to sit on that cord, which accounts for his well-known aversion to these foolish sartorial embellishments of the idle rich.

"And He Used Campaign Funds to Gamble in Wall Street, and——"

A Gifted Josher

SHERMAN'S friends say he is the wisest politician in Illinois. Whether he is or not he has been wise enough to keep himself in public life for a long time. He was twelve years in the legislature out there—for several years speaker of the lower house—and lieutenant governor, in which capacity he served as president of the senate. Before he went to the legislature he was for many years active in the ranks, fighting and fought, and otherwise participating in complicated politics.

His greatest reputation rests on his manner of speech. He is a good hater, and has a gift of epigram and apt description that is the delight of the correspondents. He first dubbed the Illinois and Michigan canal "the tadpole ditch," and he first called the political game wardens "the rabbit shepherds"; while his description of the governor's staff as "the sunburst colonels" is still familiar and applicable. He is in the fifties; and, though he has said little thus far at Washington, his friends are expecting him to break out almost any time.

If ever it happens that Colonel Lewis, his colleague and a Democrat, gets into a debate with Lawrence Y., there will be a show worth attending, for both of these distinguished persons are facile with language, and Lawrence Y.'s talk is as candid as J. Ham's is candied.

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THE SURPLUS WIDOWS

Continued from Page 15

"*Hundred* dollars?" the Woodpecker glanced at Virgil.

"Yas, suh," Milly persisted; "Virgil 'lowed it would be fifty, or maybe a hundred."

"We don't know exactly how much. Good morning—out this way. Keep off the street and don't talk to *anybody*. A shut mouth catches no flies."

The Woodpecker led his client to the brink of the stairs, and shoved; Milly had to walk down or fall down.

When they had gone the Woodpecker seemed troubled. "Parson, I can't collect this policy without taking this woman to Criddle. Criddle might let out something about *five* hundred, and then we'll have a time."

"Not wid Milly; she got her head sot on *one* hundred."

"All right, Parson, run down to the Coffin Club and get a death claim. By the way, who's got the Jack Bunn policy?"

"Elviry; she's holdin' mighty tight to dat."

"I ought to have a look at that policy."

"You won't git no look widout you chloroforms Elviry."

The Woodpecker smiled, a smile that was not pleasant. "I found out something that'll make Elvira perch on a mighty low limb. She had a lawful husband when she married Jack Bunn."

This was no news to Virgil. "What's *he* got to do wid it? Dat wuz Fisher Allen, an' he never had no policy. 'Sides dat, Fisher ain't dead."

"Yes, but that makes Elvira guilty of bigamy."

"Guilty o' what?"

"Enough to send her to the pen. I'll throw a good scare into Elvira and make her cough up that policy."

Virgil shook his head incredulously. "All right, lawyer, I hopes you knows yo' bizness."

"If we can't get the original policy couldn't you slip one out of the office? I want to see what kind of clause ——"

Virgil laughed. "Wanter see de claws? Dese knowledgy niggers say dem policies got snakes in 'em, an' stingers; I ain't never heered o' no claws."

"Don't stand there arguing. Bring me an old policy."

Virgil stole down the rear steps. "Huh!" he mumbled. "Dat Peckerwood lawyer sho' do eat razor soup. Reckon I warn't sharp ernuff to do dis by myself."

Virgil Custard was playing a back-door game. From the Woodpecker's Hole he made a circuit of two blocks, then began to whistle and puff his cigar as he entered the alley behind the Coffin Club. Before showing himself he stopped whistling, crept to the door and listened—which was lucky for Virgil. The Treasurer and Criddle were holding a little civil conversation. It was Criddle's voice that spoke:

"De root o' de matter is in *me*. I'm gwine to pay de Rosedale 'ooman."

The Treasurer disputed testily: "You ain't the whole show. Don't *I* handle the money? Elvira gets paid, and no mistake."

Criddle laughed. "I sees yo' p'int. You done fixed it wid Elvira. Perkins, you an' me is got a heap o' bizness together. S'pose we buys off bofe dese wimmen fer a hundred dollars per each, an' split de diffunce?"

"Split the difference?" The Treasurer was brighter in the face than Criddle, but darker in the mind. He required explanations.

"Yes, you rakes off a hundred an' fifty, an' me de same."

Perkins seemed to ponder, while Criddle urged: "Dis ain't gwine to be our las' chance."

"All right," assented the Treasurer.

It was an agreement for two, and the third entered. The burly black man and the natty yellow man started up. They suspected Virgil, and his smile convinced them. Their cards lay, face upward, on the table; the game must be played open.

"Whar does *I* come in?" Virgil festooned himself negligently against the table and emitted a puff of smoke. "You-all warn't fixin' to freeze me out?"

Nobody answered, and Virgil suggested the terms: "Twenty-five apiece to me. Good dog deserves his bone."

"Twenty-five *apiece!*" Criddle scrambled to his feet and paced the floor.

"Sholy! Sholy!" Virgil's happy situation entitled him to the easy chair, and he sat down. Crossing one leg gracefully over the other he explained: "Criddle 'greed to 'low me twenty-five dollars ef he bought out de Rosedale 'ooman; an' Perkins promised likewise when he got Elviry's policy."

Criddle and the Treasurer stared at each other. Then Criddle whirled. "Virgil, you warn't aimin' to git money from me an' Perkins too?"

"Sholy I warn't takin' no chances by standin' in wid bofe of you. I'm still a standin' in."

Criddle looked at Perkins and Perkins looked at Criddle. Side by side they turned to scowl upon Virgil Custard. Then Criddle laughed. His fat jowls shook. "I reckon Virgil's done turned de Jack from de bottom, an' went out. 'Tain't no more'n fair to pass a good thing round, little bit per each. Keeps down a heap o' squabblin'. Now, Perkins, I says dis, bein's it's a case o' compromise, me an' you compromise wid him—bofe of us give Virgil fifteen dollars cash, right now."

Perkins kept his eye on the floor, shuffling his foot undecidedly. Virgil watched him as he might have regarded a hungry mule that was bound to come to the feed trough.

"I reckon that's the cheapest way," Perkins agreed sullenly, without looking up.

Virgil smiled amiably. "All right, jes' to be good friends. What's de color o' yo' money?"

Criddle's cash was yellow and green—a gold certificate and a five-dollar bill. The Treasurer shelled out white silver from the drawer. Affectionately Criddle laid his hand on Virgil's shoulder: "Now den, you got *all* kind o' money." Criddle's laugh pained him internally. "Perkins, dis is a heap better dan havin' a rookus. Us mought have to pay bofe dese wimmen in full. You-all remembers Willie Tripp. Willie j'ined de Sons o' Solomon, which cut consider'ble capers in dem days—'special old Elder Mitchell, rampin' roun' same as a fat pony in high oats. Willie's fust widder got two hundred dollars; den Willie's nex' widder come 'long. Dey couldn't pacify dat 'ooman, 'cep' wid two hundred dollars more. Elder Mitchell's lawyer told him he had to pay it. Dem two nigger wimmen hadn't nigh spent all deir money when another widder marches in, fetchin' a white lawyer. Dey 'fused to pay her, an' she jes' nacherly beat 'em out in cote. Elder Mitchell paid dat money three times, tell he got de blin' staggers eve'y time a 'ooman come traipsin' down de street wid a black veil on."

Virgil inquired carelessly: "When does you speck to settle wid 'em?"

"We better wait two or three days, till dem widders gits tired o' hollerin'. 'Bout Saddy night we'll pay 'em, dis bein' Chuseday. Don't say nothin' 'bout dis. He dat repeateth a matter separateth very friends."

All that Virgil cared to know was that nothing would be done before the Woodpecker could commence hammering.

On Wednesday morning Virgil came first to the Coffin Club and began sorting out white gloves and smoothing spangled collars. He picked a job that would keep him within speaking distance of the Woodpecker's negotiations.

Criddle and the Treasurer entered together, joking over the fortunate state of their affairs. They were still laughing when the red head of Gus Rigg switched off their merriment. Behind the Woodpecker followed a melancholy procession. Milly looked like a clothes rack with black drapery; two skinny boys lugged a bundle in a sack. Ed Simmons wore sections of crêpe round his arm. Frivolity ceased within the Coffin Club. Criddle had a hunch that something unpleasant was about to take place and Virgil felt himself trembling. When these country niggers commenced to blab his jig would be up. Then he realized that they were not going to blab. They gazed upon the first-class black coffin in the center, the shiny spears and spangled collars against the wall. Their eyes grew wider and wider, their mouths shut tighter and tighter.

Milly acted the perfect lady, and sat down on the edge of a chair without even glancing at Virgil.

Criddle hated to see a white man come in; white folks always busted up nigger arrangements. "What kin I do fer you, Mr. Rigg?"

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The Woodpecker nodded toward Milly. "My client has come to collect her claim as the wife of Solly Davenport."

Criddle betrayed his relief. "Sit down, Mr. Rigg; you is in de right church, but sho' wandered to de wrong pew. We ain't never had no sech member."

"In Vicksburg he went by the name of Jack Bunn."

Criddle held up his hands. "Verily, verily, in dis day seben wimmen shall take holt o' one man."

The Woodpecker got down to business. "This is the lawful widow of Solly Davenport, *alias* Jack Bunn. Here is her marriage certificate; here is a picture of herself and Solly, taken together as man and wife."

By opening up with his heaviest artillery the Woodpecker hoped to demolish their defenses.

Criddle wavered, then stood firm. He and Perkins examined the picture to keep from talking; the Woodpecker went on hammering: "Elvira Bunn claims to have married Jack Bunn on the 7th day of August, 1908, at which time she had a lawful husband then living and Solly Davenport had a lawful wife. The Rosedale woman never was married at all. I telegraphed a Rosedale lawyer and found out."

Virgil patted away at the gloves and listened. Criddle felt obliged to answer. "Mr. Rigg, you sho' puts up a mighty brief talk. De nex' widder what comes 'long, s'posin' she say *dis'n* ain't married? Whar-'bouts is we gwine to stop? We can't pay five hundred dollars to every 'ooman what sloshes in here an' cries all over our floor."

At mention of five hundred dollars Virgil's head went up with a jerk. Milly never noticed; she continued to stare at the coffin. The Woodpecker began talking, fast and loud. "The Supreme Court has decided this very point in the Willie Tripp case. No matter who else you pay, Milly Davenport is the lawful wife and you've got to pay her."

"Mr. Rigg, can't you 'low us a little time to ponder 'bout dis case?"

"Sure. I don't aim to stampede you. I'm coming back at four o'clock sharp for the money."

Rigg was more anxious than Criddle to end the interview before the idea of five hundred percolated into Milly's head. "Come along, Mrs. Davenport."

Milly turned from her abstract contemplation of the casket. "Whar's my money?"

"I'll collect that at four o'clock."

"I hates to wait dat long." With habitual resignation Milly rose to follow.

The Woodpecker accumulated his brood and was shooing them out of the door. "Oh, Criddle, I forgot. Look at Solly Davenport's boys—breathing images of their daddy."

The Treasurer remained standing just where the shock had caught him. Criddle turned. "Virgil, warn't yo' native home nigh Tallulah? Does you know dese niggers?"

"Sholy I knowed 'em bofe. Knowed 'em at de same time dey got married."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Onpossible fer me to tote you all de nigger news I hears. Elvira wuz de *highest* widder what Jack Bunn had, an' dar she wuz at de graveside."

Criddle sprang up and trundled himself to the door. "Dar, now, I forgot to watch whicherway dat 'ooman went. Got to talk wid her separate from dat lawyer. Hurry, Virgil, see ef you can't ketch her."

Big-eared negroes congregated at the door; news went abroad in the land, and it made a noise. Everybody who heard that news made some kind of a noise. A light-legged meddler toted a tale to Elvira that the red-headed lawyer was coming back at four o'clock to collect her money. Elvira didn't wait until four. At eleven she flounced into the Coffin Club and brought old Judge Mason, one of the ablest members of the Vicksburg Bar. Another volunteer carrier had warned the widow from Rosedale.

Aunt Queeny came waddling on her stall-fed legs, and preëmpted Criddle's chair. She sat perfectly silent, rocking and fanning, satisfied that no money would be paid to anybody else in her presence.

"Criddle," the white-haired judge inquired, "is this the other woman?" pointing to Aunt Queeny.

"Dat's one of 'em; dat's de *secon'* one."

"The one you were going to pay at four o'clock?"

"No, suh, jedge; I never said I wuz goin' to pay *anybody* at four o'clock. Dat's what dat Peckerwood lawyer gent'man said. Tell you de troof, jedge, he got us into a turrible humbug concernin' Jack Bunn's policy."

"How so?"

Criddle stated the entanglement: "Jack Bunn's beneficiary wuz his wife, de same bein' Elviry."

Judge Mason reëxamined the policy. "Elvira's name is not mentioned; it says 'his wife.'"

"Yas, suh, dat's how dis rookus riz. Jack ups an' dies. Us wuz fixin' to pay Elviry 'cross de grave, when dis lady, Queeny, come bulging 'long an' 'low we got to pay her—she wuz de widder. I tried to pacify dat 'ooman wid a word, but 'twarn't no use. Dey sot in to argufyin' out dar at de graveside, an' likewise at de Coffin Club. Dat ain't de wust o' it. Dis mornin' here comes dat Peckerwood lawyer gent'man an' fotch another widder. She calls herself Milly Davenport, an' claim she war married to Jack Bunn in Loozianny."

"Ah, I see; three claimants."

"Yas, suh, jedge, ef deys all 'counted fer."

"Then, as I understand it, you are ready to pay the legal wife if you can be protected."

Criddle swapped glances with the Grand Treasurer. "Yas, suh, jedge, ef we can pay an' be safe," which hurt Criddle worse than the jerking out of a jaw tooth.

"And this woman over here, she is the other claimant?"

"No, suh, jedge," Queeny politely set him straight; "I ain't nary claimant. Ise de *widder*."

Judge Mason smiled. "Have you employed a lawyer?"

"No, suh. Ain't I big ernuf to 'tend to dis little bizness by myself?"

"You ought to get a lawyer. Have you any white friends who would come down here?"

"Sho' is; Doctor Winston. He'll come ef his back ain't broke. Lordee, jedge, yo' honor, I don't need nobody aginst dat 'ooman."

"Go find Doctor Winston and come back here promptly at four o'clock."

Queeny glared at Criddle, at the Treasurer, and smiled upon Judge Mason. "Jedge, yo' honor, you won't let dese niggers pay nothin' whilst I'm gone?"

The judge shook his head. Queeny's mountain uprose and proceeded to the street.

"Now, then, Criddle, I'll have Mr. Rigg meet me here with his proof. We'll get all the claimants together and settle it. That saves you a lawsuit."

Long before the appointed hour "Standing Room Only" hung in front of the Coffin Club. Judge Mason punctually appeared. Doctor Winston and Lawyer Rigg were already at the door. Rigg kept his client guarded, allowing her to talk with nobody.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" Judge Mason glanced in at the big and odorous crowd. "Criddle, you must have that room cleared; can't stand it."

"Eve'ybody got to git out," Criddle announced.

"Don't put 'em out," Aunt Queeny begged. "I wants *all* dese folks to hear *me*."

With only their clients and witnesses present, the three white men took their seats. Judge Mason opened the ball by stating Elvira's claim and showing the documents. Her marriage to Jack Bunn occurred on the 7th day of August, 1908. "We do not dispute that," Gus Rigg said. Judge Mason then introduced the policy, payable to Jack Bunn's wife. "That, gentlemen, is our case."

"Judge," suggested Doctor Winston, "would you mind questioning Queeny?"

"Not at all, sir. Aunt Queeny, just tell when you married Jack Bunn, and all about it."

Queeny tossed her head. "Lordee, jedge, we never had none o' dat foolishness like you been tellin' 'bout. Never bought no pair o' licenses an' got married on no book. Me an' Jack jes' got married."

Doctor Winston leaned forward. "Then, Queeny, you were never really *married* at all?"

"No, suh, not like white folks; got married plenty good ernuf fer niggers."

The doctor glanced at the judge, who shrugged his shoulders. "Well, Queeny, you might just as well go back home."

"Ef *you* sez so, doctor, dat's all 'greeable. But I ain't gwine to let dese kinky-headed niggers run me nowhar."

Gus Rigg might easily have become a good lawyer, although his nose was too sharp, his eyes too close together and his

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ethical ideas too far apart. But he had a logical way about him when it came to marshaling the facts of a case. With the greatest deference to Judge Mason he took up the policy, which that gentleman had put down on the coffin.

"Here is the policy, naming as beneficiary 'the wife' of Jack Bunn—which necessarily means his lawful wife, and there can be but one."

Then the Woodpecker introduced Milly's marriage certificate and the picture of Milly and Jack. He called Lem Collins, Soldier Graham and other negroes, who identified Jack Bunn as the man in the picture who had married Milly under his proper name of Solly Davenport, afterward known in Vicksburg as Jack Bunn. They proved also that Milly was the same woman. Ed was itching to do some real strong testifying, but Virgil held him on the side track. Milly, under cautious leadership, told about her marriage, and exhibited Solly's boys. This made every link complete, so far as Milly was concerned. But the Woodpecker had another card up his sleeve, and played the ace last, for dramatic effect. He loved to bring down his curtain with a thrill. Fisher Allen supplied the thrill, appearing suddenly from the rear—legally married to Elvira on February 21, 1906, with courthouse records to show it. Judge Mason whispered hurriedly with Elvira; Elvira nodded, tilted her nose in the air and glowered at Fisher. Her lawyer got up from his chair. "That decides it; we have no case. Criddle, you must pay this Louisiana woman, unless you can prove that her marriage was illegal."

"Come along, Aunt Queeny." Doctor Winston followed the judge's lead toward fresh air. "We'll catch that afternoon train."

Elvira sat stubborn and defiant. Queeny pointed a fat finger. "Doctor, is *dat* huzzy gwine to git de money?"

"No."

"Den it's all right wid me; jes' so *she* don't git it."

Elvira held her tongue until Queeny's bulk shut the sunlight from the door. Then Elvira tossed her head. "I don't need dat little dab o' money; by dis time *nex'* week I'll have a husban' workin' fer me ——"

Aunt Queeny snorted. "I don't need it neither; ain't I got de biggest nigger boardin' house in Rosedale?"

"Better have a bo'din' house; a big fat eliphint like you couldn't git no husban' widout feedin' him."

Queeny started for her. Elvira sprang up. "You ain't no bear ef you is grizzly." The strength of Criddle and the Treasurer, with Doctor Winston's diplomacy, trundled Queeny to the street. The path was clear; Elvira's starchy skirts rustled through the door.

The Woodpecker preened himself perkily. "Now then, Criddle, come across."

Criddle produced a copious and oily argument, but no cash. "Mr. Rigg, I been studyin'; we wants to 'vestigate. 'Sides dat, we got sixty days ter pay."

"No you haven't; you've waived that provision in your policies by promising these niggers to pay 'em at the graveside; you've been saying, 'here's your dead nigger, and here's your five—here's your *money*.'"

Rigg checked himself before emphasizing the five hundred—and glanced at Milly. She understood nothing—neither did Ed. Little Solly tugged at Ed's sleeve, "Oh, pappy, pappy," he whispered. Virgil Custard darted from his corner and snatched Solly toward the spears.

"Look at dese, Solly; lemme show yo' sumpin'."

The Woodpecker felt himself in a ticklish crisis. "Here, Ed, take Milly and these boys back to my office. I'll bring the money."

Milly caught a firm grip on her chair. "'Tain't no trouble fer me to set right here, Mr. Rigg. I kin ——"

Rigg's voice arose. Virgil stared with popping eyes while the Woodpecker did some talking. He hammered on that coffin lid as if it were the ink-spattered table in Squire Walker's court. "Criddle, I want my money *right now*. My client must return to Louisiana. I don't want to run an attachment; I don't want to shut up your shop; I don't want to take your coffin and all these jigamarees."

Criddle gasped, and kept gasping; he couldn't catch his breath from those successive buckets of ice water. He shook and hesitated, then retired in disorder upon the Grand Treasurer. The Woodpecker fell upon his flank and routed him. "I don't want to stand a constable in this door and garnishee every nigger that comes to pay his dues. That'll get my money before night, but it will put *you* out of business. Niggers ain't comin' where they see the constable."

Criddle sweated blood. "Lawd, Mr. Rigg, you wouldn't do no sech as dat."

"No, because you are going to pay that policy right now."

"Perkins, I reckon you better give her dat money, an' stop dis blim-blammin'."

The Grand Treasurer dropped into a chair, nervously fumbling among the papers on his desk.

"Here's your receipt, already made out." The Woodpecker poked it under Perkins' nose.

"She's got to sign this," the Treasurer suggested, "accordin' to the by-laws."

"My receipt is sufficient; I'm her attorney of record." There they were in another jam, which Criddle tried to untangle. "Nigger widders loves to do deir own signin'."

"But Milly can't write."

"Let her tech de pen; dat pacifies 'em a heap. Step here, Virgil, an' witness dis here signin'."

Virgil didn't have to step very far; he had already drawn near—seeing that the cow was preparing to give milk.

Milly sat and eyed them with a dull, uninterested gaze; Ed perspired on the perpendicular. Perkins filled out a blank receipt. It would have been tempting disaster for Rigg to object.

Milly's eyes happened to follow Perkins as he went to the little safe and took out a roll of bills—the same which Elvira had so nearly garnered at the graveside. Perkins always kept plenty of cash on exhibition; loose money gave such an air of solidity to a financial institution.

Milly's dull eyes lighted, and she rose, even before they called her to come and touch the pen. Ed likewise galvanized himself into motion.

The crucial moment arrived when Milly took her finger off the pen and extended her palm to the Grand Treasurer. Gus Rigg pushed Milly aside. "Please, sir, Mr. Lawyer, let 'im put it in my han'—I ain't never had dat much money in my han' befo'."

"No, let him pay it to me; I'm your lawyer."

Virgil looked for Rigg to do something, but he didn't. The young negro's heart went thumping as Perkins began skinning off those crisp five-dollar bills into Milly's hands. "Five, ten, fifteen ——" Milly blinked as each one dropped. The Treasurer counted on to "Ninety-five—*one* hundred ——"

"Thankee, suh." Milly had almost closed her hand, when another bill fell upon the pile.

"One hundred and five—one ten ——" Milly stopped breathing. The Treasurer continued counting on, on, on—— "Four hundred—four ninety—four ninety-five—*five* hundred." Milly gazed round her in a dream, shut that hand and extended the other.

Gus Rigg reached for the money. Milly clenched it in a death grip; her eyes closed; Milly felt that she was not awake.

"Come on!" The Woodpecker hurried his client toward the street. Ed stalked after them in a stupor. Little Solly stopped to pick up the wedding certificate and the picture. "Solly, you let dem things alone," Milly ordered; "leave 'em right dar."

In the shuffle Virgil had lost his hat, likewise lost precious seconds in searching for it, which gave time for Criddle to block the door. When Criddle blocked a door it was blocked.

"Lemme git out! Lemme git out!" Virgil tried to duck under Criddle's arm. The Treasurer caught him. "I wants my fifteen dollars back."

Virgil wasn't studying about the Treasurer. He craned his head over Criddle's shoulder, and his pop-eyes followed that procession across the street, diagonally toward the Woodpecker's office. Milly balked midway and hung back. Rigg was feeling round with one hand, trying to get hold of the money, but never let go of Milly's other arm. The Woodpecker hated to wrestle with a woman in the middle of the street; so he kept pulling her toward his door.

Virgil saw all this; it maddened him. "Lemme go! Lemme go!" struggling to jerk loose from Perkins.

Criddle disgustedly watched the country woman toting off five hundred simoleons,

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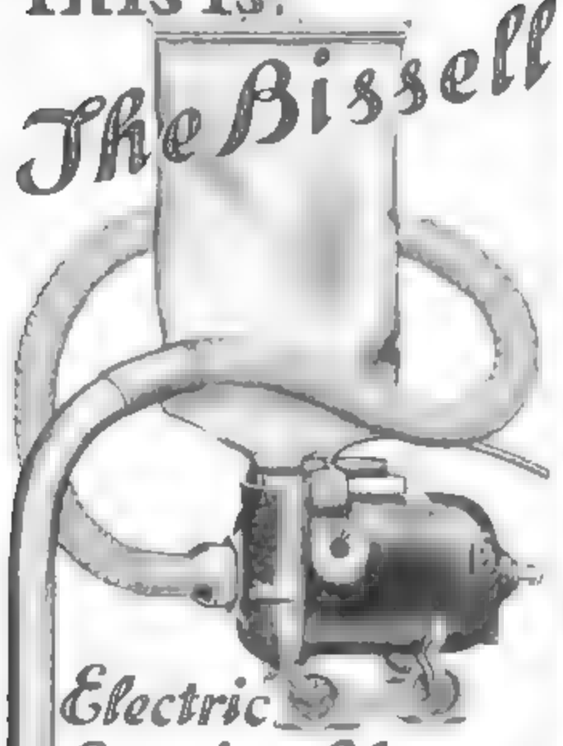

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out of which he hadn't got a cent. His feelings kept him from noticing the tussle behind, until Virgil and the Treasurer bumped against him.

"What ails you niggers?"

"Virgil won't give back my fifteen dollars."

"He's got to give back mine too, that trade's all off."

"You-all paid dat fer a compromise, no matter which way de cat hopped." Virgil made one last frantic effort to get free, just as his two hundred dollars vanished with Milly up the Woodpecker's staircase.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! I'll give it back."

A suspicion seized upon Criddle; Criddle seized upon Virgil. "Look at me, Virgil Custard, look at me in *de face*. What *you* got to do wid dis? You done lef' yo' trail behin' you. Crooked stick boun' to make a crooked shadder."

"Dat's all right. I'll pay bofe of you, but lemme go."

"You ain't gwine nowhar. Set down in dat chair."

Two big negroes forced him backward and Virgil sat down.

Criddle and the Treasurer monopolized the argument. Virgil couldn't reply; his thoughts went wandering and wondering: How was that Woodpecker lawyer coming out with Milly?

Virgil twisted and squirmed; that's all the good it did him. Then he settled back sulkily and listened to their duet until he could stand it no longer.

"Look here, niggers, is you-all gwine to squabble all day? I got bizness."

Virgil Custard couldn't go to business, so the business came to him. Business came in a red-headed rush from diagonally across the street. The frenzied Woodpecker hopped through the door. "Virgil, where's that woman?"

"What 'ooman? Milly? You oughter know; you had her las'." Virgil bounded up, wild-eyed. "Milly ain't gone?"

"Yes, sneaked out, and never paid me a cent."

"How come?" Virgil demanded.

"I took my eyes off of her just for a minute, to write a paper at my desk; when I turned round again she was gone. The other niggers were there, but Milly had the money."

"Huh!" The exclamation burst from Criddle. "De Lawd hab chose de foolish things o' dis worl' to confoun' de wise."

The Woodpecker got madder and madder. His eyes blazed, his hair fuzzed out and flamed. With menacing arm uplifted he advanced upon Virgil. "I believe you thievin' niggers put up a job to beat me. I'll ——"

Virgil never waited to see what that white man would do; as nobody blocked the back door Virgil darted through it like a swallow down a chimney. The Woodpecker rushed after him, then halted. There was no sense in chasing a negro that didn't have the money; he'd better go look for the woman. And he went, searching and inquiring for half the length of Washington Street. The west-bound passenger train was just pulling through the tunnel. The Woodpecker had a correct hunch that Milly Davenport was on it.

Virgil had vanished through one door and Gus Rigg through the other. Criddle halted between the two departures, entirely dazed by the suddenness of their opposite exits. "De Lawd have made man upright; but man sho' is sought out many inventions."

He strode toward the front door to see what might happen outside, and faced three trustees who were coming in. Criddle arrayed himself in benevolence.

"My brudders, tain't no use holdin' a meetin'. Widders come down upon us like rain upon de mown grass—but de Lawd opened our eyes, an' caused us fer to see. We is done paid de rightful widder, an' dried de orphans' tears. She's went her way rej'icin'."

"Who? Dat Loozianny 'ooman?"

"Yes," answered the Grand Treasurer; "here's her receipt, five hundred dollars cash, an' no discount."

Millard Fillmore, 13th President of the United States, 1850-1853

When Millard Fillmore was President of the United States, the First Ostermoor Mattress was Made

That first Ostermoor, like all the millions which have followed it, was built for lasting comfort. If it had not been, YOU would never have heard of Ostermoor. The name would have been forgotten *before you were born.*

The Ostermoor has survived thousands of temporary fads and "just-as-goods." It has supplanted in popular esteem all other forms of mattress and today—60 years after the first mattress was "built, not stuffed"—*bed comfort* and *Ostermoor* have become synonyms.

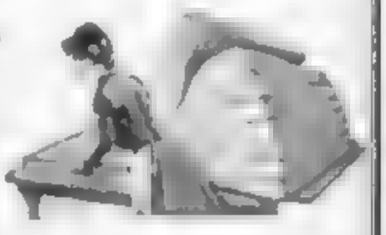
Ostermoor

Mattress $15.

How about YOU and Ostermoor? Are YOU still satisfied with the ordinary mattress you are sleeping on, perhaps a hopeless imitation or a sad hair affair? The whole story of Ostermoor construction and the great comfort it brings cannot be told in detail here, but you owe it to yourself—to your family—to

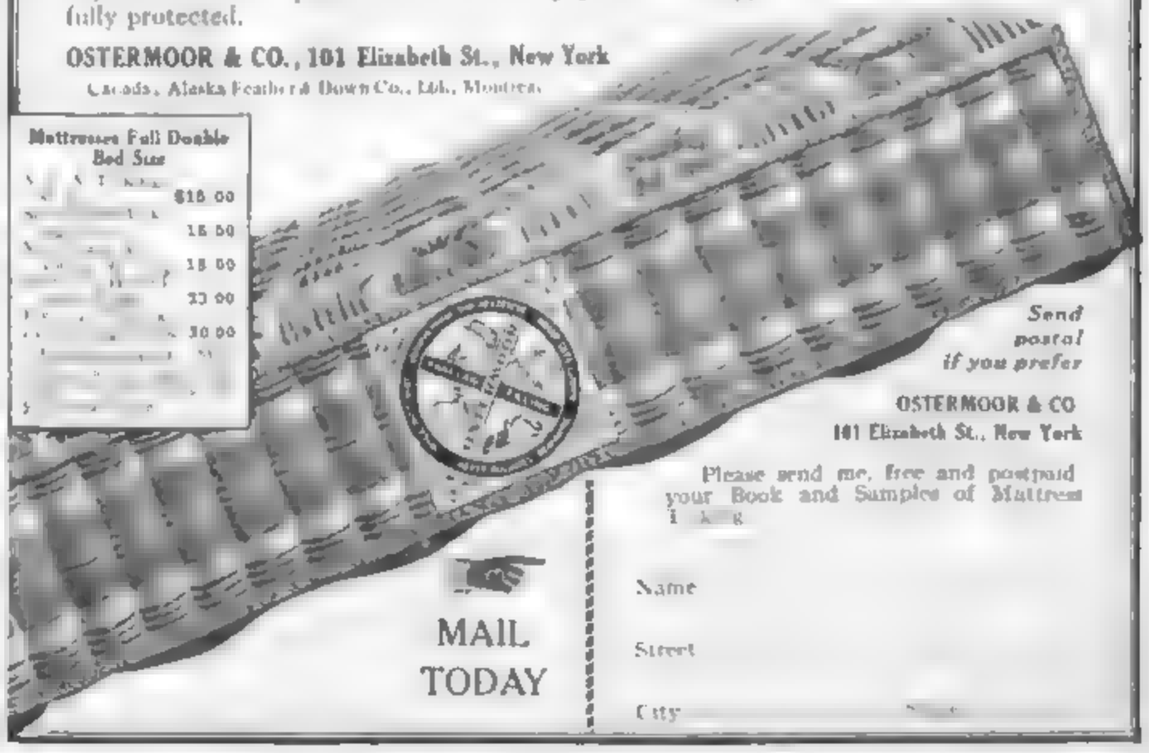
Send Coupon for Our Free Book and Samples

The book tells you just WHY Ostermoor popularity has steadily grown since 1853. It tells you more about sleep and beds than any book you will find. Or, we will gladly ship you a handsome, full-size Ostermoor, 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long, express prepaid, the day we get your check or money order. Your money will be refunded without question if you are dissatisfied at the end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected.



OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth St., New York

Canada, Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



Send postal if you prefer

OSTERMOOR & CO
101 Elizabeth St., New York

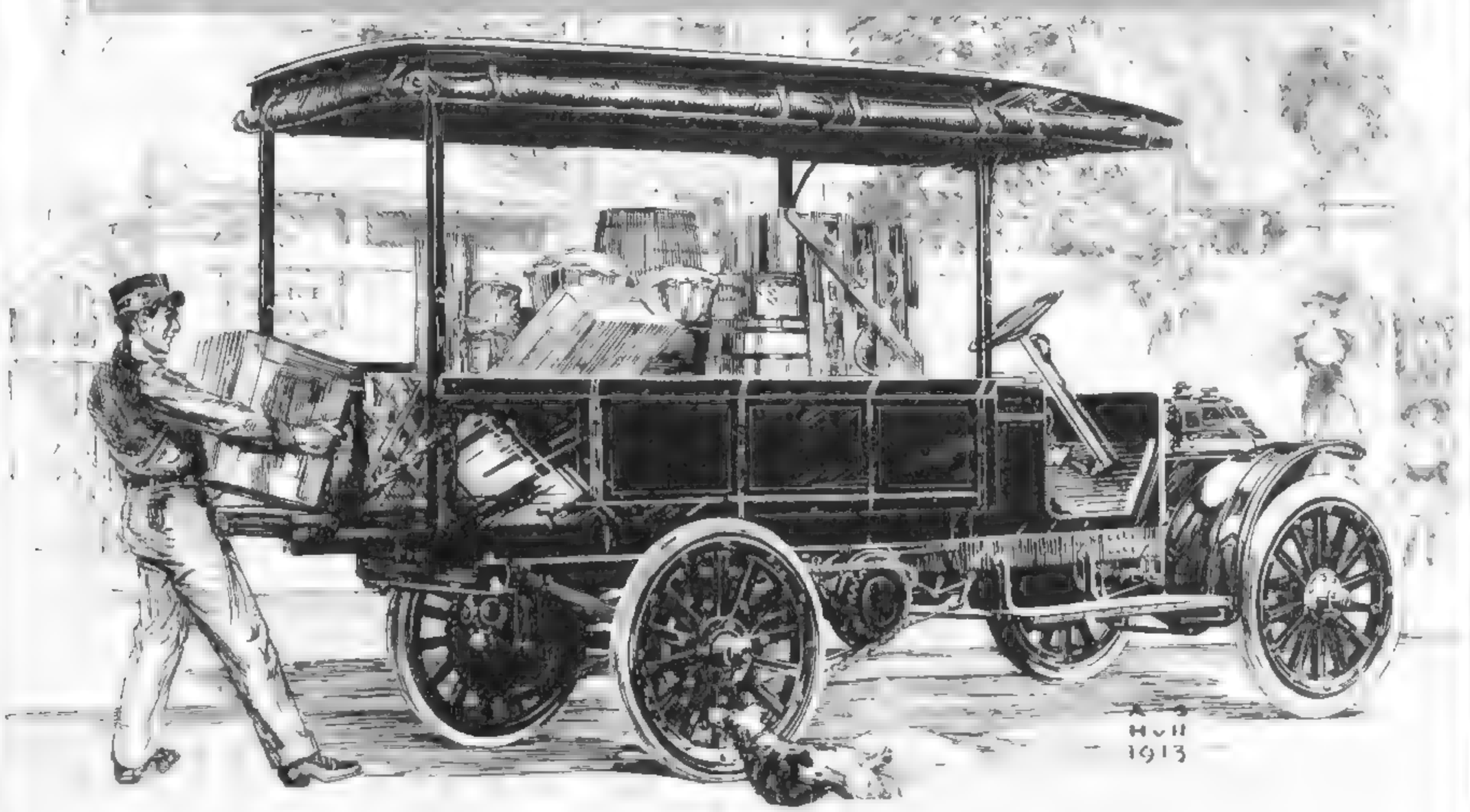
Please send me, free and postpaid your Book and Samples of Mattress

Name

Street

City

Willys Utility Truck



200% more efficient; 30% less cost

IT'S not so much what a Willys-Utility Truck *can* save as how much more it *does* accomplish. What you want is Dollar *Production* not Penny *Reduction*. You have got to tune your business up-to-date and up to *meet* and *beat* competition. But you can never bring it to a higher level of efficiency than the tools or equipment you work with. The horse-age is now commonly referred to as "the way they used to do it." No one can prosper today by using the methods of yesterday.

You use the telephone—not on account of its economy, but because it is quicker than walking or mailing. It saves time.

You use many other modern business necessities—not because they are cheap to install, but because they save that which you are continually figuring and fighting against—time.

A Willys-Utility Truck can make from five to ten delivery operations where the horse makes one. It will do 200% to 300% more work than any team and do it so that the cost of your individual deliveries will be the lowest in the history of your business. And *your* business means any business that requires the transportation of merchandise.

$1250

¾ Ton (*Chassis only*) ¾ Ton

f. o. b. Toledo

As to cost, it is the *lowest* priced truck of its size and capacity built. This is because we are building it in great quantities—and quantity production *cuts* manufacturing and *purchasing* costs to a minimum. On the average this truck costs you 30% *less* than any other similar truck made.

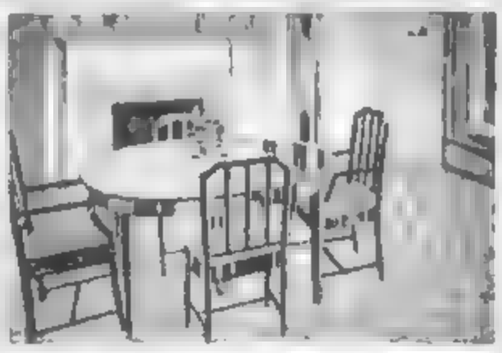
It is the *only* truck at the price that has a chain drive. The powerful 35 H. P. motor is controlled by our patented governor. It cannot operate over 18 miles per hour. The pressed steel frame is built to stand the most severe strains. It is thoroughly reinforced. Both the front and rear axles are unusually rugged, and are made in our drop-forge plant. It has a three-speed transmission—three forward and one reverse. The tires are 34-in. x 4½-in. pneumatic on the front wheels and 36-in. x 3½-in. solid on the rear. Its capacity is three-quarter ton.

Go to our nearest dealer. If there is none in your town, write us at once and you can deal with our factory direct.

Literature, detailed specifications, advice and all information gratis.

Please address Dept. 151.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



CONGOLEUM

Floor Coverings

Congoleum has wonderful durability. It will wear much longer than printed linoleum, because it has a real *waterproof base* instead of being made on burlap. You can wash Congoleum as often as you want to, with soap and water, without hurting it a bit. Congoleum requires no fastening of any kind and never curls, creeps or bulges. Anyone can lay it.

Congoleum Floor Coverings are made in 32 patterns. Congoleum comes in rolls, just like linoleum, in 2-yard widths, and you can buy any length you require.

Congoleum Rug Borders are made in exact reproduction of highly polished quartered oak—golden oak, light oak, extra light oak and dull finish. Congoleum Rug Borders laid next to a rug or carpet defy detection from natural wood. These Rug Borders come in rolls 24 and 36 in. wide.

Write today for attractive Booklet of Color Designs.

UNITED ROOFING AND MFG. CO

Dept. [illegible]

[illegible]

Philadelphia

Chicago

San Francisco

What Next?

The Latest in Star Gazing

AN APPARATUS has been invented and is now in regular use that will actually discover any new stars that may appear in the sky. The ordinary method of discovering new comets, new stars and the tiny planets called asteroids is by careful observation based upon a thorough knowledge of the stars; but the new method, which so far is only being used to discover asteroids, is so easy that a person who did not know one from another could make the discoveries.

A telescope is pointed to a section of the sky and then, from the stock of negatives of old photographs of the heavens that every observatory collects, a negative covering the same section is selected. This negative is placed under a lens and behind the negative is placed a green light. In looking through the lens one can discern the tiny points of green light which represent each star.

The observer then looks through the telescope with one eye and through the lens at the negative with the other eye.

Careful adjustments will soon bring the two images into perfect register, as the printers say; every familiar star seen through the telescope doubles up with its picture on the photographic negative and consequently has a greenish light. But if on that night in that section of the sky an asteroid appears it will not be present on the old negative, and so to the observer it will appear in its normal reddish or yellowish color, while every other star appears green. A glance through the combined apparatus will show whether or not there is an asteroid in the field of the telescope that night.

Cold-Weather Mining

THE current belief that when the winter cold grips the Klondike district all mining practically ceases is far from being the real fact. On the contrary, in some instances now ingenious miners have found that gold mining is more successful in the winter; so they only mine during the cold weather and give up operations when summer arrives.

In the Circle District, in Alaska, mining is carried on by drifts, or tunnels not very deep in the ground, and the condition of the earth or gravel is such that cave-ins are much to be feared. These could be prevented by using heavy timbers in the drifts to keep the roof from falling and the sides from pressing in; but timber is very expensive there.

In the winter, however, the ground freezes solidly and a tunnel through the earth is like a tunnel through rock. Accordingly mining is done only in the winter and the expense of the timber is avoided.

Patching Up St. Paul's

FLUID concrete is being pumped into the hearts of the monster piers that support the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, to avoid the work of rebuilding the piers.

Down in the crypt of the cathedral these piers are forty-five by twenty feet each, apparently of solid stone.

Recent investigation disclosed the fact that there was an outer skin of dressed stone on each, varying from six to eighteen inches in thickness, and that the interior had originally been filled with rubble, including remains of the previous cathedral, mixed with mortar. The mortar dried and left the interior like Swiss cheese, so that all the weight was carried by the outer skin. Pumping in concrete will make them solid again.

Facial Lawn Mowers

AN ARIZONA inventor has an idea for applying the mowing-machine principle to safety razors, with a tiny electric motor connected with the razor to operate the knives.

A wire from a small battery would supply the power, and to shave it would only be necessary to start the motor and guide the instrument over the face.

Recently he has been seeking information on small motors for this purpose, figuring that a motor of one one-hundredth horsepower and no larger than an egg is needed.

Quaker Oats

The Utmost In Oatmeal

Scotland's Favorite Oatmeal

You know the Scotch as connoisseurs on oatmeal, for this is their racial food. And you think, perhaps, that their rugged highlands grow the finest flavored oats.

But Scotland, for its best oatmeal, sends here for Quaker Oats. And the British Isles consume more packages of Quaker Oats *than of all other brands together.*

So in a hundred countries, most of which grow oats. Some are ten thousand miles away. But the people who want the best in oatmeal send here for Quaker Oats.

Yet some of you, surrounded by stores selling Quaker Oats, buy commonplace oatmeal. Let us tell you what you miss.

Quaker Oats

The Oats with the Matchless Flavor

Only the largest kernels of the choicest grains go into Quaker Oats. We select them by 62 siftings.

We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel of the finest oats that grow.

You get big flakes—get richness and flavor which the smaller grains can't yield.

And our process, which includes sterilization, brings you that flavor intact.

No need to tell you the difference if you'll taste a single dish.

You get here a luscious oatmeal. You get the cream of the oats made rare and inviting.

Why pay the same price for a lesser oatmeal? Why not have the enjoyable kind?

Oatmeal is the food for growth, the food for vim. It contains in abundance the elements of which brains and nerves are made

It is immensely important to foster the love of oatmeal, and Quaker Oats supplies the way.

Yet it costs the common price. That is because we make enough to serve a thousand million dishes yearly.

Regular Size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

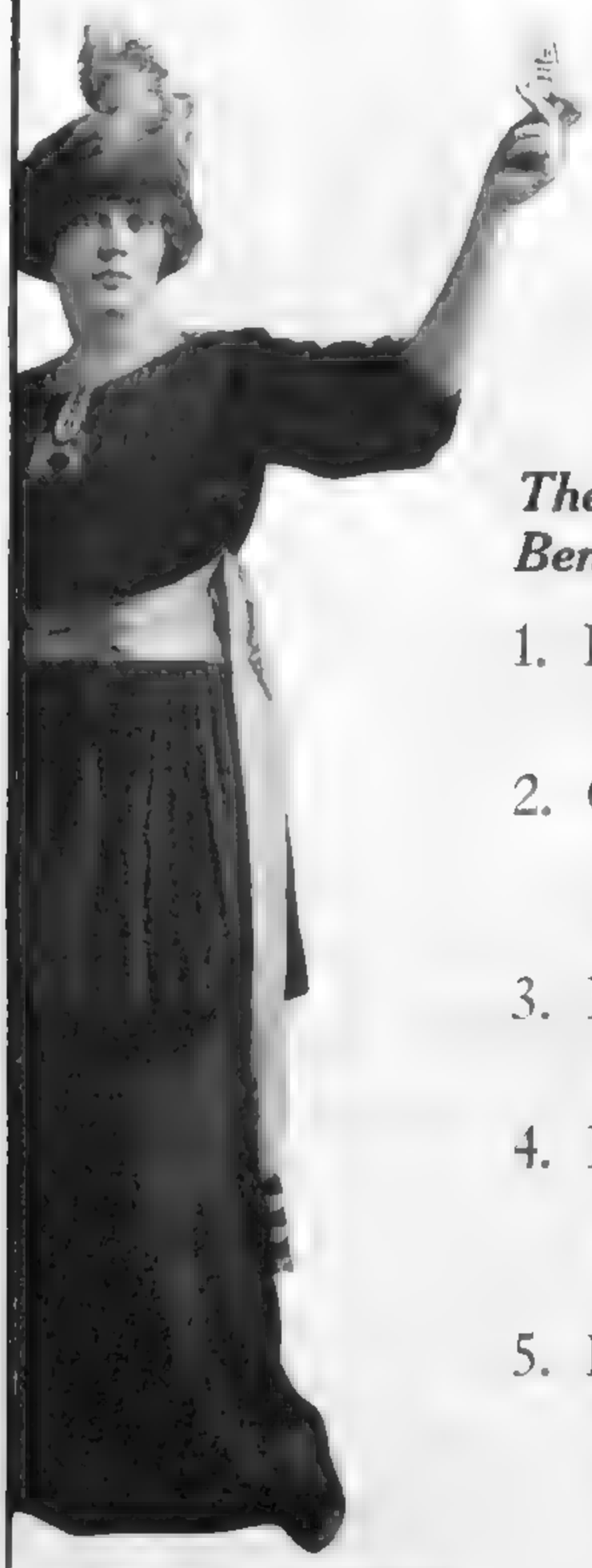
The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

(466)

The "Get a Recei

Customer



The "Get a Receipt" Plan Benefits Me Because:

1. It enables me to get quick service;
2. Goods are wrapped and change made in my presence;
3. It enables me to correct mistakes;
4. It furnishes proof of what servants and children spend when sent to the store;
5. It protects me against mistakes in handling my charge account.

Merc

The "C Benefit

1. I get get
2. It e cus
3. It gi bus
4. It tel cle
5. It pr cus

The customer's receipt is printed by the register and given to the customer with the goods. The Merchant's receipt which guarantees that he receives all the money due him is locked up inside the register. The clerk's receipt is also locked up inside the register.

The National Cash Regis

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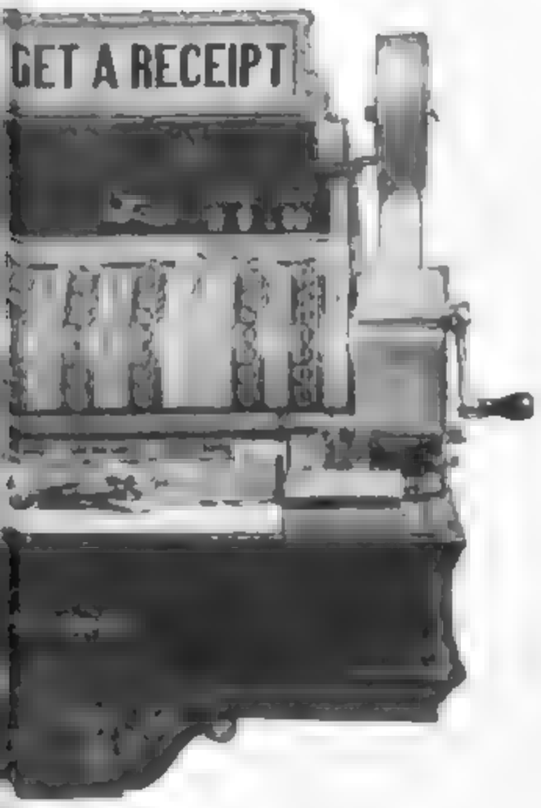

iet a Receipt" Plan
s Me Because:

t receipt for all goods sold, and
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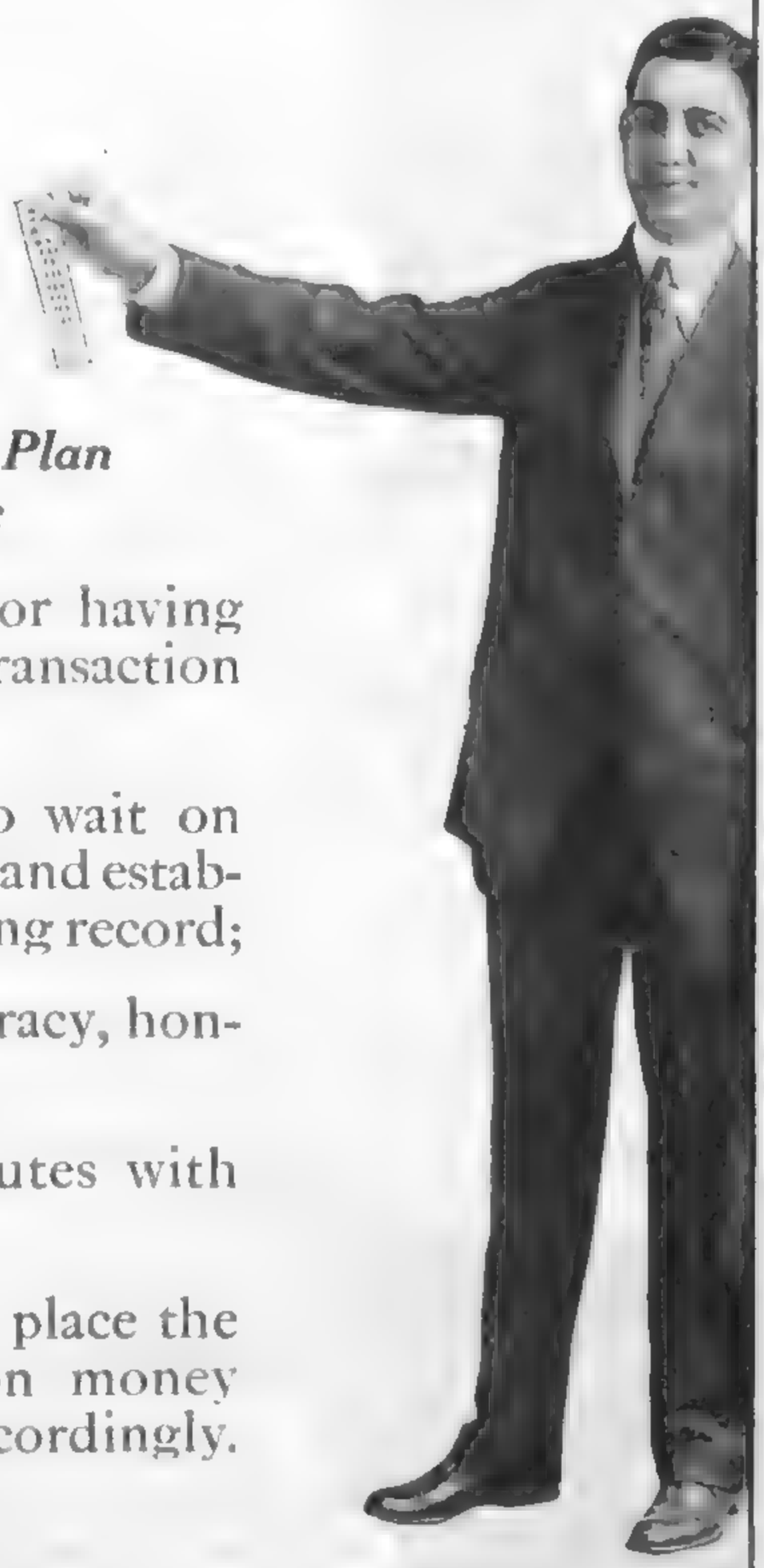
vents misunderstandings with
omers and thereby increases trade.

Clerk



The "Get a Receipt" Plan Benefits Me Because:

1. I get a receipt for having handled each transaction correctly;
2. It enables me to wait on more customers and establish a better selling record;
3. It proves my accuracy, honesty and ability;
4. It prevents disputes with customers;
5. It teaches me to place the correct value on money and handle it accordingly.

Every merchant can give better service to his customers, increase the efficiency of his clerks, and get more net profit for himself by using the "Get a Receipt" plan. Write for more information.

er Company, Dayton, Ohio

The Pick of the Burley

From The Premier Soil

In the "Blue Grass" section of Kentucky lies a soil that is famous for Burley tobacco—a special quality of Burley known as "The Precious White."

From this tobacco we make City Club, the finest brand sold in a 10-cent tin.

This earth—*The Premier Soil* for Burley—is rich in limestone deposits. It is constantly washed by crystal-like streams from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

No other land is equally favored. So no other grows the long, silky leaf that has earned this land its title.

If you want to know what *soil means* to tobacco, smoke a pipeful from *The Premier Soil*

Note the exquisite mildness combined with rich, full-bodied flavor. See if you've ever smoked anything like it.

The King Leaf

Our growers send to our warehouse—the largest in the world—their "cream crops" from 200,000 acres.

We sort out several grades. Then select the *King Leaf* from *Grade 1* for City Club alone.

That means tobacco refined down to the very choicest particles.

We Grow It

We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

We own the land. We grow the tobacco. We watch every process from growing leaf to finished tin, with double care. That is why we can make "City Club" better, giving it the superior quality that every smoker wants.

Every smoker who wants the best from his pipe, sooner or later, must buy City Club. The dealers now have it. Go get a trial tin.

Trial packages postpaid to any P. O. in the U. S. A. Inclose stamps or money order. 5c and 10c tins, ½ lb. Humidors, 50c; 1 lb. Humidors, $1.00

ONE TIN MAKES YOU A LIFE MEMBER

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

GROWERS & MANUFACTURERS OF CITY CLUB

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World

UNION MADE

Get Two Tins

If your dealer has not received his supply, write your name and address and the dealer's on the coupon below, enclosing 16 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and packing, and we'll send you by mail two 10-cent tins—20 cents' worth—to try.

Our Guarantee

Dealers are authorized to refund money to any smoker not satisfied that "CITY CLUB IS BETTER"

BURLEY TOBACCO COMPANY

No. 26-920 Caldwell Street, Louisville, Kentucky

I enclose 16 cents in stamps for which send two 10-cent tins of City Club Tobacco.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 22)

in one place to get a crop. Neighbors is so pert to go pryin' into a feller's business.'

But he couldn't direct us to Webb. He passed us on to still another settler. "You'll find him," he said, "in the Cherokee country t'other side of Grand River. He put in a crop there this year," he added incidentally.

All these men, in fact, were horse thieves by profession and horse traders by avocation, planting a crop as my host had hinted only for a blind, and moving on when the country got too hot. Keyed up as I was for another big job, these men both amused and irritated me, but without their assistance we long riders could never have existed. They did not know who I was, did not care to know. It was enough for them that I was neither a marshal nor an informer, but like themselves a member of that strange, secret order that must keep itself fortified by mutual help against the law.

And at the ranch in the Cherokee country—where Ed stayed to bring off another horse trade—I ran hot upon the trail of Webb. He was due that night at a nester dance on Cal Rowe's ranch. I kept out of sight all the afternoon and rode up to Cal Rowe's at sunset.

A function of this sort was a great occasion among the nesters. The country cotillon leader, who organized the dance, used to mount his horse, ride up to the houses of the social lights in the community and call out:

"Goin' to be a dance over to Rowe's Saturday. Want to be sure to come. We done got the fiddler a'ready. You'uns tell all you see."

Before sunset the guests were arriving at Rowe's. The boys romped in on horseback, whooping and riding "slanting." Some had pulled down their trousers over their boots and put on neckties, and some hadn't. The girls came in wagons. They wore bangs low over their foreheads and blue or pink ribbons round their waists. Most of them were pretty, but all looked as though they'd never worn a corset in their lives. These were quiet, law-abiding people, though now and then the whisky-peddling element would get mixed up with them and start trouble.

After the crowd began to gather I rode away, for deputy marshals sometimes attend such dances. When I returned after dark a crowd had gathered round a bonfire in the frontyard and the fiddle was going inside. I tied my horse and crept to an open window.

There beside the fiddler stood Webb in a plain black suit, just looking on. I tried to attract his attention, but he was watching the girls and listening to the fiddle.

On With the Dance!

The quadrille had gone three or four figures and the perspiration had started, when there came a whoop at the door and the local bad man, very drunk, burst in waving his six-shooter and announcing that he was a wolf. The dance stopped. The women screamed and crowded into the corner; some of the more timid men followed them. The bad man stood weaving on his feet, yelling:

"You be blamed good and quiet! I've come to take charge of this here dance!" He threw up his 45 and fired a shot into the ceiling. One of the lights went out and the floor cleared, leaving him in possession.

The desperado did a shuffle in the middle of the floor, his double spurs ringing. Then he spied the little man in the black suit who stood over by the music. When he turned that way the fiddler nearly fell over backward.

"Say, can you dance?" yelled the bad man. Webb answered quietly:

"Yes, I have danced!"

"Then," said the bad man, "hit the middle of the floor quick, or I'll build a blaze round you that will send you to hell!"

Webb answered in a voice so quiet that I didn't know until afterward what he said, which was:

"Brother, you're taking the wrong view of things here. These people have come to enjoy themselves. Why can't you let them have a good time?"

The desperado made the mistake of taking Webb's low-toned voice for cowardice. He swung round, started to throw down his gun—and there was a flash and a roar. I dived through the window just as the other light went out. When I reached Webb he was striking a match. The desperado lay on the floor, dead.

"Got him an inch from the eye," said Webb. Then he called to the crowd:

"Drag this fellow out into the yard and go on with the dance. He won't bother you any more." As a matter of fact they did go on with the dance. Rowe's people cleared away all signs of the fight, and when we galloped away the fiddler was at it again. No one tried to stop us, because every one felt that the desperado had got his deserts.

Next day—as I learned later—the marshals arrived with a warrant for the arrest of this very desperado on a charge of whisky-peddling. They took the body to town, announced that they had killed him while he was resisting arrest, and collected the rewards for his capture!

We assembled after that at our camp on the Spavinaw. Waiting for us there was a long rider whom we called Arizona or Zonie—I never knew him by any other name. He had been with the gang when I joined it at the Spike-S. His past was a mystery. We knew only that he had the appearance of a Southern mountaineer—tall, wiry, tow-haired and blue-eyed. He was illiterate, hard, silent and a constitutional killer. He had neither caution nor discretion and none of the higher sense of things. In going on a train-robbery I used to fear him as much as the marshals—I felt that it was only a question of time until he would interpret some little motion as resistance and take the excuse to shoot. He gloried in slaughter. The only times he ever talked much were when he described some of his old affairs. None of us liked him. We kept him with us partly because we had to hang together and partly because of his absolute nerve. On his side he had never liked Webb—resented Webb's refinement and sensibilities, I suppose.

The Lady of the Brass Knuckles

When Zonie heard what Webb had done he sidled over and for the first time opened conversation with him.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there to see you bust that fellow," he said. Webb answered:

"Those things are to be regretted."

"Well I'd have shot him as he came through the door," said Zonie. After that he accepted Webb as a man who had won his spurs.

Yet before we separated forever, we understood Zonie better. It came about in this way. We had pulled off a job; we had made our escape after a specially hot pursuit; we were dividing the loot in a cabin where lived the mother of a long rider. One of us sat cross-legged before the fireplace, arranging the gold and currency in five equal piles. And beside the fireplace the old woman—a sympathetic soul who never bothered herself about her son's business—was performing a surgical operation. A marshal had got Zonie through the forearm and had escaped by a miracle with his own life. The bullet was still in the wound; and the old woman, pushing her steel spectacles down from her forehead, started to extract it with a knitting needle and a pair of scissors. During this operation Zonie showed by an occasional click of his teeth how much she hurt him. As we ran over our winnings and packed away the money I noticed that he was talking freely with her—an unusual thing for him. Before supper he proposed that we give the old lady a little present. Each of us threw a hundred dollars into the pile and handed it to her with a presentation speech. We made a lively supper party. Everything had turned out well and we were flush. Zonie spoke up and told about some of his train-robbing experiences, especially the time when he took a Bible and a pair of brass knuckles from the reticule of an old lady. "She was so fond of them knuckles," said Zonie, "that she wore them to church of a Sunday." And all this time he was clicking his teeth with pain.

What I had rather suspected became plain to me when we prepared to ride away. I stood in the dark hall buckling on my spurs; and I overheard a conversation which I record as well as I can after eighteen years. I didn't begin to listen purposely, but when it started I couldn't help myself. Zonie was saying to her:

"My mammy would be about as old as you and maybe older. I never seed her or

(Upper half of 1914 Pompeian Fireside Panel)

$250.00 for Ideas

(Study these examples carefully)

He:—*I have a confession to make. I—*

She:—*You're using Pompeian, too! I knew it! Your skin looks so clear, clean and wholesome. All of us use it. Isn't it great?*

They'd answer, "From Pompeian, Sir, Applied as per directions"

For the cleverest bits of talk (or poems) suited to the above fireside picture, the makers of Pompeian Massage Cream will pay the following prizes: 1st prize $150, 2d $50, 3d $25, 4th $15, 5th $10.

Use the coupon below and 10c if you wish a trial jar of

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

and a 1914 Art Panel of the above picture in exquisite fire-glow effects. Size, 12x7 inches. No advertising on front. An art store would have to charge 50c to $1 for a picture as well executed. "*Love's Fire Burns Forever*" is one of the picture hits of the year and was painted by J. S. Kirk, of 1403 Lenox Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. He won the $100 prize in our contest last Spring.

Rules. 1. Write your version of poem carefully at top of page. 2. Sign your name and address. 3. (a) 40 words or less. The shorter the better. 4. No question can be answered. Contest closes Dec. 15. 5. Prize winners to be announced Jan. 17 in issue of The Saturday Evening Post. Prizes will be awarded on basis of originality. Your statement that Pompeian Massage Cream must be correct as to fact. 6. Contest open to all except employees of Pompeian Co. and their families. 7. Decision of judges must be accepted as final. 8. Contestants must read the following carefully for points.

"How to make up!" That is the question when preparing for an evening's engagement. Here is the answer: On each cheek apply a pinch of Pompeian Massage Cream. Massage it in. Instantly the pores of the Pompeian goes; out it comes, darkened and dirt-laden. Repeat! You are transformed. Your skin looks clear, [illegible] healthy glow. No ordinary cream can do this. Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."

WARNING! Cheap imitations made to sell by certain dealers because they cost the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian [illegible] 50c, 75c and $1

Get Trial Jar and Art Panel

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted, coin preferred.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and the 1914 Art Panel.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

pop either. They was took off with yaller fever down in Mississippi an' I was sent to the poor farm. After I got to be a chunk of a boy a woman took me away. She 'lowed I was big enough to pick cotton. I was powerful glad to go, for they was always whoppin' me at the fahm, but it was no better whar I went. Them folks kept right on beatin' me until I didn't have any sense. One day 'Lige—that's the man—knocked me down with a stick of wood, an' when I kim to, it was night an' my head was hurtin' me powerful bad. Mammy, that night I killed 'Lige and ran off."

I had looked upon Arizona with aversion, regarding him as an intractable man without pity for any creature except his horse. And here, the first sympathy that a woman ever showed him had stirred up a hidden goodness in his nature! I could see his face in the firelight. It looked positively soft.

The old woman broke the silence.

"Arizona, you haven't been much took care of," she said.

"Mammy," he said, "you're the only human being that ever treated me white. Even the boys I ride with don't like me." Which was true.

The old woman took both his hands in hers and said:

"I've had three boys killed by the officers and my husband was killed in Texas a long time ago. Arizona, you can be my boy same as my own." She reached up and kissed his cheek.

He didn't reply, I suppose because he had no words. He just turned away, pulled his hat down over his eyes and clumped out through the door.

We rode into the mountains, camped, made sure that all pursuit was over, appointed a place to meet for the next job and prepared to scatter. But before we left I told the boys one by one about that conversation and suggested that we might be kinder to Zonie in future. So as we parted each man took his hand and shook it warmly. He seemed greatly puzzled. Then he said in a jerky voice:

"Fellers, I don't savvy. Yer ain't goin' to quit the trail, are ye?"

"Oh, no!" said I. "We meet according to appointment at Jamison's on December twenty-fifth."

"Then what're ye pumpin' my hand fer?"

Tulsa happened to be impulsive. He broke in and told.

Zonie turned to his saddle and mounted. "I reckon you think I'm soft," he said. "Gid-ap—I'll meet you at Jamison's."

A Touch in the Dark

I never remembered until long after that the twenty-fifth of December, on which we had agreed to meet, was Christmas Day. There are no holidays on the trail. Frank and I approached the Jamison ranch that night in a downpour of rain with the mud up to our horses' knees. We found the cotton patch in the darkness and made out the clumps of trees that marked the house; but there was no light. Hitching our horses to the rail fence we approached afoot, on our guard lest the darkness meant an ambush.

As we climbed the low fence separating the yard from the cotton patch, Frank stopped dead. He stooped over. I heard him give a little "Ugh!"

"It's a man—dead!" he said. "I struck his face!"

By sense of touch I found that Frank was right. The face under my hand was cold and rigid.

We crawled up to the house. There was no sound except the water dripping from the eaves. Frank knocked. No response. Frank lifted the wooden latch, pushed the door ajar. No one stirred. He gave a stronger push; the door yielded slowly as though held by some pressure within. We entered together. Almost at my first step I stumbled over something flabby. Though it took all my nerve, I lit a match.

Zonie was looking straight up into my face with the stare of the dead. His long, yellow hair lay in a wet wisp across his forehead, and there was a blotch of red foam between his white teeth. Otherwise he appeared as though he had grown tired and dropped down to rest.

It was some time before we decided to risk a light. When we had a good blaze in the fireplace we saw the marks of an awful fight. Zonie's rifle and revolvers were empty and empty cartridge shells lay all about him. The body in the yard was Jamison's; he, too, was riddled. Who did

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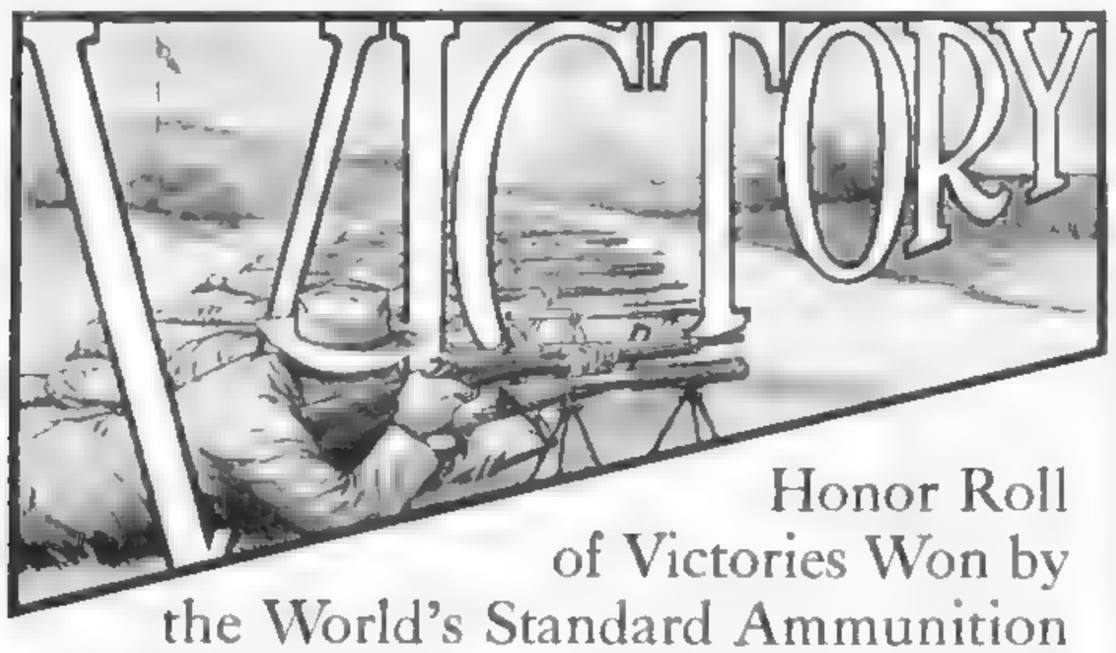

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US AMMUNITION made World's Record for 12-man team at 1,000 yards, Camp Perry, Ohio, 1909.

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US AMMUNITION won every important match at Camp Perry in 1910.

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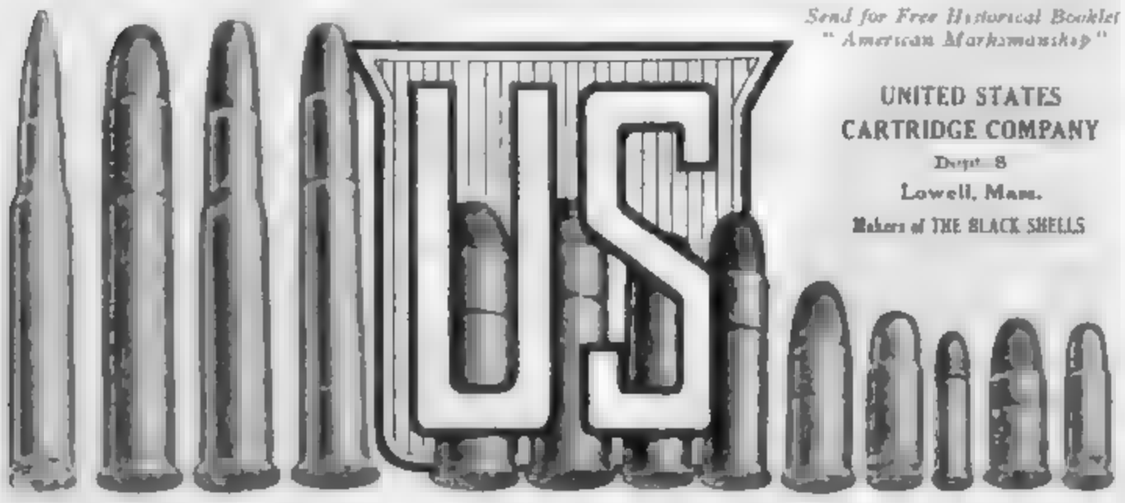

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it, or just why, I have never known. The killers were probably vigilantes—marshals would have carried off the bodies to get the reward. Our tardiness had saved the rest of us.

So there was the end of Zonie the Killer. How many notches he had on his gun I never knew a great many, I suspect. The cruelty which he had undergone in youth, and perhaps a brain lesion from that blow on the head, made him the wild man he was. With other surroundings he might have lived and died a friend to the law. Again and again in later years I heard the same story from convicts. It is my firm conviction now that heredity counts little and environment much in making a criminal.

During my early years on the trail we had a boy called Elmer in the outfit: and as I look back over my past he is one of my chief regrets. His father had been shot dead in a bank raid just before I went to the Spike-S. After I became leader he heard of his father's death. He came up to join us—a tall blond boy of seventeen, with a face like a girl's. He found the outfit at the Verdegris River, assembling for a job. I hadn't yet arrived. They told me afterward that when one of the boys said, "I seen your father killed," Elmer's lower jaw twitched and he turned his back on the crowd. When I came they had already agreed to take him along.

I didn't like that he was too young. While we made preparations to start I thought it over. If I ordered him away he would never go—I knew the breed. So I approached the subject indirectly by asking him if he'd attend to a few things round the Spike-S which I hadn't time to look after—told him I'd pay him with a slice from the job. "I know you aren't a quitter," I said; "your father was game; everybody knows that."

If I'd stopped there the proposition might have gone. My mistake lay in pressing the point further.

"In the end," I said, "this is a losing game. Sooner or later it winds up with stripes or bullets or hemp, and all along it's hell and high water."

He felt that I was challenging his nerve. That set him in his determination and I couldn't budge him. The boys had said he could go. If I refused he'd follow anyway. I remember he kept answering me in a phrase he'd picked up from Arizona:

"I'll be in the first set!"

The Lost Dinner

I gave up in time. After all it was his own lookout. He went with us; and he played his part like any of the rest. Yet he was always on my mind. Again and again I tried to make him leave. He would always say: "What was good enough for pappy is good enough for me."

We were riding away from our next job when Elmer showed the stuff in him. That ride brought nothing especially exciting; yet I have always remembered it while others that involved danger and narrow escapes faded from mind. We finished and started away at about midnight, beginning, as usual, leisurely enough. The country was not yet roused, the marshals were not yet abroad, and we wanted to warm up our horses. For a few miles we took it at an easy fox-trot. Then as soon as they were warm and breathing properly for the long dash, our horses voluntarily broke into measured cadence of a gallop. I was riding Black Dick, a magnificent, big thoroughbred; and every one of our mounts could distance, in a long or short race, anything the marshals owned. The black fences and trees, barns and houses, swam past us. When we came out of the thickly inhabitated district we began to double back or to zigzag by unfrequented paths, in order that our trail might be tangled or lost.

By and by the fence posts were gray instead of black. The cocks in the distance began to call from farmyard to farmyard. A coyote took up the noise; the eastern sky turned the color of wood ashes. We drew rein at last beside a thicket—a dark and sinister woodland in the dawn after that cold autumn night. Our clothes were heavy with dew, our blood chilled. For a few minutes we went stamping about to get life into our stiffened, swollen muscles. It is little wonder that we ached all over, for we had come fifty miles in less than five hours. Then we began the operation which we never neglected, however sore and weary we might be. We unsaddled, spread out our saddle-blankets, knelt on them and thoroughly rubbed down the legs of our horses. Their delicate muscles must be patted and kneaded like those of a trained athlete; for upon them our safety depended. Only when we had finished with the horses did Mex speak up:

"Say, Kid, how about the grub?" In our excitement we had eaten hardly any supper. With the work and exposure of the night we were ravenous. Elmer had been ordered to bring along rations for one meal.

Elmer turned his saddle over and shook out his blanket. The package was gone! We could see where a worn saddle string had broken. The gang swore in concert. Elmer offered to go back and look for the package but we couldn't have that. I was most concerned of all. It might be a day before we dared approach a house; and on empty stomachs the men might become careless and quarrelsome.

I had a card up my sleeve however. I'd packed a few "terrapin"—hard biscuits—into my saddle bags. I divided them, refusing to take any myself. With the long riders, as with sailors, the commander must bear the brunt of hardship. I told them that I'd eaten my share.

We had mounted and started on when Elmer rode up to me.

"I reckon you didn't really have no biscuit," he said. "You take some of mine or I'll sling 'em away." I saw that he meant it and we divided.

The End of Young Elmer

Elmer never rode with our gang again. We scattered; and, when I came back I discovered that he had thrown in with a low chain-harness thief named John Foster. I found Elmer and told him that Foster had neither decency nor nerve; that they would surely get into trouble. But Foster held some sort of fascination over the boy, and they went away on a little raid of their own. When they reached Pottawatomie County they held up two Frenchmen in a cabin. The kid was watching one of them in a corner while Foster tied the other to a beam. Elmer's man started to run. Elmer shot him. Foster got rattled and cut the other man's throat. After that they ran wild down the country, robbing wherever they saw a chance. The finish came in Texas, where they made an attempt on a bank. The kid entered by the front door and stuck up the cashier; Foster took the side door, where one of the bank officers was sitting at a table. Instead of making him throw up his hands, Foster hit him over the head with his revolver and the gun went off. Elmer thought this meant a general fusillade, and he shot the cashier dead. They grabbed all the money in sight and mounted. A battle started in the streets; Foster's horse was killed. He mounted behind Elmer and they got away to the river. It was swollen and dangerous. They found another horse; but the kid begged Foster to turn back and not try to cross—the river looked a mile wide. While they were debating, the posse overtook them. Elmer wanted to open fire and die in his tracks, but Foster weakened, as I would have expected. He said that he knew every one round there and his pull would get them out of trouble. They surrendered without a shot and were taken to Wichita Falls. That night the vigilantes broke into jail and hanged them to a telegraph pole. The leader asked Elmer if he wanted to make a statement.

He said:

"Tell my stepfather I died game." Then as they hesitated because he was so young, he added:

"Pull your old rope I don't care!" That was the end of Elmer.

I became mixed with this affair in a curious way. The people of Pottawatomie County laid the murder of the two Frenchmen to an outlaw named Smith, who had no hand in it whatever. They were searching high and low for him when I came through, riding away from a bunch of marshals. My mount had been killed and the thing I rode was more like a sheep than a horse. I had lost my rifle; I had only one revolver and five cartridges. While I was in that fix another body of marshals took me for Smith and chased me. I had no chance to outride them. I doubled on my tracks, rode into a thicket, started to ford a small stream and ran into a quicksand. I thought for a minute that it was all over with me; and while I struggled I heard the posse riding down the road only a few yards away. The horse and I got out by rolling, but it was a close call.

(Continued on Page 40

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(Continued from Page 38)

All this time Frank and I had not forgotten the intention which drove us out on the trail to kill Love and Houston. I was at the Spike-S, already an outlaw and cautious about showing myself in towns, when the news came that they had been acquitted on the ground of self-defense. That verdict stands in the records of Oklahoma Territory; so I can say no more about my side of this case. As things turned out I had made my revenge only more difficult by taking the trail; but I waited my chance.

I thought the chance had come when a telegram reached me at the Spike-S ranch, both address and signature under assumed names.

"Temple Houston is attending court at Guthrie, if you care to discuss any matter with him," it read. I prepared for action. I was always trying to keep Frank out of dangerous enterprises, so I said nothing to him about the telegram. Instead I confided in Little Dick, who was eager to go along. We rode all night, fifty miles, into Guthrie, avoiding every place where I might be known. On the way I made my plans. I was to ride up and kill Houston wherever I found him; Dick was to keep off the crowd and help me escape.

I did not intend to assassinate him. I would give him a chance to draw. Though he was very fast with a gun, I felt I could beat him to it, especially since the man doing the hunting has always the best of a gunfight.

As I rode down the street I heard my name called. I turned and recognized Marshal Ed Nicks, whom I knew. Though he understood that I was an outlaw he had no pressing reason for arresting me; besides we were good friends. I rode over and shook hands with him.

"Al," he said, "I know what you're here for and it won't do."

I assumed not to understand. To throw him off guard I let him take me to his house. There he held me in talk for some time. When I was free I wandered about town, avoiding every one I knew and inquiring of strangers as to Houston's whereabouts. I learned at last that he had taken a northbound train a few minutes after I met Nicks. In order to prevent trouble and befriend me the marshal had warned him by messenger.

Enemies on Every Hand

Three or four times more Frank and I made dashes into the towns after one or both of these men. Once at Woodward Houston passed me on the street, but he was walking with his wife. Before I could get him alone he had been warned. Once, by visiting El Reno during the Democratic convention, to which both Love and Houston were delegates, we put our liberty in danger. The same thing happened there—some one telegraphed up the line; Love and Houston dropped off the train a few stations above and never entered El Reno. Always some mutual friend frustrated us, until the time came when we carried so heavy a price on our heads, and were so busy dodging marshals, that we could not show ourselves in the towns.

To be perfectly frank I had still another reason. You can never know how hard it is for a man with any sensibilities to determine on a deliberate killing and carry out the determination. Those hunts for Love and Houston took all the nerve and resentment that I had in me. Yet in the period which the law gave me to think over my career, this failure was for a long time my greatest regret—I had left undone the very thing that I broke with society to accomplish.

And yet not long after I gave up the search for Love and Houston I did take part in a killing. It was not murder, as the law defined the term. It was a fair fight and forced upon me.

We were assembling for a raid; and although we didn't know it, the beginning of the end had come. In spite of our assumed names our secret was out. The Jennings Gang had become notorious in the territory. Every robbery of every kind was attributed to us we never did or attempted a quarter of the things that are laid at our door. After each job the marshals became thicker and more zealous and the pursuit longer. Our margin of safety had shrunk; because of the danger old friends had begun to refuse us hospitality. There were heavy rewards on our heads; and certain pseudo friends, as we know now, had arranged to betray us for money. A significant incident put me on my guard. With one of my old acquaintances I had a little hailing sign. Whoever saw the other first used to draw his gun, "throw down" and "get the drop" on the other. Then we'd laugh and shake hands. One night after a long absence I knocked at his door. When he opened it, I playfully poked my gun under his nose. His hands went up; but instead of laughing and lowering them when he recognized me, he backed into a corner and begged me not to shoot. I saw the point. I kept him covered until he confessed that he was planning to hand me over.

In such times it was that I rode into the Cherokee Nation with Webb, the man who shot the desperado at the nester dance. The night was stormy, alternating between rain and snow. We had not eaten since morning. On the windward side my clothes seemed frozen to my skin. We saw a light and rode toward it, willing to take any desperate chance for food and warmth. We came upon a little one-room log house in a grove of scrub oaks. I knocked. No one answered. I pulled the string that raised the latch and entered. I nearly jumped back again when I found the place inhabited. In the corner sat two women, one of them holding a baby. On the other side of the fireplace crouched a boy with black, beady eyes. He was about ten-years-old size, but his face looked older.

Unwilling Hostesses

I explained as politely as I could that we were cold and hungry and would pay a reasonable price for supper. It was some time before any one answered. Then the woman holding the baby said:

"We ain't keepin' a tavern." Eastern people cannot understand, I suppose, that such a refusal of hospitality was almost a crime under old Western conditions. In the remote districts every house had to be a tavern in emergency, or there could be no travel. That excuses what we did next.

I talked to them for some time and got no answer, before Webb lost his patience. He walked over to the cupboard and opened it. They had plenty of coffee, bacon, bread and butter.

"We'll pay you for this," I said, "but we've got to eat." Webb proceeded to fry bacon and make coffee. The women, still silent, went over to the corner and crawled into bed, all dressed. As we cooked and ate they watched every movement with eyes as big as saucers. Webb, utterly worn-out and made drowsy by the heat, stretched himself before the fireplace and fell asleep. I had nearly forgotten about the boy until he rose, yawned and said:

"Well, I reckon I better be ridin'," and went out through a side door. Until then I had taken it for granted that he belonged to the cabin. I hesitated, wondering whether to stop him—and hesitated too long, for a moment later I heard a horse galloping away. I grew nervous. I shook Webb and whispered:

"I don't like this. That kid's gone for somebody." But Webb said that was only one of my hunches and turned over for another nap. Weary as I was I couldn't sleep. At last I woke Webb and insisted that we had better get away. He was just rising when we heard a footstep outside. We dropped to our stomachs, ready for trouble. The door flew open. Three men sprang in.

I can remember no details of that fight, everything was so sudden. It seemed that the bullets came with the men—and they came as fast as double-geared lightning. Flashes, roars, shoots of pain—that's all, until two of the men were down and the third staggering away, his hands to his head. Webb was down, too, a great hole torn in his side. A single bullet had gone into my biceps and come out through my shoulder. Wounded although we were, both of us rushed to our horses. As I left I looked back. The two women were still sitting up in bed, their eyes as big as saucers. Apparently they had neither moved nor spoken.

Getting into our saddles was torture. We made it at last, rode all night in that freezing rain, swam Grand River by way of extra torture, and reached in the morning a friendly house where we had our wounds dressed. I wondered for a long time why we heard nothing of that affair. At last I learned that these people were outlaws—horse thieves and whisky peddlers. They took us for marshals.

After the last job of this period in my career the territory grew still hotter. When we had outridden the marshals and split out, Frank and I determined to leave the country for awhile. We were cagey about New York and Chicago; we'd been there before. So with the proceeds of the latest robbery in money-belts under our shirts, we went to New Orleans. I happened to remember that a man whom I'd known intimately at the university lived in New Orleans, and I looked him up. Jack, as I will call him, knew about my career. Nevertheless he invited me to his house. I felt that I couldn't go under false pretences; but I also felt that he was a man I could trust. Therefore I told him everything. He still wanted me to come; so we were introduced to his mother and sister. I as "Mr. Edwards" and Frank as "Mr. Williams." We resembled each other so little that naturally no one would take us for brothers.

The family introduced us to their friends, the pleasantest, most hospitable people I ever met. Immediately we were flooded with invitations—that's a way they have in New Orleans. Frank and I bought full outfits of society clothes. Every evening we went to a dinner or a dance, wearing the loot in money-belts under the bands of our trousers, and 45-caliber revolvers in shoulder scabbards under the left-hand flap of our new dress coats. Sometimes I had to manage a lot to conceal that gun from my partner in the waltz.

Our friends had treated us so well that we determined to give them a little pleasure trip. Chartering a yacht we took a party of seven to Galveston—Jack, his sister, Miss Miriam, two of her girl friends, we two hosts, and an elderly aunt, who didn't know that she was chaperoning outlaws. At Galveston Jack and Miss Miriam had friends, who gave us a ball at the old Beach Hotel, afterward destroyed by the tidal wave. Here also we wore our money and our revolvers.

Miss Miriam's Clever Trick

I was talking to Miss Miriam in an alcove, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I looked up and saw an old friend. He had been on our end of the game, and gone back on it and become a Wells-Fargo detective. He said, loud enough for Miss Miriam to hear:

"Look out! This place is surrounded!" Then he passed on down the lobby, making a bluff at looking for some one.

I excused myself and crossed the floor to Frank. He was waltzing with one of the young women who had come with us from New Orleans. I said in Spanish:

"Look out!" He waltzed carelessly for another turn round the hall, then he joined me in an offhand way and asked:

"What's up?"

"Place surrounded," I said. "Come to the alcove and bring the girl."

When we reached the alcove Miss Miriam was waiting.

"I heard what he said and I know who you are," she said. "You're Al Jennings. They're trying to capture you and Mr. Williams."

"How do you know?" I asked. I thought that Jack had broken his promise to me, and even in that tight place I was irritated.

"We have an old photograph of you in your cadet uniform," she said. "My brother has forgotten that he showed me the picture and told me about you long ago. I've been thinking—get Mr. Williams and Emma. I believe I have a plan for us to get away."

I thought that "us" curious, until she laid out her plan. I saw the beauty of it at once. We went to the cloakroom for our coats and wraps. On the front piazza we four held a laughing dispute as to who should pay for the supper. Then Miss Miriam said in a good loud voice:

"I'll tell you! We'll race for it! The last couple to touch the rosebush by the front gate has to pay." We all laughed and agreed. After one or two false starts for a bluff I counted "one-two-three!" and we raced past three detectives, who just stood grinning at our antics. When we were safely away from the hotel, we bade the ladies a hurried good-by and took stock. It looked dangerous. Galveston stands on an island. A causeway forms the only approach to the mainland. The foot passage and the railway station would surely be guarded. The one avenue of escape was by sea. Frank remembered that he had seen a disreputable old tramp steamer in the harbor. We squinted across the dark water and made out her lights and her hulk. Still in our dress-suits and high hats we explored the beach until we found a little yawl. We broke her lock and rowed out to the steamer.

We pulled alongside and held a parley with the watchman. The crew came peering over the rail—the strangest mongrel set I ever saw—everything from Carib to Malay. It was some time before they would let us see the captain. When we got him alone we offered him fifteen hundred dollars, if he would take us away to his next port of entry.

We had struck a great piece of luck. Among all the ships that entered the port of Galveston, this was the crooked one. The captain, a drunken Dutchman, carried on a general roving trade to cover up his operations in smuggling brandy. When he saw our fifteen hundred dollars he pulled up without clearance papers and sailed away for Trujillo, Honduras

This was my first sea trip and it bored me. The captain pickled himself in brandy; I took to drinking with him. There followed the one period in my life when I ever fell for alcohol. At Trujillo I conceived the notion that I'd like to vary our brand of liquor. Still in my dress-suit, I went ashore and met another American, a fugitive like ourselves. He joined the expedition.

The Marshal's Daughter

We touched at Rio; we parted company with the tramp steamer at the La Plata. From there we rounded the Horn in another ship taking in most of the South American ports, reached San Francisco and doubled back to Mexico City. Suddenly we found those money-belts nearly empty. We were practically broke when we reached the Texan border and parted from our friend of Trujillo, with whom we had traveled all the way.

I was now almost at the end of my long rider days. Before I go on with the rest I would better tell just how I felt about my old trade. My bitter hatred of the world had dwindled a little and a love for the excitement and adventure in the game had grown up. I liked the plotting, the taste of danger, the thrill of escapes. I liked the half-savage outdoor life. And I wove imaginations about myself, picturing myself as a romantic figure.

I felt no special remorse. I knew, of course, that it could not go on forever. Some day I should be cornered and killed Until then I would take things as they came and enjoy life. That other and more horrible death—by lynching at the hands of the vigilantes—seldom occurred to me as a possibility. I was always alert. I seated myself when indoors with my back to the wall and came to attention at the slightest sound. I had entire confidence that no one would ever take me alive. "A short life and a merry one"—that was the whole idea. I had broken with society. My finish would be sudden and unexpected; why should I bother myself by wondering whether it would come late or soon?

Only once did I feel differently. A girl figured in that case. Her parents were ranchers, the best kind of Southern people; and she had been to a university. When I first visited them they entertained me without question. When I came back her father met me at the door. He had been appointed a marshal and he knew who I was. He did not try to arrest me, but he made it plain that I mustn't visit them any more. The girl came to me in the orchard and I gave her my father's copy of Burns which I had carried ever since I broke with my family. Before we finished our talk the marshals attacked me and there was a running fight. When I had got clean away I saw against the moonlight a tall tree with a branch hanging across the road. My spirits were at their lowest ebb, and you can understand what I fancied. This was the only time that I ever entertained the idea of such a death as poor Kid Elmer's.

Frank never enjoyed the game as I did. Mostly, in fact, he hated it. But he was deeply involved and he wouldn't leave me. From time to time he begged me to quit. He had such a spell before we crossed the border into Texas. Finally I agreed that if he'd go back to the territory with me I'd make one last campaign, pull out with my winnings and abandon the life for good.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles giving the story of Al Jennings. The third will appear in an early issue.

Remember the English violets in your grandmother's garden? You will catch their fragrance again in this soap.

Smell Violets—

Then smell this soap!

Do it with your eyes shut and you'll hardly know which is which—so perfectly have we caught the real odor of violets in Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap. But this is not all. We have caught, too, the beautiful green of fresh violet leaves, yet kept this soap so crystal-clear *you can see through it.*

Any water, anywhere, releases its delicate perfume

[illegible] Violet Glycerine Soap lathers as freely in the [illegible] left clinging to your face, [illegible]

Write today for sample cake

Ask your dealer for Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap first. If he hasn't it, send a 2[illegible] generous trial size cake. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 30[illegible] Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada. [illegible] Violet Glycerine Soap from [illegible] advantage of [illegible] the Andrew Jergens [illegible] Dept. [illegible] Perth, Ontario

10c a cake 3 cakes for 25c.

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

Plaza Model No. 341 has our new Louise heel of the French type, but with regular tread surface. Sterling Patent Colt, Mat top, special satin lining. The proper shoe for general dress wear.

WOMEN usually buy their first pair of LA FRANCE because *they look good* and *fit perfectly.* ¶ They keep on buying them because they look *better* and fit *more perfectly* for *a longer time* than the shoes they had worn before they knew LA FRANCE.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
377 WASHINGTON ST., LYNN, MASS.

LA FRANCE

WIZARD Triangle Mop

Gets-in-the-Corners
WIZARD
TRIANGLE
POLISH
MOP

Unusual Money-Saving

Here's the wonderful WIZARD TRIANGLE POLISH Mop—the wonderful WIZARD POLISH—and a wonderful offer which brings *both* to you NOW at a great saving.

THE MOP—the scientific *WIZARD Mop*—the TRIANGLE mop that "gets-in-the-corners"—no stooping—no getting down on hands and knees—no added work "grubbing" in corners. The Wizard does *all* the work at one "lick" while you stand. A few strokes of the strong, light 54-inch handle and your floors instantly are made clean and bright—the most remote corner reached as easily as the center of the floor.

The One Mop With *All* These Advantages

The triangle shape "gets-in-the-corners."

Spread of mop 8 x 8 x 8 inches.

Mop comes already treated with Wizard Polish—enough for 3 to 6 months.

The 11,154 cord fingers pick up all the dust.

Padded frame protects furniture and woodwork.

Fifty-four inch handle reaches everywhere.

Light, strong and durable.

Weight, complete, only 2 lbs. 6 ozs.

No stooping. No getting down on hands and knees, no discomfort whatever.

Mop can be stood in tin container when not in use. No mussy floor.

Fine also for use on woodwork and linoleums.

"Gets-in-the-Corners"

The Wizard Mop "gets-in-the-corners" because of its handy Triangle shape. So simple that it's a wonder it wasn't thought of long before. Its thousands of long five-inch *cord* fingers pick up every atom of dust and dirt, while the Wizard Polish with which the mop is treated imparts a fine new finish to painted and varnished surfaces—*all in one operation.*

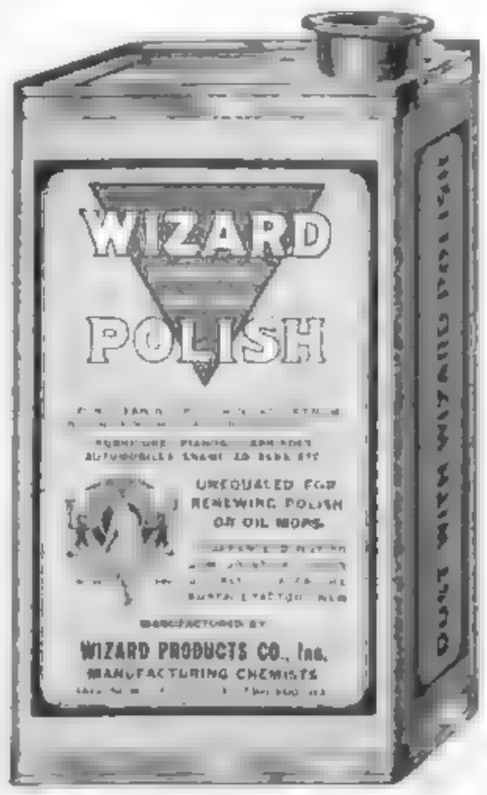
Handle Reaches Everywhere

—under beds, tables, desks, to the tops of doors and moldings.

The inert dust can be shaken out of the WIZARD Mop each time it is used.

When very soiled, simply wash the TRIANGLE Mop with soap and water, and renew with Wizard Polish.

And now, this great "gets-in-the-corners" Triangle Mop and a quart of the Wizard Polish—a full year's supply—all this for you, now, for only $1.50. Exactly $1.00 saved by going to your local dealer NOW, or by sending us the attached order blank.



that "Gets-in-the-Corners!"

Combination Offer to Housewives!

Wizard Polish Beautifies Everything

The thought behind the making of Wizard Polish was to produce an article for use on finest finishes.

That is why you can use it in the daily dusting on everything from a picture frame to a piano—a chair to a chandelier—a baby coach to an automobile—a walking stick to a lacquered cabinet. Not forgetting, of course, its wonderful utility when used on the Wizard Triangle Mop—the mop that "gets-in-the-corners."

Wizard Polish is fine enough for your piano, yet cheap enough to use on your floors. It dries instantly, leaving a clean, hard polished surface—the original finish renewed and beautified to an unusual degree. It cannot gum, stick or discolor—preserves the elasticity of varnish, and prevents unsightly "checking" when used in time.

And—best of all, to beautify everything with it as you go along requires no laborious effort. Nor do you have to shake your elbow out of joint every time you apply it to your cheese-cloth duster, because you do not have to shake the container. Wizard Polish is always in perfect solution.

$2.50 Value for $1.50 By Acting Now

The *regular* retail price of the Mop is $1.50—of a quart of WIZARD Polish, $1.00—total $2.50. If you will go to your dealer's NOW you can have both Mop and Polish for $1.50—*saving* $1.00.

This is a straight out-and-out introductory offer. Already thousands of women are using the Wizard Mop and Polish—but we want *every* woman in the country to know them—to use them—to learn for themselves what truly wonderful time-saving, labor-saving, *money-saving helps* they really are *every day*.

The WIZARD TRIANGLE MOP is practically indestructible. The quart can contains enough Polish to last you a full year on your Mop and dusters.

But, you must act now. By acting now you solve all your floor and dusting problems for a year ahead, at a great saving.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere!

If your local dealer can't supply you, send the attached order blank direct to the WIZARD PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO, and we will supply you, and will prepay all shipping charges.

Our Guarantee

If after using the Mop and Polish for two days you are not delighted with your bargain, return them to your dealer or to us, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

DEALERS AND JOBBERS!

If you are not already handling the WIZARD MOP, the *Triangle* Mop that beats them all because it "gets-in-the-corners," write us today for our interesting proposition to dealers on both WIZARD TRIANGLE MOP and WIZARD Polish. We have a special advertising offer for you NOW. This is the mop that is such a big seller everywhere—because it is the *original* TRIANGLE Polish Mop—the mop that really "gets-in-the-corners."

Dealers are afforded prompt shipments by ordering through the nearest of the following agencies

Geo. Wm. Bentley Co., 197 State St., Boston, Mass.
Beck & Berger, 140 Franklin St., New York, N. Y.
Wizard Products Co., [illegible] Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Wizard Products Co., [illegible]
Wizard Products Co., [illegible]
Wizard Products Co., 2086 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
N. U. Morrison Railway Exchange Bldg., Denver, Colo.
H. M. [illegible] & Co., 145 S. Front St., Phila., Pa.
Bean Dean Exchange Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kansas Jobbers Supply Co., 1110 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Bayer Jackson Co., Omaha, Nebr.
Dunk & Watson Co., 416 Maritime Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Kaufer Sales Co., 53 Jay St., Sandusky, Ont.
F. R. Murray & Co., Ltd., 1138 Hamilton St., Vancouver, B. C.
Wright Tool Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
[illegible] Mercantile Co., Dallas, Texas
Quinan & Snow, 617 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
[illegible] St., Syracuse, 10 Beaver St., Albany
Clarke Mfg. Agency, [illegible], Hong Kong and Straits Settlements

Wizard Products Co., Inc.
1450 West 37th St, Chicago

Wizard Products Company Inc.
1450 West 37th Street
CHICAGO

I enclosed find $1.50 (*see below) for one WIZARD TRIANGLE POLISH MOP and one quart can of WIZARD POLISH, with the distinct understanding that if after two days' trial I am not perfectly satisfied I may return both MOP and POLISH and receive a refund of the full amount.

Name

Address

*If you live in Canada send $1.60 for the MOP and POLISH. If in British Columbia send $2.25. This because of extra shipping charges.

The Finest Watch in America
The Edward Howard—$350

ASK any representative Horologist his opinion of the EDWARD HOWARD Watch—based upon his knowledge of fine watch making and his observation of the rating and performance of the watch in practical service ever since its introduction two years ago.

Jeweled with matched Oriental Sapphires, hand finished and selected for quality and depth of color. Hand-made Compensating Balance with Graduated Timing Nuts. Howard Patent Gravity Regulator. Mainspring with highest reversible resiliency. Dial hand-ground Venetian enamel. Extra fine 18K solid gold case.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.
CANADIAN WHOLESALE DEPOT: LUMSDEN BLDG., TORONTO

SAVING A BROTHER

(Continued from Page 7)

six blocks from here. I'll run over and get him, and if he'll support you I think we can put it through."

"But I'm getting awfully sleepy," said Mangler plaintively.

"It won't take ten minutes," said Allie eagerly, "and you can afford to murder a little sleep just for once, you dormouse!"

He darted out of the door. I hadn't the slightest idea what my cue was, but I stuck tight to Mangler and talked of college affairs and the class and the weather, and was just considering thumping him over the head with his dictionary and escaping with his watch and clock when there was a roar and a clang of bells and Jonesville's prize fire department went past on the dead run.

"Fire!" yelled Mangler, leaping into his shoes. He was fresh from the country and fires had his earnest attention at all times. "Come on!" he shouted as he flashed through the door.

I came, but not until I had tarried a minute with that alarm clock. When I had finished it was harmless, but I never knew alarm clocks were so tough before. I could have broken open a cocoanut with less exertion.

I chased Mangler up the street amid the ever-growing throng, and when the firemen stopped at a box a few blocks up, looked eagerly over the neighborhood and then began to indulge in highly inflammable language, I began to feel proud of Allie. Somehow I connected the whole thing with him. He joined us a minute after and we all walked back, Mangler disappointed, but we two perfectly happy. We went up to the room again to get my hat and Mangler yawned once more, furiously this time.

"Gee whiz! I've simply got to go to bed," he complained.

"Well, good night," I said hastily. "Sorry we've kept you up so long. See you tomorrow."

"I'll let you out downstairs," said Mangler as we hurried downward. "I'm going to call up the telephone operator and find out just what time it really is."

I sat down on the steps so suddenly that he almost fell over me. "What's the matter?" he complained.

"Hush," I said for want of any better remark. "Mangler, I'd forgotten the most important thing I came to see you about."

"Let it go till tomorrow," said Mangler, yawning again. "I'm too sleepy to talk any more."

"But tomorrow will be too late," I hissed, grabbing him by the arm and hauling him back to the room by main force. "If you don't hear this tonight you'll regret it. It's an awful thing."

"What is it?" said Mangler eagerly.

Darned if I knew.

I hemmed and hawed and walked round the room and asked if he could keep a secret, and got his pledge to do it; but I simply couldn't get a line on what it was. Finally I turned to Allie. "You tell him," I said; "it makes me nervous to think of it."

That was getting even with Bangs all right. I couldn't see him in the darkness, but I could feel his glare.

"You see, Mangler," said Allie, beginning very slowly, "it's just this way."

"Yes, yes," said Mangler after a minute.

"The sophs, you know, are still sore about that party deal where we hoisted Petey in by the window."

"Yes."

"They've sworn to get even with the class, and they say that you were the one who warned Petey," said Allie; speeding up splendidly.

"But I didn't," said Mangler indignantly.

"So we've told them, but they won't believe it. I've even offered to take the consequences myself," said Allie virtuously "but they say they are going to get you and cut off your hair and paint your head with iodine before chapel tomorrow morning."

Mangler was no poet and did not appreciate the beautiful symbolism of sophomore vengeance. He got excited.

"How are they going to do it?" he stammered.

"I don't know," said Allie, "but I suppose they'll just come on up to your room and do it here. That's one reason why I walked up with you tonight."

"Hush," I said, getting into the game: "I heard a whistle below."

They only leave the hole of Carnation doughnuts

You are offering mighty wholesome food when you give your children doughnuts made with

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Carnation Doughnuts

One cup sugar; two tablespoons butter; two eggs; one cup milk; one teaspoon vanilla; two teaspoons baking powder; flour enough to make soft dough; add a pinch of salt; one cup of Carnation Milk and water (half and half) to make soft dough; add one cup of Carnation Milk and water (half and half) to each cup of flour used. Toss on floured board. Roll, cut and fry in deep fat until

Use Carnation Milk in your baking and daily cooking. It's economical and adds to the flavor.

Tell your grocer to send you Carnation Milk today—ask him for a Carnation Recipe Book—free.

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Three 50c Bungalow Books—$1.25

Each has 100 pages; 200 illustrations, exteriors, interiors, plans, etc

Send $1.50 for one, $2.00 for two, $2.25 for all three postpaid. Send stamps or order today.

Complete architect's blue prints only $5 00 a set

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AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER

Novel watch-shaped Lighter. Operated with one hand

for the end of your

Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices.

A. Brandt Lighter Co., 140 Duane St., N Y

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $6.25

Latest style, highest quality

and outside envelopes. Delivery charges prepaid. Engraved

Samples free.

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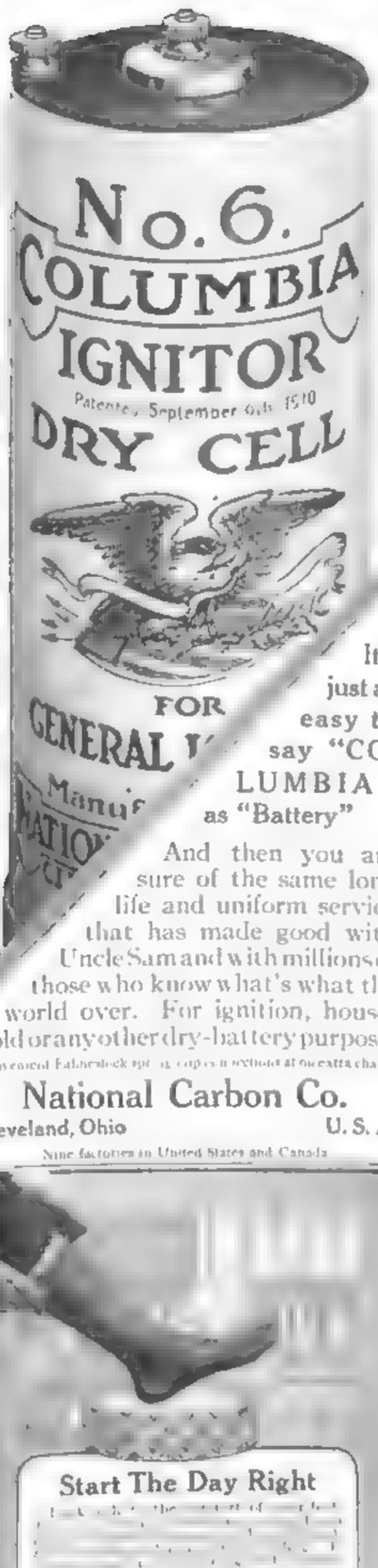


And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

Universal Fahrenheit spelling corrected without extra charge

National Carbon Co.

Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

Nine factories in United States and Canada

We listened nervously. "Allie, come here," I said. We stepped out into the hall. "I'll cut the telephone wires," I whispered hastily.

We came back. "It's all right," said Allie. "Petey has a plan. He'll go down and reconnoiter. We'll stay here and wait for him."

I tiptoed downstairs and went round the house. The telephone wires ran in from the other side. They were too thick to cut; I soon realized that. But I had an old nickel chain attached to my watch—it seemed inevitable that the events of the night should be run by watches—and climbing up a porch pillar I wound it round both wires. Then I started down with triumph surging through me. A voice spoke sharply from the sidewalk.

"Come down out of that and come here," it said.

I jumped the rest of the way and took one look. The voice belonged to a policeman fourteen feet high. It was Red Nelson. I knew him. Thank heaven, I was only a freshman and he didn't know me!

"Come here, you," he cried again, starting my way.

I did not come. I was small and a good sprinter and suddenly I felt an overwhelming desire to manufacture foot tracks. There was a desperate scarcity of foot tracks just then. The whole world yammered for them. He who made them was a philanthropist. I began the publication of a series of 7½ tracks, and never in history were they turned out faster. At the back of the yard I met a high board fence. With the thunder of hoofs behind me I dove for the top, landed on my stomach, wriggled over and darted down the alley. A revolver shot rang out and something pinged into a telephone pole beside me.

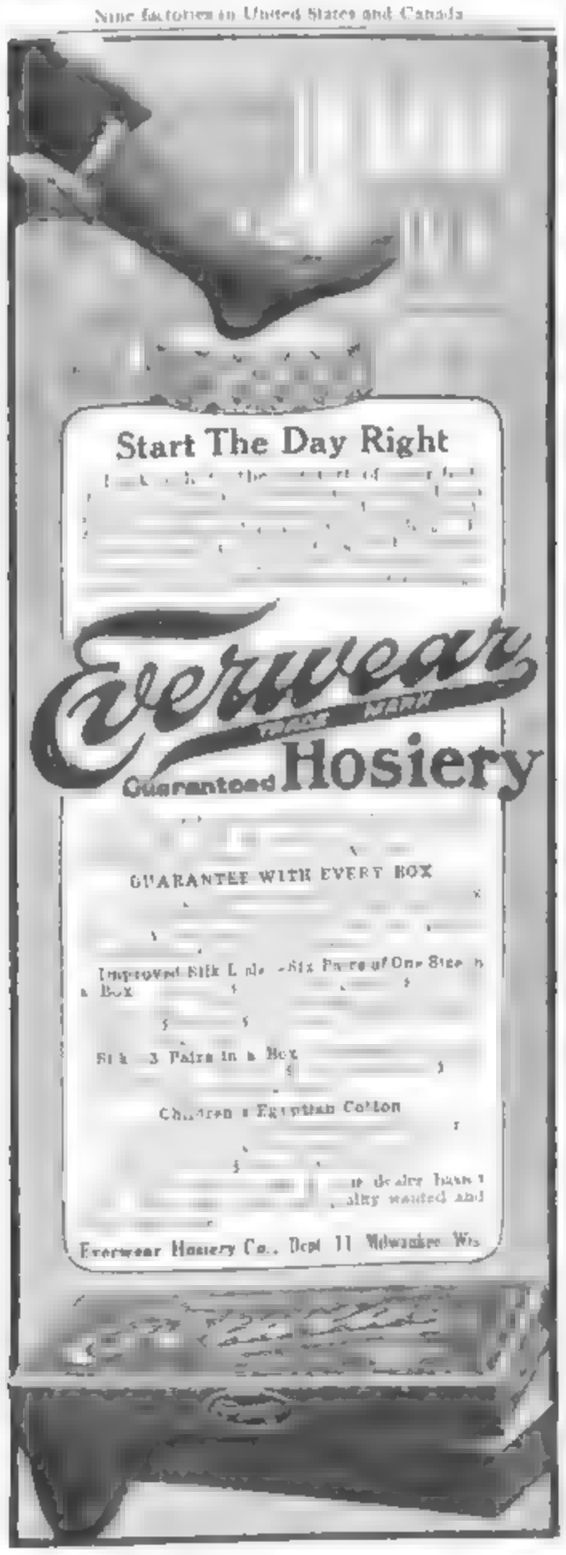
I didn't care. I shouldn't have stopped then to give first aid to a telephone pole if it had been dying. I kept right on making tracks down that alley and putting them farther and farther apart until it seemed to me that I soared between steps. That policeman may have been a good runner, but he had no chance. He had only two legs, and I had two legs and the healthiest scare I'd ever had besides. I went round a corner into another alley so fast I skidded on the turn, ran through a back yard and down into the street and there, just ahead of me, I saw a street car standing all by itself at the end of the track—that is, it didn't have any crew and there was no one in it but an old lady.

I never was partial to Jonesville's trolley cars. They ran so slowly that only the leisure class had time to ride on them. But that car looked as welcome as a celestial chariot. I wanted to go downtown in a great hurry and I believed that if I got into that car and treated it fairly, and didn't stop it at every corner to wait while some Jonesville young man said goodby to his girl on a near-by porch, I could win its love and get good service out of it.

I jumped into the vestibule and turned on the power. My policeman wasn't in sight yet, but as the car started its crew came out of a saloon on the corner. I wasn't doing a thing but saving them the trouble of coaxing the old ark back to town, but you never saw any one so mad about it. They chased me for a block, but it was no use. I turned the controller clear round and we went down the street over that prehistoric track like an early June cyclone, the car leaping and crashing over the loose joints and the poor old lady yelling at every bump. I was sorry for her, but it couldn't be helped. The car gained speed and presently we were filling that sleepy street so full of noise that you could hear the windows rattling on both sides. I saw lights flashing up in the houses as I passed, but I didn't stop to satisfy any one's curiosity. I was out to break a record and I gave my entire attention to the job.

Near the business section a railroad crossed the street and I could see a red lantern waving frantically. So I began to figure out some way of stopping the car, and after several attempts I succeeded. I don't think it was the right way, because I produced the finest little electrical display round the car you ever saw.

I beat it up a side street and round four corners, and finally landed in an alley back of the Eta Bita Pie house. I got in the rear door and sat downstairs in the dark for a generation or two getting my breath and waiting for Allie Bangs. He didn't come in for a long time and he was a sight when he arrived. His clothes were dirty and torn, but he was quite cheerful.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Improved Silk Lisle Six Pairs of One Size in a Box
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Particularly good for wear with the modish, high-cut waistcoats. Combines with the neat appearance of a stiff-bosom shirt the comfort of a soft one. *$1.50 and up.*

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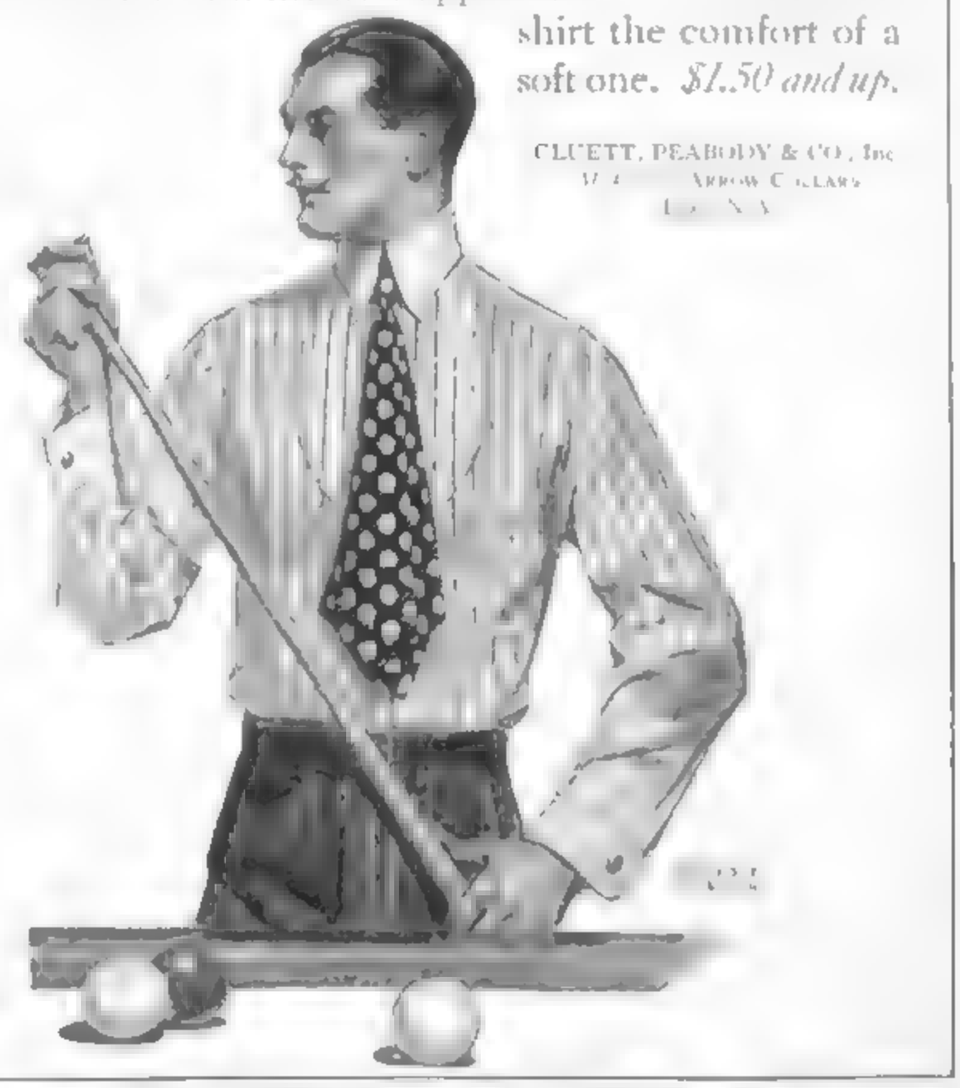

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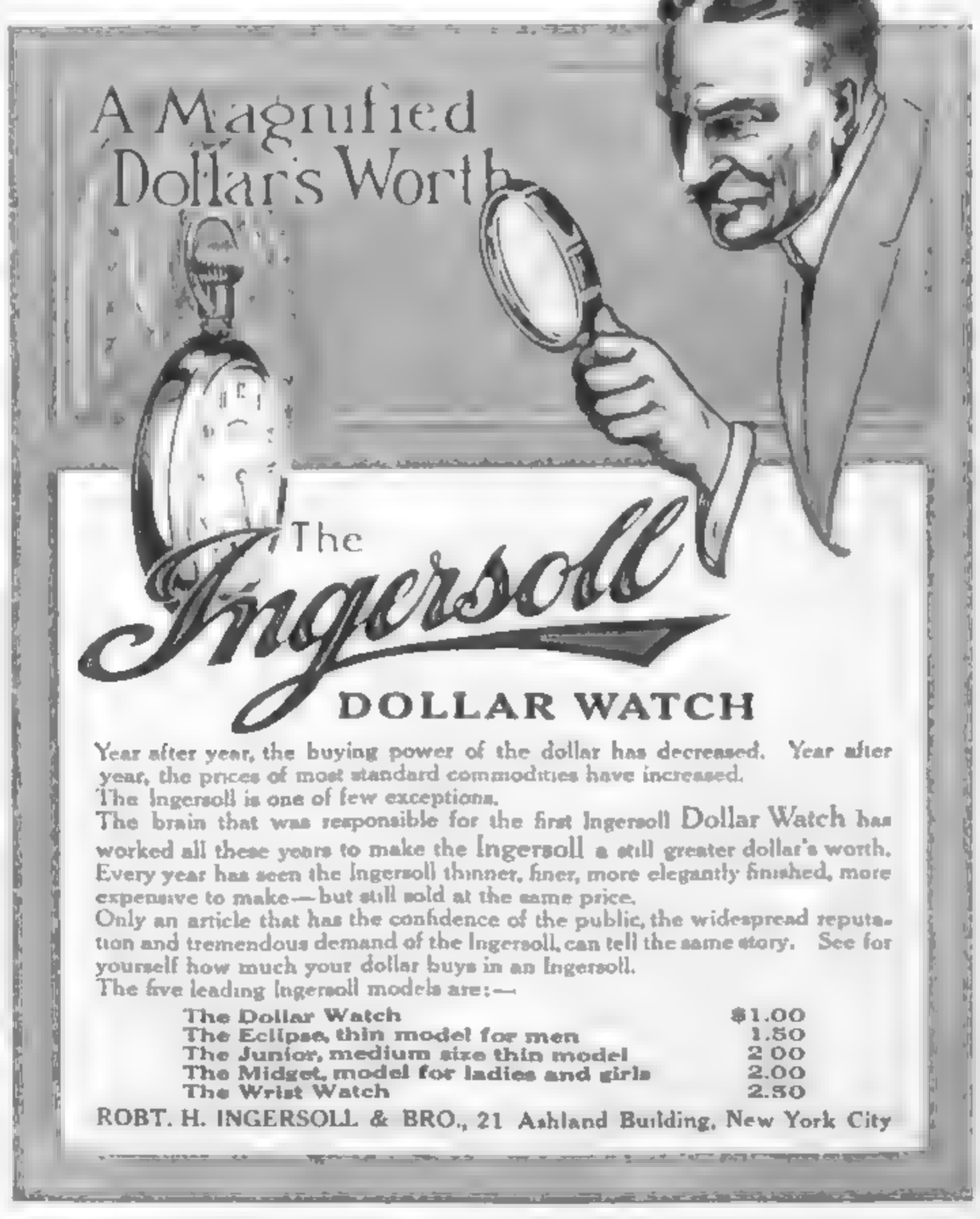

Year after year, the buying power of the dollar has decreased. Year after year, the prices of most standard commodities have increased.
The Ingersoll is one of few exceptions.
The brain that was responsible for the first Ingersoll Dollar Watch has worked all these years to make the Ingersoll a still greater dollar's worth.
Every year has seen the Ingersoll thinner, finer, more elegantly finished, more expensive to make—but still sold at the same price.
Only an article that has the confidence of the public, the widespread reputation and tremendous demand of the Ingersoll, can tell the same story. See for yourself how much your dollar buys in an Ingersoll.
The five leading Ingersoll models are:—

The Dollar Watch	$1.00
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The Junior, medium size thin model	2.00
The Midget, model for ladies and girls	2.00
The Wrist Watch	2.50

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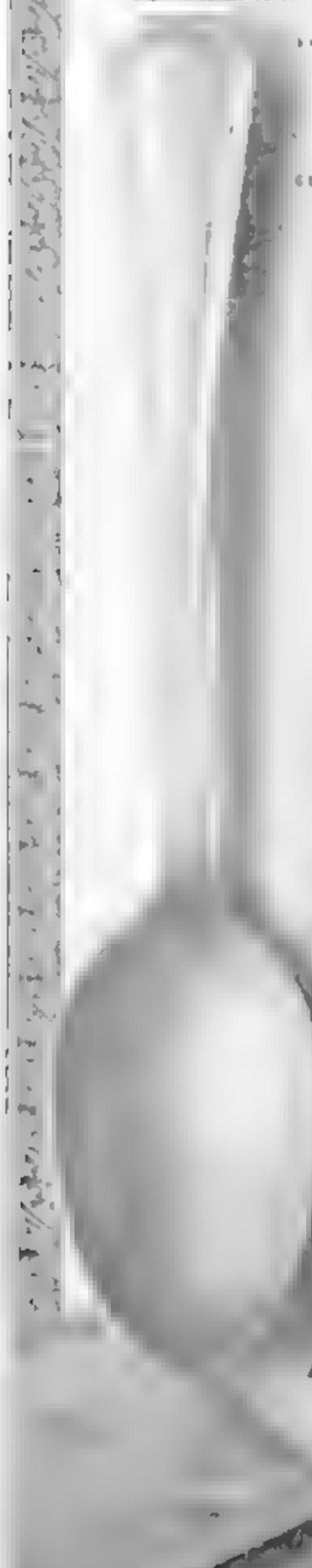
R. WALLACE SILVER

1835 R.WALLACE — R W & S STERLING



"ME an' Mis' Lucy's silver—we all been hyah goin' on fifty years, Ah reckon."

"An' dat silver! Lawsy, it's jes' as fine 'n shiny as when ole Marse gave it to Mis' Lucy on her weddin' day."

This beautiful Alamo pattern is as richly designed and finished as Sterling—the exquisite product of artist-craftsmen with ideals.

Like all "1835 R·Wallace" silver—the kind that *remains* wear—it differs only from Sterling in the metal used.

It is Guaranteed

Without Time Limit

This unqualified guarantee is backed by the firm founded by Robert Wallace, who in the year 1835 made the first German Silver spoon in America.

Write for free booklet, "The Dining Room," including, "How To Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer.

Alamo Pattern

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

"Everything's O. K.," he whispered happily, "but I've worked like a dog to fix it up. Why didn't you come back?"

That magnified all my troubles and I told him hissingly.

"Oh, well," he said cheerfully, "that's nothing. You got a good ride out of it. But listen to my deeds: I finally persuaded Mangler that the sophs had got you and then I had to calm him down and put him to bed. After that I left with his watch in my pocket, feeling pretty good, and I hadn't gone more than four doors until I heard a clock begin to strike. It had a bell as big as the great bell at Moscow and by the time it had struck twelve the whole ward was echoing. It made me mighty mad I can tell you. There are too many pesky clocks in this world anyway. They are a nuisance. Any one who wasn't stone deaf would wake up when that clock struck. It was the grammar-school clock and the villains who made it had it hid up in the tower. I had to get up and doctor it, and maybe it wasn't a sweet job. I went in through the coal hole and over two transoms, and even after I got into the belfry, which wasn't so feverish up there in the wind, let me tell you I had my troubles. I'm no jeweler you know, and I couldn't decide what to do with that clock. But I unhooked a few weights and things and messed round with the wheels and was turning a lever when the blamed thing began to strike again. I shinned out of that building as fast as I could and came over here. It was still striking when I came in. I guess it's struck about three hundred by this time."

After that we went to bed; but I didn't sleep much, thinking of what had happened and what might happen. It had been a mighty hard night and discouraging in many ways, but at any rate we had served a brother, and the thought of his pleased face as he leaped from the class room at exactly 8:05 the next morning was a lot of comfort. We went down to college to see the fun.

We got there just at eight o'clock, and I must confess I was as nervous as a bridegroom during the next five minutes. What if our plans had gone wrong after all and Professor Wogg should get in under the wire? What if there should be more clocks in the house, or if that chump Mangler should make a nuisance of himself in some new way and spoil it all? But Professor Wogg didn't come.

The class didn't come either. We waited five minutes more and then went upstairs full of painful thoughts. The class room was empty. It was completely and infernally empty. In fact the door was locked.

We went downtown and walked round to cool ourselves off. We'd saved Byers evidently, but how had we managed to overdo the job so? We hadn't stopped all the clocks in Jonesville. We were still struggling with the problem when chapel time came, and when we found Byers on his way in we drew him aside firmly, by the neck, and asked him why he didn't come to class.

"Why, didn't you hear Professor Wogg announce in chapel yesterday that he was going to Chicago today to meet his old mother?" asked Byers in surprise. "He hasn't any classes today."

Then we both kicked Byers frantically and demanded of him why he hadn't told us. But he couldn't see why he should have done so, even after we informed him that he had been saved by our herculean efforts. He insisted on viewing it all as a joke. In fact he didn't believe anything we said and we were afraid to prove it. Saving dough-headed brothers who don't care a hang whether they are saved or not is discouraging work.

The only comfort we got out of the whole affair was from the evening paper which, for once, reeked with news. The city was full of thugs and desperadoes, it declared. An attempt had been made to burglarize Professor Wogg's home. The fire department had been called out by hoodlums. Some one had stolen a street car from mere malice and had burned out its motors and stalled the whole Eighth Street line. The clock of the North Side Grammar School had gone insane and had struck 678 times, being quieted finally on demand of the frantic neighborhood by an ax in the hands of the janitor.

All of which was quite a little excitement for two freshmen to accomplish all by their lonely selves. We deserved the thanks of the city editor, but we never went round to collect them.

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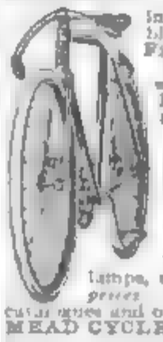

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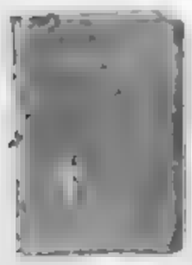

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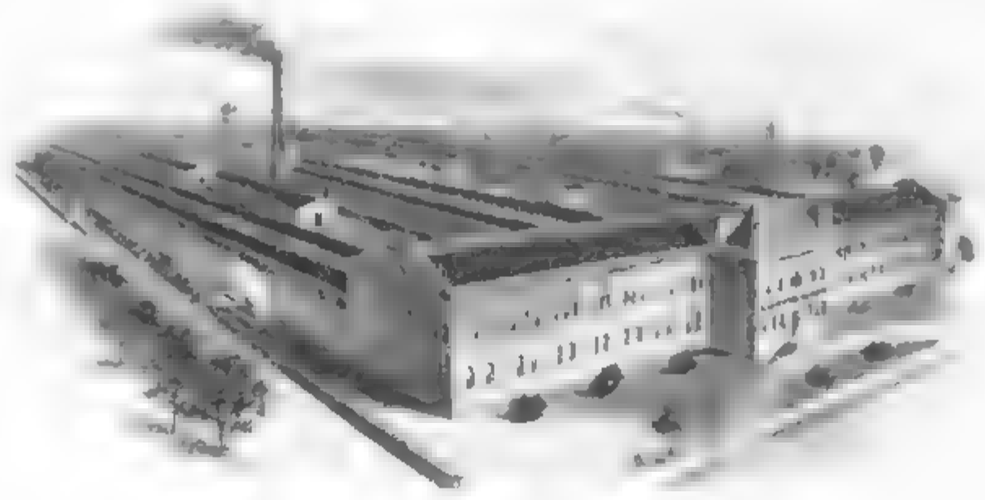

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Success in motor car building is the outgrowth of combined study, hard work and experience, backed by sound business judgment. We have adhered to these principles.

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We have prepared an interesting fact-story about 1914 Imperial cars and about our organization. You should read this book before making your motor car choice. You will find therein ample proof of the worth of our cars, the honesty of the prices and the service behind them. Your copy is ready. Write for Catalog B.

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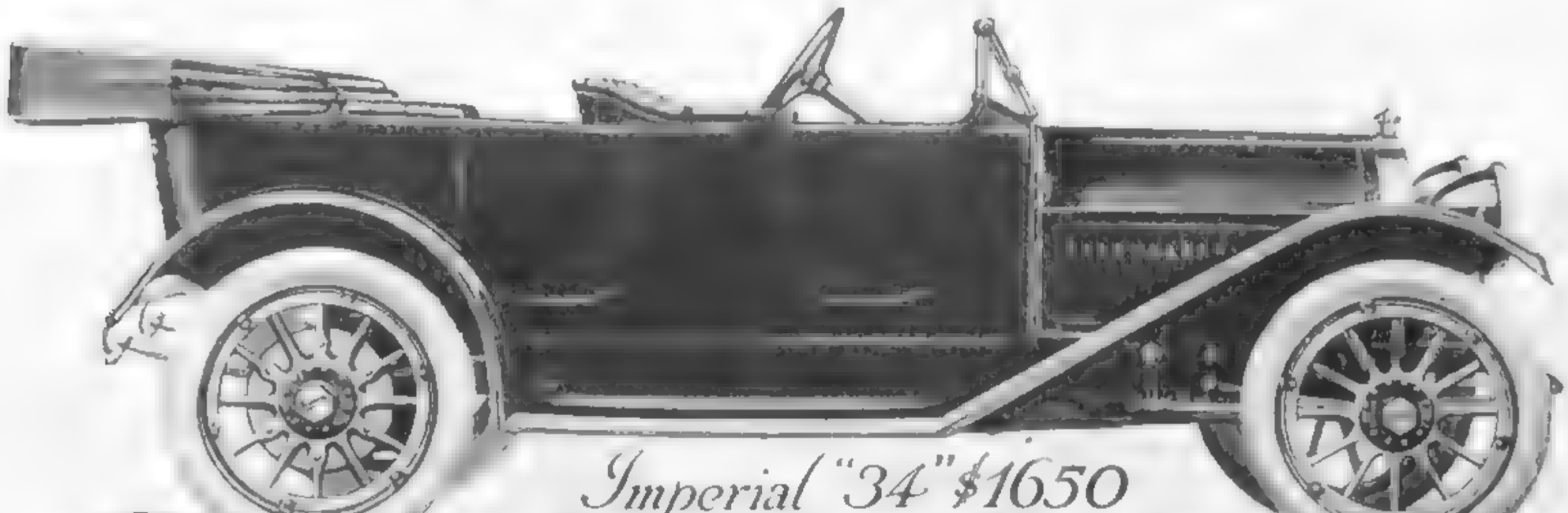
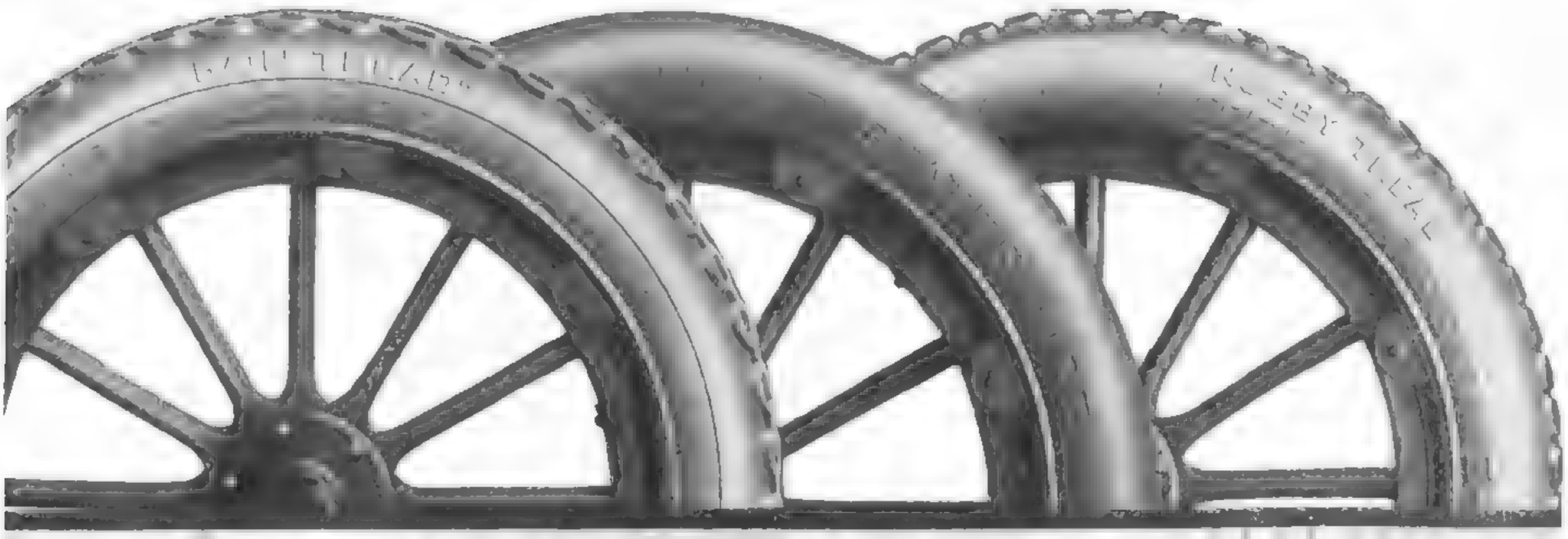
Imperial Automobile Co., Jackson, Michigan



Imperial "34" $1650



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United States Tires

Made by the

Largest Rubber Company in the World

JACOB PLAYS A COUNTERPART

(Continued from Page 10)

differences, and I guess he's been considerable of a trial to you, but I say he's a fine feller, and if he was my son I'd be proud of him. If I had a partner with his ideas and git-up and a little capital—well, that don't make no difference—I'm here to tell you that that boy of yours has took a tumble to himself and"—Mr. Wicks paused impressively—"and I know where he is," he concluded.

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Concannon's voice, choked with emotion, said: "Where is he?"

"He's working in my store," answered Mr. Wicks triumphantly—"working like a nailer, too, and I want to tell you he ain't took a dollop since he's been with me and I've had my eye on him mighty close. He don't know I know who he is, and he don't know I've come to see you. I found out who he was by—by accident. I'd took a notion to him from the first and I'm not often mistook in a young man, and this one's made good with me. My wife and my daughter and everybody think just as much of him as I do. I says to my wife, says I——"

Mr. Wicks stopped abruptly. The old man had risen from his chair, and stood towering in his rawboned, ungainly bulk over the prim, neat little grocer, his eyes blazing under his shaggy brows.

"Why, you pin-headed fool," rumbled the bass voice, "what are you talking about? What do you mean, cutting in here with this cock-and-bull yarn? What do you take me for? Suppose I don't know where my son is? It isn't any secret. He's in a jag asylum, that's where he is, and you ought to be in an asylum for idiots!"

Mr. Wicks opened and shut his mouth like a fish in the agonies of asphyxiation.

"I saw him yesterday, if you want to know," vouchsafed Mr. Concannon, pressing a buzzer with emphasis. "If he's got away and reformed since then he's been mighty quick about it. Good morning."

The color had come back to Mr. Wicks' face in a flood. "You can take my account off your books," he snarled. "I never——"

"Go to the devil!" roared the old man.

It was an altogether unnecessary proceeding that Mr. Concannon had so vociferously urged on Mr. Wicks, for as that gentleman left, which he did promptly if not precipitately, the devil of wrath had come to him, and by the time he had reached the station the fire of hate was burning briskly in his bosom, with the diabolical stoker adding fresh fuel at judicious intervals. He stared from the train window with an unseeing eye, recalling that interview word by word, his small, closely set ears tingling and crimson. He tried to form plans for vengeance that would bring the house of Concannon to a crashing mass of ruin. He thought of the cutting, searing things that he might have said.

In the store, fifteen miles away, Jacob was in the wareroom plying hammer and jimmy on some cases of California canned goods, and whistling cheerfully while he worked. He was in a happy and hopeful frame of mind. He had been getting happier and hopefuller daily ever since that Sunday dinner. He wrenched the splintery covers from the cases recklessly and pitched the empties afar with joy in the resounding bang and clatter thereof.

In the train Mr. Wicks continued to chew the bitter cud of retrospection. He ought to have slapped the insulting old brute on his huge jaw. That's what he ought to have done—just slapped him—slapped him good! What had kept him from doing it? Was it compunction—a contemptuous magnanimity? Well, perhaps not. It simply didn't occur to him to do it. But if it were to be all over again, why then—he mentally pictured himself chastising Mr. Concannon, not severely, of course, but smartly, then slamming the old blackguard down in his chair. "Now will you be good, dad fetch you! You just stay there and the next time——"

In the store at that moment Jacob was building a tasteful structure of cans on a counter end. At a central stage of the erection the door opened and a vision in pink entered. There was a bang and a succession of bangs, and cans rolled hither and yon. Followed an exclamation from the architect and a musical ripple of laughter from the vision in pink.

"Here, I'll help you pick them up," said Miss Wicks, for it was indeed that young lady.

"You ought to," declared Jacob. "If you hadn't come in just then I'd have had the Parthenon and the Acropolis and the Cathedral all puzzled out. Not that I'm attaching any blame to you," he added.

They both stooped for a can together and their heads almost touched. Jacob was aware of a delicate perfume from her hair that made him dizzy.

"Just for that I'll let you pick them up yourself," she said, and her face was almost as pink as her frock as their eyes met.

"Ethel——" began Jacob.

"I'm quite sure that I haven't given you permission to——"

"Rachel."

"I'm going to write a letter at father's desk," said Miss Wicks. "Please try not to be so clumsy—Jacob."

In the train a man had sauntered from his seat to the water cooler. He was youngish, round-faced and nattily dressed. On the seat opposite to the one he had left were two neat cowhide sample cases. Having refreshed himself the youngish, round-faced man's protuberant milky eyes fell upon Mr. Wicks, whereupon he assumed a beaming smile, walked up to the grocer and smote him genially on the shoulder.

"Greetings!" said the round-faced man heartily. "How's the boy? Here's a joyful surprise!"

Mr. Wicks turned on him a countenance crimson with rage. "You fresh, pop-eyed jackanapes!" he sputtered. "What do you mean, slapping me on the back, dad fetch your impidence!"

Concannon's salesman was as crimson as the grocer. "Why, Mr. Wicks," he stammered, "I didn't mean——"

"Go to the devil!" exploded Mr. Wicks.

In the store Miss Wicks sat at her father's desk behind its friendly screen. Jacob occupied a half seat on the desk itself and held one of the young woman's hands in his own as he talked to her.

"It's the craziest thing I ever heard of," declared Ethel. "I hardly know yet whether you are in earnest. Yes, I do. Don't, please! You're sure it isn't just a fancy? I didn't mean that. I know it isn't. Do remember where you are. What puzzles me is father. What he will say——"

"Mr. Wicks is like a second father to me, darling of darlings," said Jacob. "I don't anticipate any opposition from him. He may shy a little at stockbroking, but after all it isn't much worse than the retail grocery business. Oh, Ethel, sweetheart, if you only knew how——"

He possessed himself of her other hand, and beaming drew her toward him—slowly, very slowly. Then with the suddenness of a released spring they were apart, guiltily aware of Mr. Wicks standing and glowering at them.

For a short space Mr. Wicks just stood and glowered from face to face; then confining himself to Jacob he spoke.

"You take off that there apron and get right out of here," he said thickly.

"Father!" cried Ethel.

"See here, Mr. Wicks, I can explain——" began Jacob.

"Explain nothing," interrupted Mr. Wicks. "You get out. I don't want you round here. Ain't that enough for you, or'll I have to boot you out? You're no good. Get out."

Jacob took off his apron, folded it neatly and laid it on a chair. "Of course I'll get out if you wish me to," he said gravely; "only I'd like, if you don't mind, to have you tell me why I'm dismissed. That's only fair, isn't it?"

"Father," cried Ethel with flashing eyes, "you're behaving outrageously."

"Why he's dismissed?" gurgled the grocer. "Why? Because—because he's no account, that's why. He's balled everything up ever since he's been in the store, that's why. Because he's lost me trade and lost me money right along, that's why. Because I came back here and found him—loafing. Because I won't have him here."

"That may be all true, but you've given me to understand that I was doing nobly," said Jacob. "It's a trifle sudden, that's all."

"He's always told mother and me that you were splendid," added Ethel. "Only yesterday he said——"

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in a MANHATTAN pipe, because the *perfect MANHATTAN workmanship* enables you to enjoy *all* the goodness there is in the tobacco.

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Rolls **Roofing** Shingles

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You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure that the Certain-teed Quality Label is on each roll.

Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

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Many men find themselves butting a stone wall—trying to support their families and give them the little luxuries to which they're entitled—with a salary that cannot stand the strain. When a man finds himself in that position, it's time to sit down and think.

There are two courses. One is to cut down his living expenses—a step which must cause his family disappointment, regret, even hardship. The other is to increase his income. Increase his income—yes—and without sacrificing his regular work. How is it to be done?

We have the answer—if you are not afraid of work. We employ hundreds of men and women who like you have only their spare time to devote to earning that *extra money* they need. We need hundreds more—several in your town, in your city.

If you can give one hour a week, two hours, five hours, to securing subscriptions and renewals to *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* from your acquaintances and friends, you can earn from five to twenty dollars a week extra—from $250.00 to $1000.00 a year in addition to your regular salary. And your clientele, once established, will continue year-in and year-out to yield you the same revenue. Is it worth while? Thousands of men and women, trying to make both ends meet, have proved to themselves that it is distinctly worth while. For we stood by and helped them to success. May we do the same for you? Write a letter to

The Agency Division, Box 120

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Another thing"—Mr. Wicks broke in—"another thing is that he's an impostor. He's a fraud. He's —— Here, look at this."

From a drawer in his desk he took a folded newspaper, opened it and spread it flat on the desk with a vicious slap of his open hand.

An excellent half-tone picture of the *soi-disant* Mr. Duffy smiled at them from the page. Below it was the explanatory text:

"Eddie Concannon, the sportive scion of 'Sugary Con,' millionaire grocery wholesaler, who yesterday lost his job."

There was a gasp from Ethel and a low whistle from Jacob.

"Young Concannon is in an inebriate asylum," snarled Mr. Wicks, slapping the paper violently. "What's more, he's been there ever since he and the old man had the racket. Do you see, Ethy? This feller comes here on the strength of that picture, looking like him, and fools me into giving him a job. That's why he's going out of here and going in a hurry."

Ethel looked at Jacob. Her heightened color and the shine of her eyes were good to see. The young man nodded and smiled reassuringly and she went to him and clasped her hands on his arm. "I don't quite understand it all," she said; "but if you are going and want me to go with you, Jacob, I'm ready this minute. I know you never pretended you were anybody but yourself."

"I'm afraid I have, dear," admitted Jacob sorrowfully.

"You see!" said Mr. Wicks triumphantly. "Ethy, you come away from that feller."

Ethel clasped his arm the tighter and her father took a step toward her.

"Just a moment, Mr. Wicks," said Jacob. "Let me show you something else in that paper." He turned to the sporting page and laid his finger on another picture. "Do you get this?"

Mr. Wicks read: "Jacob Du Fay, whose dash and pluck, added to his splendid playing, turned the tide to victory in yesterday's polo match." The picture was of a coarse-featured sleepy-looking young fellow with a thick, drooping lower lip and a weak chin.

"That's young Concannon," said Jacob. "I saw him turned out of a restaurant once and I'd swear to him in a thousand. I'm Jacob Du Fay. Perhaps you know Du Fay & Edinger, Mr. Wicks—stockbrokers. Mr. Du Fay is my uncle, but I'm in the firm. I think there was a little mix-up about those pictures in the Record office."

He waited for a moment for that to penetrate.

"You know my uncle owns that new bungalow at Indian Head," he went on. "I was week-ending there and met Ethel at the Glen Hollow dance. That's what made me strike you for a job. I may add that my uncle has seen Ethel more than once and has given us his provisional blessing. He'll identify me at any time. Suppose you phone him?"

Mr. Wicks sank into his chair and leaned on the desk, his head in his hands. Ethel patted him encouragingly on the shoulder. After a moment he looked up.

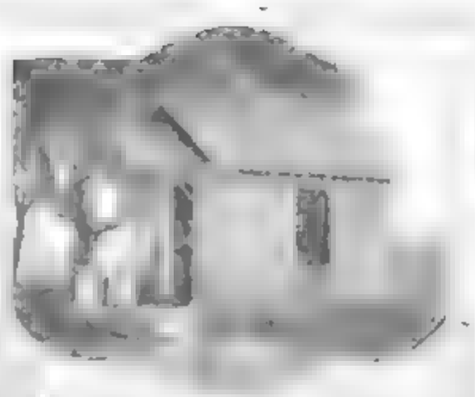
"Jake," he said, "I don't want you should think—honest, I took a notion to you from the first. Ethy'll tell you that. But the pictures—well, I got rubbed the wrong way this afternoon and I was sore when I come in here, and—and one thing with another——"

"It's all right," Jacob assured him. "But if you don't mind I'd like to have the opportunity of finishing what I was saying to Ethel when you arrived. I was on the point of asking a question that I'm anxious to have answered, so——"

"If you'll excuse me a minute," said Mr. Wicks obligingly, rising as he spoke.

On the other side of the screen he paused. He couldn't help it. He was habitually that way. He heard Ethel say: "Are you really and truly anx——" A smothered murmur.

He walked away, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I think I can look at a man and size him up," he murmured happily. "First time I seen him I took a look at him. 'You'll do,' says I."



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THE ORIGINAL

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Stewart Hartshorn

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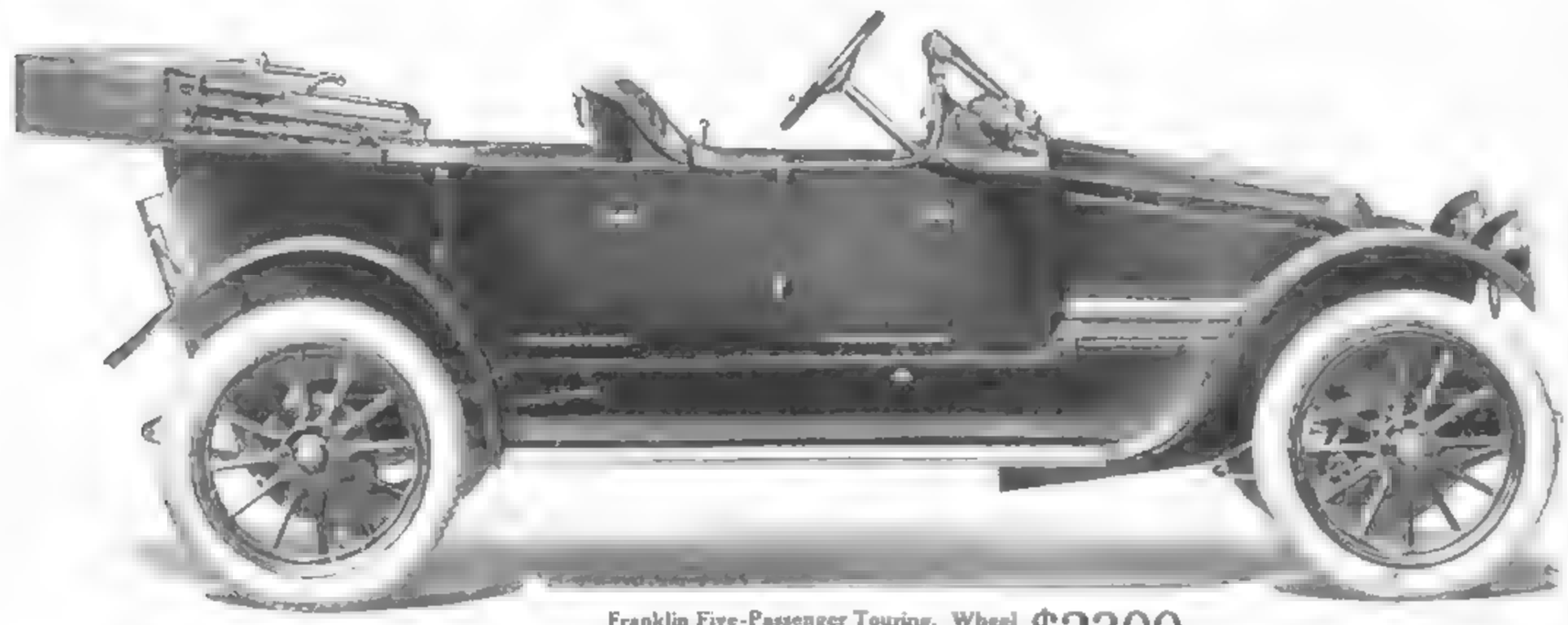
Agency Division, Box 121

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia

New Series Franklin Six Thirty

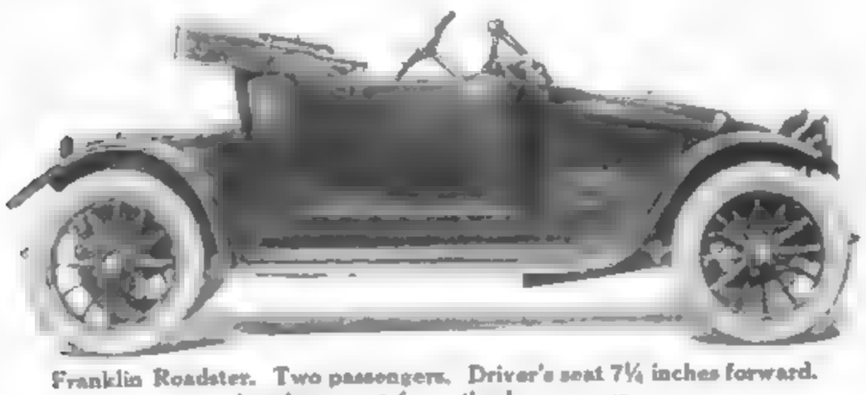


Franklin Five-Passenger Touring. Wheel Base 120 inches, Tread 56 inches . . . $2300

THE weight of the new series Franklin Six Thirty fully equipped is only 2700 pounds. This light weight is secured through scientific design, direct cooling and the use of the very finest materials.

Tires are 34" x 4½". The wheel base is 120", tread 56". The steering wheel is on the left side with center control levers. Two doors to the front seat permit entrance from either side.

The new series Franklin Six Thirty is built with six body types—five-passenger touring, two-passenger roadster, coupé, sedan, limousine, and Berlin. The touring model is a full size five-passenger car with 50" rear seat. The distance from the dash to the front seat is 27½". Luxurious in the extreme and just right for touring, the car is not too large for convenience and economy in city use. All bodies are made of aluminum and new in design.



Franklin Roadster. Two passengers. Driver's seat 7¼ inches forward. Auxiliary seat for a third passenger.

The direct-cooled, vibrationless six-cylinder engine, free from the weight and complication of water cooling apparatus, in combination with the light weight of the car, insures maximum ability and smooth running.

Full-elliptic springs, wood chassis frame, long wheel base, large tires and small unsprung weight give a riding comfort that is little short of phenomenal.

A light, flexible car with large tires secures great tire mileage. Tire service is so reliable that extra tires are not carried.

Direct cooling and light weight make low operating cost. Gasoline bills and tire bills are not a burden. The Franklin has long held the world's record for gasoline economy, and recently in a test made by the Automobile Club of America with a special Franklin car, the record was put at the almost unbelievable point of 83.5 miles on one gallon.

Types and Prices

The different types of bodies are interchangeable on the one chassis which constitutes the entire Franklin line

Five-passenger touring car	$2300
Two-passenger roadster	2300
Coupé	2950
Sedan	3200
Limousine	3300
Berlin	3400

F. O. B. Syracuse.

All types are equipped with Entz electric starter, which is a simple, single unit, direct-connected system operated by one switch that also controls the magneto. With the Entz the motor cannot stall. Speedometer and electric horn are included in the equipment

Specifications

Motor—
Six cylinder, thirty horse power
Cylinders. 3⅛" x 4", cast individually
Valves in head.
7 Crank Shaft Bearings
Cooling. Direct cooled.
Oiling. Re-circulating type.
Oil Capacity. 1½ gallons in sub-base
Ignition. Eisemann high-tension magneto, single system
Control. Throttle control by lever on quadrant. Spark advance automatically regulated. Foot accelerator.
Carburetor. Special float feed, Franklin type

Gasoline Tank—
Location. Under front seat
Capacity. 14½ gallons. Reserve 2½ gallons

Clutch—
Multiple disc, running in oil, in fly wheel of motor.

Transmission—Selective sliding
Three forward speeds, one reverse

Drive—Shaft. Gear reduction. 3.71 to 1

Axles—
Front. Tubular, with Timken roller bearings
Rear. Live rear axle, semi-floating with Timken roller bearings.

Tires—
34 x 4½ inches. Non-skid rear.

Steering—Worm and gear

Brakes—
Service. Double-acting on transmission drum operated by pedal.
Emergency. Double-acting on rear wheel drums operated by hand lever

Springs—Full-elliptic. 40 x 1¾ inches.

Wheel-Base—120 inches.
Tread. 56 inches.

Body—Sheet aluminum.
Color. Brewster Green with black trimmings
Hood. Franklin sloping type, made of aluminum
Windshield. Adjustable, folding.
Top. Full extension on touring.
Three bow on roadster.

Speedometer—Corbin-Brown.

Starter—Entz electric starting and lighting system

Lighting—Electric throughout with dimmer for headlights.

Horn—Electric.

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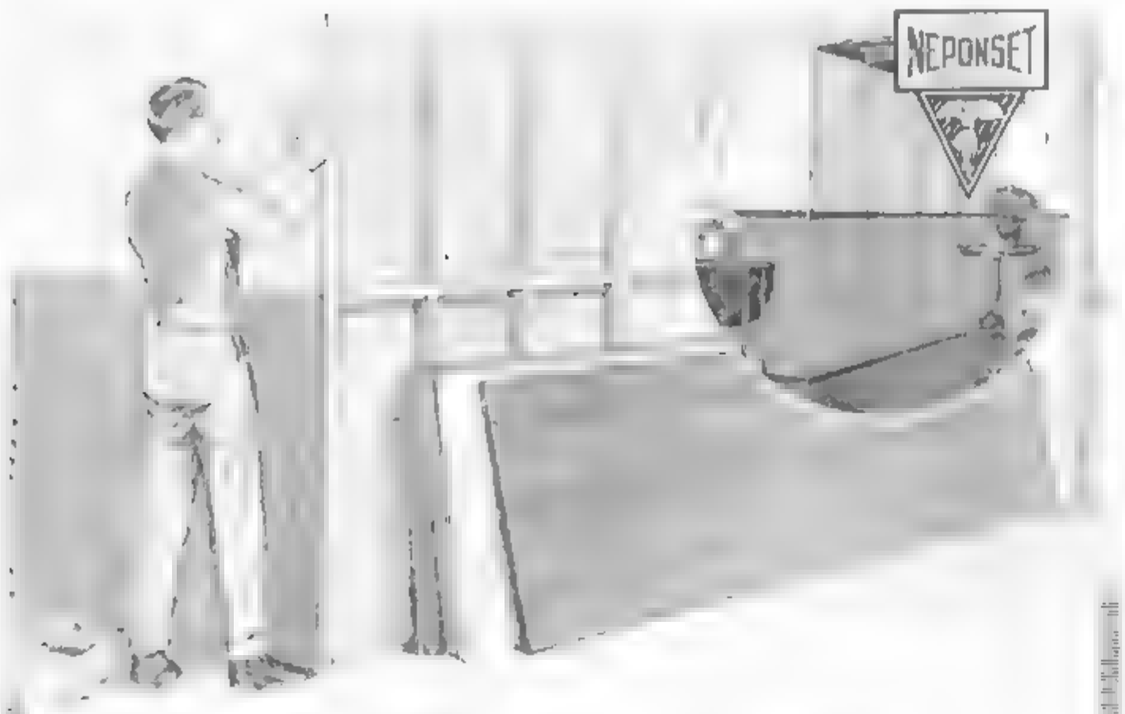

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The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 25)

I knew that she had called to find out something she either feared or anticipated.

Later when the telephone rang again I rushed to it frantically, sure that I should hear what it was—the something that hung over me like a gloom, like a part of the dreariness of the day. This time it was father calling to say that he would not be home to lunch, that he was unavoidably detained. His voice was tense, like the tones of a man at the wheel in a storm who had no time to parley. He hung up before I had time to frame a question. I called his office, determined to know. The clerk informed me that he was not in; that he and Colonel Buckhaulter had gone out to the old office of the West Meadow Land Company. This was strange. David had abandoned his office out there the previous year and had taken handsomer ones in the Bank Building downtown. No, the clerk replied to my question, he did not know when they would return. Some trouble, he believed, connected with Mr. Brock. No, he did not know what the trouble was.

The day wore on. The rain increased—a steady downpour. The streets were deserted, as if every one were somewhere behind closed doors with this mystery. Only a heavily loaded dray passed now and then, the driver crouching upon the seat with his head sidewise against the blown torrents of rain, the slowly moving horses steaming in the drenched air.

When I could bear the suspense no longer I put on my hat and raincoat, seized an umbrella and started out to call on Mrs. Buckhaulter. I was beside myself with this nameless anxiety. I almost ran along the deserted street opposite the park. I resolved to ask a thousand questions, even to reveal the very secret of my heart. So far pride had kept me silent. I knew only what every one in Millidge knew of David's infatuation for Alice; but the rest I did not know. I merely understood from a word or sentence overheard, from an occasional dark intimation from Francis, that David had been facing overwhelming disaster in his business for some time.

I found Mrs. Buckhaulter seated before the fire in her parlor, knitting a white muffler. The ball of soft yarn rolled from her lap to the floor as I entered the room.

"Why, Joy dear, I was just wishing some one would drop in, but not hoping it. The day is so dreary. Draw up to the fire."

I stooped to pick up the ball, restored it, only to see it roll down from her fat knees on the other side.

"Never mind, let it go," she protested as I rose to get it. "That ball thinks it's a lamb still! It wanders over this floor every afternoon," she laughed complacently; then looking at me sharply she added: "You are excited, as if you'd been running to see a fire."

"I did hurry. The rain blew so I was afraid of getting wet," I admitted.

The sight of her calmly knitting affected me strangely. It was like a command to steady myself. I found it impossible to frame the question that was knocking noisily in my breast. I sat watching her, listening to the rhythmic click of her needles, fascinated by the sight of her pudgy fingers casting the thread so skillfully.

"You must learn to knit, Joy," she said presently without looking up. "The sooner you do the sooner you will have the only harmless, natural means in the world for keeping your balance. We none of us are really sane, you know; we are keyed too high. You can't solve your problems by crocheting an afghan, but you can absorb them with the thread, weave them into the fabric, get them out of the mind, where the more you think about them the larger they grow. I often say that if younger women took to knitting more they'd have less need of headache medicines and narcotics." She dropped her needles, wound the wool again round her little finger, elevated it upon her forefinger and went on more rapidly, as if some secret excitement made the needles fly faster.

"All this New Thought you hear so much about amounts to the same thing. Just an occult form of knitting, and not nearly so safe, because it involves and enslaves the mind.

"I hear Alice has become a Yogi—lies flat on her back three times a day, inhales while she counts four, exhales while she counts four, does it thirty-six times. She says it enables her to get in unison with her astral shape!" she grunted contemptuously "a sure sign she's reached the end of her rope. When a woman takes to the voice of the silence, and to deep breathing, you may know she's either trying to hypnotize a bad conscience or she's begging the question of living."

She went on and on in this manner as the hour passed. I understood finally that it was the way she chose of insuring my silence, of keeping me from asking the questions she somehow knew I had come to ask. Presently we both heard the high tenor voice of a child in the street. Mrs. Buckhaulter fidgeted. The shrill cry came nearer:

"All about the Failure of the West Meadow Land Company! President David Brock attempts to take his life! Extra five o'clock Gazette just out! All the latest news!"

I sprang from my chair and ran to the window. A little boy carrying a wallet stuffed with Gazettes came flying down the street. Doors were flung open, men and women hurried bareheaded into the rain to get the papers, as he passed making little rolls of them and whirling them dexterously as far as he could across each lawn.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Buckhaulter, "I had forgotten that little scandalmongering newsboy. Don't go out, Joy; some one would be sure to see you." She threw her knitting aside, arose from her chair and caught me by the arm as I made for the door.

"Thomas," she called, opening it and speaking to the butler, "bring the paper in!"

He had it already. Mrs. Buckhaulter snatched it from him and, walking back to the fire, she crammed it into the grate. Then she seated herself and resumed her knitting.

"All an exaggeration!" she fumed.

"But," I cried, wringing my hands, "what has happened? That boy said David had tried to kill himself."

"No, he didn't! Sit down, Joy; I told you you ought to learn how to knit. If you had something methodical to do now it would ——"

"Oh, don't torture me!" I cried, sinking into my chair and covering my face with my hands.

"I tell you it is just a newspaper story. I know all about what has happened. David has failed in business. His affairs have been in bad shape for some time. It seems that Emmet Marshall bought those mortgages Marcellus turned over to the bank, and all the others he could get on David's investment here. David could not make the payments on them when they fell due. I don't know how it was, I have no head for these things; but I know Emmet foreclosed yesterday. David is ruined; but he'll be able to turn over enough securities to cancel his indebtedness. It's very unfortunate. Such a fine young man ruined by the vanity of a wicked woman! I hope the time will come when the real criminal in these tragedies can be made to suffer what she deserves!" She snapped her thread in the violence of her emotion.

"But David!" I exclaimed, lifting my face and staring at her wildly.

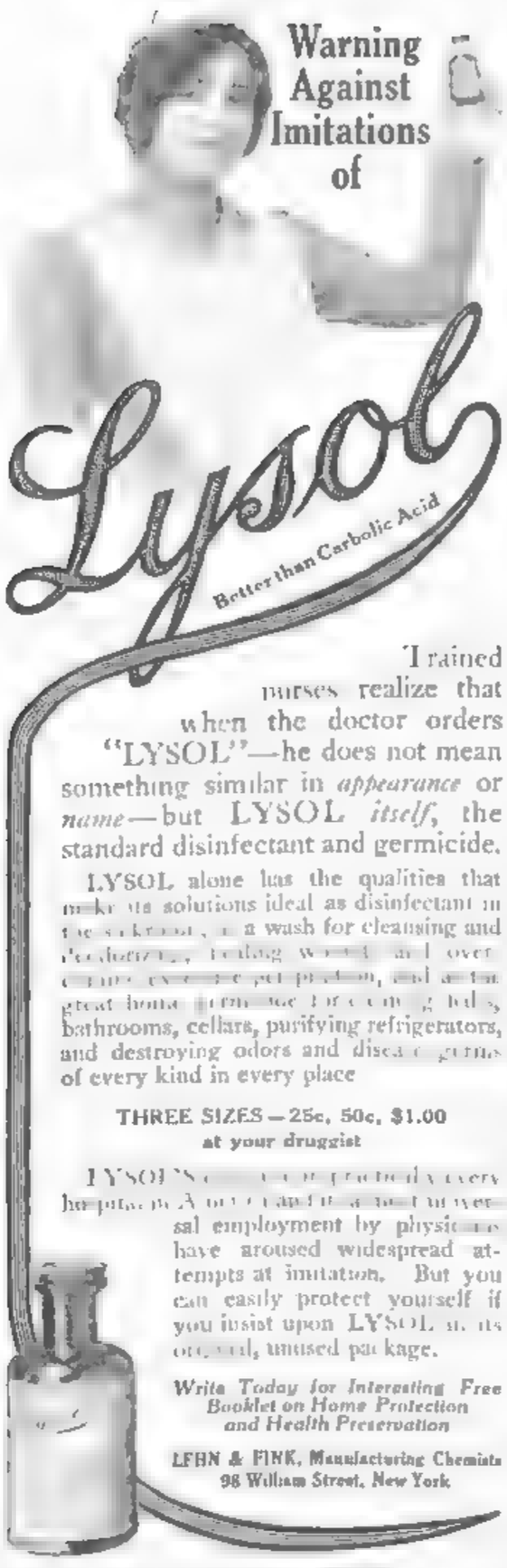
"There's nothing the matter with David. He's probably soberer today than he's been for months. Marcellus says he looks like a man who has come out of a long delirium. He says he's more like the young fellow now who came to Millidge four years ago than he's been for an age. Marcellus always liked him."

"But you are not telling me all. I want to know what happened," I persisted.

"I tell you nothing happened, except that he is ruined financially. His friends have been with him all day. Everything is settled. He's leaving Millidge at once, I believe; and that's the best thing he can do under the circumstances. We are all so thankful that it's no worse and that he'll be able to pay what he owes."

"Is he ill?" I asked.

"No, he's all right now. His friends were anxious last night—men are so foolish! It seems that when he did not appear at the ball where he was expected some one who knew the state of affairs became anxious. I believe it was Charlie Archibald. He could not find David at his rooms in the hotel and no one knew where he was. The wildest rumors were afloat. It was reported that he had absconded, that he had shot himself—you know how things grow from mouth to mouth. Just after we returned



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home last night the telephone rang. It was Charlie. He was out at the old West Meadow office. He said he had found David there in a very bad condition, and he wanted Marcellus to come out. He said he'd be obliged to go back home because he couldn't leave Alice.

"Marcellus was with David the remainder of the night. He says he doesn't know what David might have done if he'd stayed there alone all night. He was beside himself. You know he's been very dissipated these two years. He never once mentioned doing anything desperate, but nobody knows what a man may do when he is unstrung the way he was. He did have a gun, Marcellus tells me, and he didn't want any one to stay with him, but he quieted down at last and dropped off to sleep. Your father went out early this morning to relieve Marcellus. Later Mr. Leigh and Mr. Gillfilling joined him, and Marcellus went back with the lawyers this afternoon. Just before you came in he telephoned me that everything had been arranged and that David had quite recovered from the shock, and had devoted himself like a sensible man to the settling of his affairs.

"That's the whole story," she concluded. "I wouldn't read the account of it in the Gazette. Emmet owns the paper and he's never been friendly to David."

When the worst has happened it leaves a silence behind it: it fills the mind with a strange conviction. Mrs. Buckhaulter had nothing more to say. It was as if she aided me thus in dressing a wound. We had tea. She hoped the weather would be better tomorrow. She left off knitting, as if that had served its purpose. But when I was ready to go she reached out her hand, drew me down and kissed me tenderly, pressed my face to hers. I realized then that she was weeping, for I felt the tears upon her cheek. My own eyes were dry.

"Women are poor creatures, dear," she whispered. "They challenge fate with their hearts and fail. They sow laughter and gather tears. That is the harvest they make for themselves. You were mad not to have accepted David three years ago; then all this would not have happened."

"But I could not marry a penniless adventurer," I replied calmly.

She gave me a look in which a faint humor was mixed with admiration and astonishment.

"Go on, Joy! You came perilously near digesting your sins like a man. Who said that? Somebody! I am incapable of thinking a thing so near the wisdom of the devil," she laughed.

The rain had changed to a mist. The short winter day was drawing to a close. I entered the Park, purposing to walk there a while before returning home. I took the path by the lake, thankful for the gathering gloom that concealed me, for the deserted place that lay shrouded in mist. I was thinking of David. I was experiencing a new torture at the thought of his preparing to leave Milldge without seeing me. I wondered how he could accomplish this monstrous cruelty. I thought of Alice. I knew that he had forgotten her also; that he had cast us both out in this hour when a man would have naturally turned to the faithful woman for comfort. That was it neither of us had been faithful. This was our punishment. This was the strength of man that arose superior to us. We were the worthless securities in the assignment he had made. That which caused me the keenest anguish was to be coupled with Alice in this terrible business. The distinction between us in his mind in this final adding of accounts was so small that we were a part of the same item.

The mist changed again to rain. I quickened my pace. I had made the entire circle of the lake and was now approaching the narrow end of it nearest the lower gate. A monument that stood here loomed up before me, glistening wet in the gray twilight. It was a ludicrous thing, out of all proportion to the little body of water from which it was supposed to have ascended—two gigantic mermen, with their enormous tails flattened upon the ground and holding aloft upon their shoulders a great fluted shell. Their bearded faces, their empty eye-sockets, the strained muscles of their necks and bodies all showed hideously real. Suddenly as I came opposite I was startled to see a man standing between them beneath the sheltering shell, a blacker shadow in the midst of a world of shadows. I was half tempted to go back by the upper gate.

"Come on, Joy; not a brigand this time either!" came a voice from the shadow.

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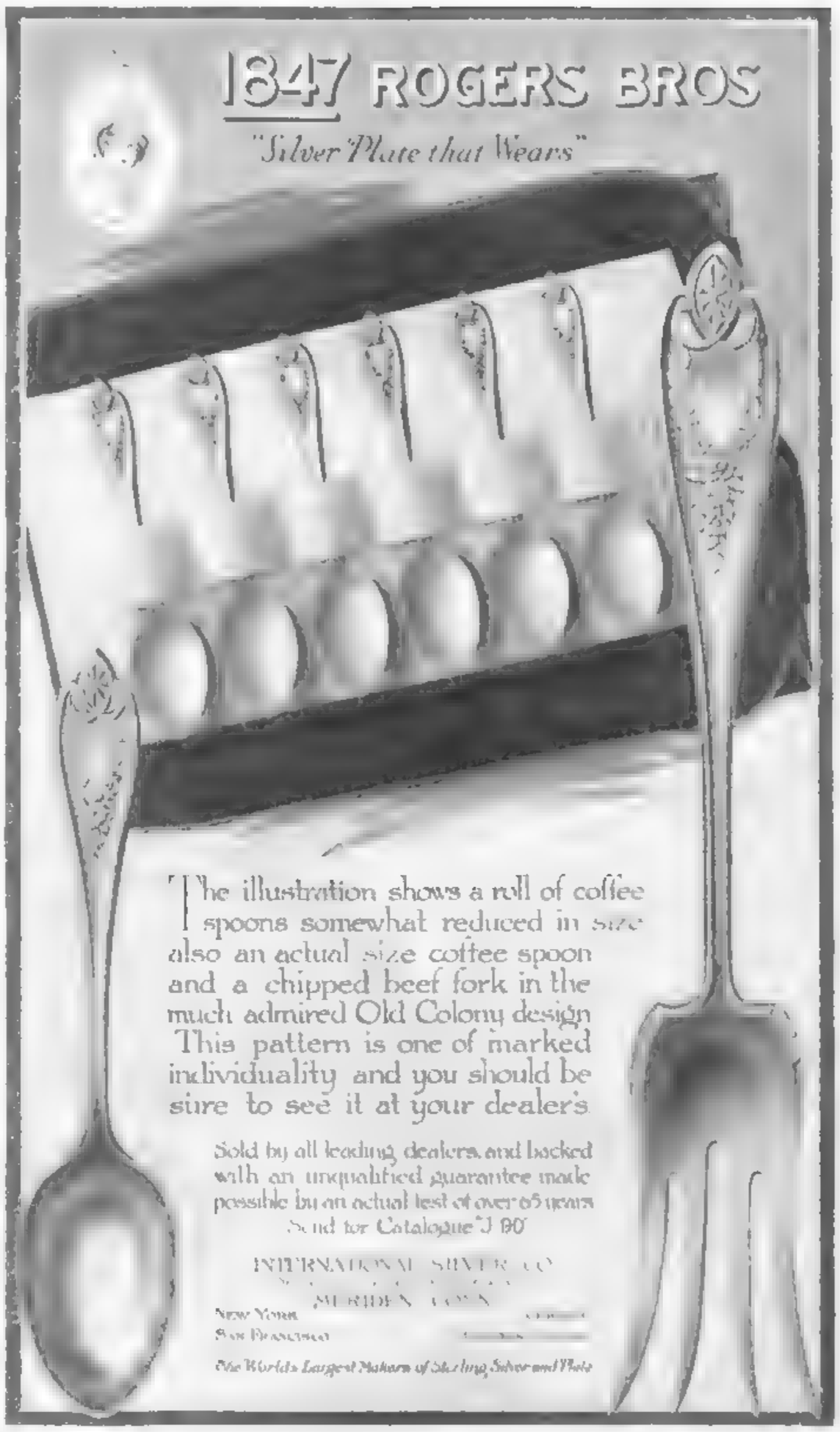

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"David!" I exclaimed, running forward, thrusting myself into the narrow space beside him and lowering my umbrella.

"I took shelter here from the rain. You'd better hurry on; it's going to storm," he said with dull indifference.

"No!" I cried, laying my hands upon his shoulders and trying to look into his eyes. "No, David, I want to be here with you. Oh, the day has been terrible, dear. I can't bear it—the thought of your going away without a word. You were coming, you were on your way to see me surely?"

"No," he answered, lifting my hands and gently putting them from him.

He stood looking down at the spattering surface of the lake, and I stood staring at him, not daring to touch him, feeling somehow that I had become a sacrilege.

"Remember the night I overtook you there on the bridge years ago?" he began.

"Yes," I answered softly.

"I was a free man till that moment when I held you in my arms. This is the first day I've been a man since. I'm almost happy. A man ought always to own himself. Nothing else matters—I found that out today—not even if he hasn't a dollar in the world!"

"Where are you going, David?" I asked fearfully.

"Remember that other night at the Franklin Cotillon when I told you about the time I lay buried in the mine?" he went on, with his face still turned from me.

"Yes. It was terrible. I have never forgotten it," I answered.

"But not so terrible as my life has been here. That was only two days in the dark; this has been years, in fouler air, in deeper darkness. I have suffered such hunger here, such thirst, such horror as I could not have dreamed possible then. It's been one long hell. Do you remember what I told you I thought of down there in the black suffocating earth—how I refused to die that I might get out to find a woman to love?

"Well, you know the rest. I thought I had found her. How could I, how could any honest man know the mind, the nature you concealed like a rogue beneath your ineffable beauty?" He sighed, slowly turned his head and gazed at me, as if the sight gave him mortal pain. "And the day we motored through the valley, Joy, you wore a white veil upon your hat. It floated back in the wind as if you had wings above your head. I asked you again to marry me. I knew then that I had succeeded with my investments, that I was a rich man."

"Why, oh, why didn't you tell me that!" I cried.

A peal of laughter caused me to draw back from him. "Still the rogue! No man could understand what you are by merely seeing you, Joy. You are now at this moment, I think, the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Don't say such terrible things, David. I love you, dear!" I pleaded.

"No, you love yourself. You are a promoter. Joy, you have every qualification for that business. Your real estate is yourself. You'd sell to the highest bidder. You'd sacrifice love and think the trade was fair, if a priest witnessed the contract before a marriage altar."

I knew he spoke the truth; that with my heart aching with love for him I would not have married him; that I was no more willing to risk that now than I had been to take him penniless long ago.

I conceded all this. It flamed a horrid illumination in my mind. Nevertheless I could not yield the dear, wild, honest heart of this beggared man. I reached out my hand to him timidly.

"But you love me, David!" I sobbed, drawing a step nearer with my eyes slipping softly into his.

"No!" he exclaimed fiercely, thrusting me back roughly. "I do not love you. It was what I thought you were, what you might have been, that I loved!"

"Still you will remember me. You will think of me!" I whispered.

"Not if I can help it, Joy. I've canceled you. I want to forget you."

"But you can't, dear. We neither of us can!"

"No," he answered, turning from me. "You'll come to me in the evenings in every mist that falls, looking as you do now. I'll feel your hands upon my face in the dark. I'll miss a thousand times the kisses from your lips that I've never had. Take what comfort you can in this—that I would but cannot forget you!"

He started forth. I stood an instant not believing that he had left me, that he could leave me so. Then I ran out.

"David," I cried after him, "you'll come back [illegible]?"

He had disappeared in the blinding rain.

I retraced my steps, fell upon my knees between the mermen, yielding to uncontrollable grief. Neither of us had mentioned Alice; yet as I wept, suddenly I thought of her, and with the thought rage swept over me.

I stood up, trembling with grief suddenly changed to fury. I felt that I must see Alice as she must be in this hour which marked her defeat no less than it did mine. I was already hurrying across the park to the Archibald house. I resolved to accuse her of her crime against David and me, to break with her then and forever.

The maid admitted me

"Come up, Joy darling," Alice called from the top of the stairs.

I ascended. She stood in the door of her bedroom looking like an enlarged hummingbird in a disordered nest, her yellow hair prettily disheveled, her blue kimono open, disclosing a crimson petticoat, her face flushed with pleasant excitement. The bed and chairs were covered with a litter of gowns and hats and fine white lingerie. A trunk stood with the lid raised against the wall. The tray was upon the floor, half filled with laces and veils

"What are you doing out in this soaking rain, you foolish girl?" she cried, seizing me by the hands and drawing me across the threshold.

I looked about me astonished.

"Everything is in confusion," she apologized, lifting some things from a chair "Sit down there. I'm packing, you see; we can talk while I finish. We are leaving for Florida tonight; I told Charlie that I must have a change. I'm so tired of this incessant round of entertainments. And he's tired too. Charlie is such a dear: he didn't say a word against it when I proposed this trip. He needs a change just as much as I do, he says."

She was whisking back and forth, folding her clothes and laying them in the trunk.

"I hate society, Joy," she added, bending over the trunk. "I'm going to give it up. So wearing, and all for nothing! I don't know how I'd have got through these last months if it hadn't been for my deep breathings. Do you know anything about the voice of the silence, dear?" she asked, straightening up and regarding me seriously.

"No," I answered dryly. "What is it?"

"It's the voice of your ever being. I've practiced now till I can hear it—so soothing Takes you out of your carnal body, unites you with your astral shape." She sighed gently.

"What is your astral shape?" I stammered.

"Why, it's your spiritual body, dear. I never even suspected I had one until I began this rhythmic breathing. It's the greatest relief! You must become a Yogi, Joy; then you'll know all about it. I'll teach you when I come back. I haven't a doubt you have a perfectly darling little astral shape—blue."

"Why blue?" I demanded.

"Oh, that's the highest, best kind to have. Some people struggle for years without getting it. But you must be careful about your aura or you'll spoil everything," she warned.

"My aura?" I said, more and more mystified, not by what she said but by this calm, radiant, sublimated Alice.

"Yes, dear, your aura is the envelope of your sublime being. I've become very sensitive to it. I'm positively unhappy if for a moment I'm thrown in contact with a person who has a black and yellow streaked aura! My spiritual essence is outraged."

I had the sensation of one overcome by some spell, perfectly conscious, but incapable of action, of thoughtful speech. Meanwhile Alice moved to the bed, took a handsome set of furs from it, smoothed the muff, held it up and considered it. The next moment she came to me, threw the long narrow piece of seal over my shoulders and dropped the muff into my lap.

"There, you may have them. They are quite new, but I shall not need them in Florida, and you'll be too lovely for anything in them!"

If I had been astonished at her I was now still more amazed at myself, at the satisfaction, even delight, with which I received the gift. Five minutes later I bade her goodby affectionately and left the house, shuddering with horror at myself. I seemed to be purchasable by nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

No Need to Buy *New Tires* This Fall

When By Simply Using

INTERLOCKS

Your Present Tires Will Last the Season

Prevent Blow-Outs, Punctures and Double your Mileage

Over 500 Car Owners are Equipping with Interlocks Every Day

No owner wants, if he can avoid it, to put on new tires at this time of the year, knowing, as he does, that the wet and rough roads of late fall and early spring will cut the treads and shorten the life of fall bought tires by nearly half.

Neither does he want to have his fall trips spoiled by the bother, delay and constant fear of tire trouble due to the use of old or weakened tires.

The Interlock Solves This Fall Tire Problem For You—

It so strengthens your old tires that they become **safe against blow-outs** and practically **puncture proof.** The result is that by using Interlocks you receive the same safety and satisfaction from the old tires which you ordinarily receive only from brand new tires—AND INTERLOCKS SAVE TWO-THIRDS YOUR TIRE COST.

The Interlock is an extra inside strengthening tire, made of vulcanized fabric like the tire itself. It is easily placed between the outer casing and the inner tube and in use becomes an integral part of the tire, so that it cannot heat, chafe or affect the resilience. Interlocks have successfully stood the hardest kind of road tests. They are praised by the largest tire makers and recommended by many thousands of **satisfied** users.

90% of all Tires Are Scrapped Before the Rubber Tread is Half Worn Out

because the fabric soon becomes too weak to stand the strain resulting in blow-outs (cut 1), punctures, rim cuts and constant trouble. Interlocks change this condition completely (cut 2) by making your tires doubly strong, practically blow-out proof **and good for twice the usual mileage.**

Let Us Show You

What Interlocks Will Do For Your Tires

Interlocks are most needed in the fall, because tires then are at their weakest point. The demand of the last six months for Interlocks has taxed us to the utmost (in spite of using a 12 hour night force), but with our new factory and increased output we expect to be able to take care of fall demands promptly. **We ask each owner who is interested to send us the coupon now** in order that we may see that you are fully posted on Interlocks and your orders supplied promptly from the nearest Interlock dealer.

To Dealers: Many live dealers are handling Interlocks and are enthusiastic over them. One sold 1146 in thirty-seven days, another 756 in twenty-three days, etc. Write for our proposition.

Double Fabric Tire Company, 805 W. 9th Street, Auburn, Ind.

Send this Coupon Now:

DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE CO., 805 W. 9th St., Auburn, Ind.

Size of tires using _____

How many new? Half old?

Old Tires usually last about miles

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

COMMUNITY SILVER

DIARY OF A MERE MAN

Thursday, ——— *11, 1913*

"FOUND Nan 'peeved' today. Cause—'hideous' spoons from Aunt Amelia. 'I've set my heart upon Community Silver,' Nan protested, 'and just *must* have some for my own!' * * I determined not to yield.

Friday, ——— *12, 1913*

Dragged to the jeweler's by Nan * * shown a Community Silver chest with the million-dollar-look. Thumbed the price tag—a hundred. Had the chest sent home. (Nan said a smaller one would do, but I insisted.)

Saturday, ——— *13, 1913*

Party tonight. Table brilliant—Nan radiant."

BEST PLATED WARE MADE
AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS

AT YOUR DEALER'S
6 TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra); In Canada, $2.75

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 17)

Some writer, whose name has escaped me, has referred to the thing that we try to drill into our shareholders as enlightened self-interest. If we did not keep at this educational work persistently and consistently, day in and day out, we could not win and maintain our position under the handicaps that are imposed upon us.

"My experience has been that when I can get a mineworker once thoroughly to understand the simple elements of cooperation he will be a loyal and steady supporter of the association and the movement to the end. I cannot conscientiously say that this is always true of the women of the families represented in our membership. The personal equation seems to sway them, in many instances, in the face of logic, self-interest and all other considerations. If they do not fancy the manner in which they are waited on by a certain clerk they will often quit trading at their own store, cut off their own profits and pour them into the pockets of our competitors their competitors!—and cheerfully enlist their tongues in the service of the opposition, to do all in their power to undermine the business in which their own money is invested!

"This, however, is all in a day's work. In cases of this kind I try to explain to them that the sensible course for them to follow would be to complain to me of the point of service on the part of a clerk that has given offense, or if I am the offender to make their complaint about me to the directors and the stockholders; but in any event to stand loyally with their own enterprise instead of turning their money and their influence against their own vested interest. Sometimes this brings them round to a sensible view of the matter.

"This kind of trouble is by no means confined to the feminine contingent of our customers; men occasionally show the same weakness—but not so frequently. They seem to be more generally amenable to reason, quicker to see the logic of the situation, and not so whimsical and exacting in their demands for service."

The Vicious Circle of Service

"That word 'service' furnishes perhaps the keynote of the success of this enterprise. On every hand we hear it reiterated that the most expensive commodity sold in the modern store today is service. Undoubtedly that is true of almost every store except the typical cooperative establishment. Certainly it is not true of the Tamarack store, for the simple reason that we do not sell service except in the smallest way possible. From the very beginning of the association our people have been carefully educated to understand that service costs money, and that they must pay for it if they insist upon it, just as much as they must pay for prunes, flour, sugar or pickled fish.

"It was fortunate for our enterprise that it was started at a time when the public was not demanding from the storekeeper anything like the elaborate service it now demands. This has given us time to educate our customers to see that they can furnish the service themselves and be very well paid in direct saving for a little forethought, system and inconvenience.

"If the customers who really want to practice frugality and cut the high cost of living could be made to realize how heavily they are assessed for this item of service they would rise up in revolt. In many cases the retailer's actual expense for service amounts to ten per cent, and in some cases fifteen per cent. He must add that to all his other costs before he reaches the point of putting on a profit. Under the competitive system it is not a question of whether the customer wants this elaborate and costly service—he must pay for it just the same, whether he wants it or not; in fact, whether he gets it or not.

"Those who do not want it and do not get it are assessed for furnishing it to those who demand and receive most of it—for this high service cost has intrenched itself in the whole competitive system. The competitive retailer is not to blame for this; he is bound to give his so-called best customers, his most extravagant customers and his most thoughtless customers what they demand in the way of service, and he must make all his customers foot the bill.

"Here is the way in which this assessment works out in actual practice: The retailer finds out from his books that his total service expense for a given time totals a certain sum, and that this sum is a certain percentage on his sales for that period. Of course this percentage has to be provided for in fixing the prices on all his goods. It is unpractical, not to say impossible, for him so to distribute this element of cost that it shall be paid for only by those who create it.

"The customer who comes to the store once a week, buys a week's supply at one time and takes the goods away with him, without putting the merchant to a cent of expense for delivery service, has to pay his percentage for sending an auto delivery wagon three or four times a day to the house of the customer who demands almost continuous delivery.

"This is rather hard on the housewife who is making a constant fight to keep down the high cost of living, who carefully considers the expenditure of every dime and nickel, and who is as conscientious in the handling of the money her husband turns over to her for household expenses as she would be if it were a trust fund. She does not want service—at least not in the modern sense of the term.

"In the first place, she knows she can buy much more closely by going to the market herself and making her selections in person than she could by ordering over the telephone and trusting to the storekeeper to make the selections for her. Again, she is willing to use forethought and study, and to put herself to any reasonable inconvenience in order to economize."

A Premium on Prudence

"In short, she wants to furnish the service herself—at least the main part of it—and get the benefit of her forethought and her care in the form of a reduction in the cost of her goods to the amount of what she saves the merchant in his service cost. But under the competitive system of retailing she has no chance in the world to do this in most stores. The assessment for the merchant's service expense including all the frills demanded by his most exacting customers—has been spread upon all his goods before the thrifty customer prices or buys them.

"No matter how glad the ordinary retailer might be to give the prudent and self-serving housewife the benefit of her reduced demands of service, he feels he cannot do this because it would throw his whole pricing system out of joint.

"Right here is where the cooperative store—or perhaps I should say this particular one—comes to the aid of the thrifty housewife, and puts a premium on her prudence and her willingness to dispense with the frills and furbelows of modern store service. Every one of our several hundred customers has received a careful explanation of the high cost of service. They all understand that they must pay for everything they get, including service.

"As they are part owners of the store, we put it up to them in this way: 'At the end of the year, when you draw your dividend on your stock, you will get actual cash pay for helping to serve yourself instead of making the store serve you. By buying your supplies once a fortnight, or once a month, and taking them home yourself, or allowing us to deliver them on the regular weekly delivery trip, you save the store a certain amount of expense and you get that saving with your dividend in cash money.' Because all our customers are carefully educated in this important matter of minimized service expense we are able to give them a great advantage over the competitive merchant.

"I do not claim to know how much it costs the other merchants of Calumet to do business; but I do know that our entire expense of operation is a lower percentage on our sales than is the cost of service alone in some retail stores in the city. Our entire cost of doing business is only twelve per cent. Practically all our shareholders are mighty hardworking people and they need every cent they can save. Nearly all of them have large families of children who are growing up into good, husky, useful American citizens. These children are faithful attendants at school and they live in a cold climate where plenty of clothing is required through the long winter.

"All this means a heavy expense in proportion to the amount of money earned by

IN ordering your next lot of groceries be sure to include a supply of **Knox Plain Gelatine**, also a supply of **Knox Acidulated Gelatine**, which is the same as the Plain, except that it contains an envelope of Lemon Flavoring, saving the expense of buying lemons. Each package contains tablet for coloring. To insure success be sure to use

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Serve Chicken in Jelly as the Famous Caterers Do

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine ½ cup cold water. A chicken. A slice of onion. A bay [illegible] peppercorns. 3 stalks of celery. Soften [illegible] 5 minutes in the cold water; cook the chicken in [illegible] boiling water until tender, then remove skin and bones [illegible] and spices [illegible] reduce to a quart; then add softened gelatine and strain over chicken in a mold. Set aside in a cold place. Serve in thin slices. Garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

Send for this FREE Recipe Book

A [illegible]-page book of Recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. *Print name for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.*

CHARLES B. KNOX CO. 23 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N.Y.

Giving the Message

THIS advertisement is to give the message to Boy Scouts everywhere that they can procure anything that goes to make up their equipment, free of charge, by working for us after school on Thursdays and Fridays. Your shirt, coat and trousers, your axe, knife and haversack, your tent and camping outfit—all these are illustrated and described in our interesting catalog. Let us send you a copy.

For in accordance with the Ninth Scout Law you can save money by securing these articles through us, and can earn all you need so that *you may pay your own way.*

We want active, alert boys—the Boy Scout kind of boys—to help us distribute *The Saturday Evening Post* in their home towns. And we make it worth their while to do so. Address your letter to

The Sales Division, Box 118

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Ten Years at the Old Job

Patient, conscientious, faithful, this man had worked a decade—and his faithfulness had been rewarded by a nominal salary increase each year. At the beginning of his eleventh year he was making $1800.00 a year.

Other men, younger than he, had entered his employer's service and had been promoted above him. They were making $2500.00 to $4500.00 a year.

He analyzed them. He analyzed himself. He was just as earnest as they, just as sincere in his efforts to serve the house, just as intelligent and able. But—he saw the reason—they were *trained.*

His inquiries showed that all these younger men had secured the training that made them worth more to their employer. Therefore they commanded higher salaries.

His lesson was learned. He at once took steps to obtain the education he knew he needed, and with gratifying results. He entered the class of the high-salaried men—but that is another story.

Are *you* trained for advancement? If not, are you planning to get the education you need?

Don't waste ten years working at the old job. We will pay your way through any educational institution you choose, in exchange for part of your leisure time each week. We want you to secure subscriptions and renewals to *The Saturday Evening Post* in your own town.

Write for our liberal offer. If you've read this advertisement through it will interest you.

Educational Division, Box 123

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

the head of the household. A mineworker's wage is a very modest affair, to say the least, and many of these laborers have anywhere from eight to a dozen children. They are leading useful lives; and their children, with a common-school education, will as a rule become more able and intelligent than their parents.

"Personally, I cannot come into close contact with families of this kind without feeling, at least in a sense, that I must make their problems my own, so far as helping them to make their wages go as far as possible in providing the necessaries of life. To teach people of this kind the principles of thrift is a privilege; and the Tamarack Coöperative Association has accomplished nothing of which I am more proud than I am of the fact that it gives these good, hardworking folks a chance to buy their merchandise without having to pay for the frills of modern store service that the wealthy, the extravagant and the thoughtless modern American customer habitually demands

"It is a keen satisfaction to feel that these hardworking people have access to a store that is able to give them the benefit, in dollars and cents, of their willingness to furnish the greater part of the store service themselves, to plan and execute their purchases with a view to rigid thrift and thorough economy, and to live like sensible working people instead of like folks having solid fortunes behind them.

"This may sound a little bit harsh; but there is not a retail dealer in foodstuffs in America who does not know that one of the biggest troubles of the American people is this very tendency to live beyond their means and get away from plain, practical, old-fashioned thrift.

"The competitive retailer has been compelled to reorganize his price system to provide for this tendency; and, so far as I know, the coöperative store is the only one that has not fallen into step with this tendency and is in a position to give to the prudent and thrifty the fruits of their thrift. If the coöperative store never did any more than this it would amply justify its existence and earn its right to live."

Delivery Arrangements

To customers living within a radius of three miles, the Tamarack Coöperative Association makes a daily delivery; to those living more than three miles and less than eight from the store, goods are delivered three times a week; those living outside this zone get a delivery three times a month.

As the store has a very respectable number of customers living as far as fourteen miles distant from it, with competitive stores in their immediate neighborhood, it would appear that the advantages of coöperative trading must be something more than theoretical. Most of these more remote customers have been educated to buy the bulk of their goods once a month and to order in as large quantities as possible every time they purchase. This practice not only effects a great reduction in the expense of delivering the goods, but it also reduces the time involved in taking the order.

Peace has never been the portion of any manager of this coöperative enterprise. Always the man at the helm of the Tamarack store has had to fight the forces of competition without and the elements of ambition and unenlightened selfishness within. According to those who have had the welfare of this venture most at heart, there is nothing that will bring warring competitive merchants together half so quickly as the presence of a coöperative concern that is genuinely coöperative. Almost at the outset of this enterprise the other merchants of Calumet evidently reached a common understanding.

"It seems," says Manager Roberts, "that they shrewdly decided that this campaign could be more effectively prosecuted if the burden of it were divided among all concerned and if it were conducted by a central board of strategy. One week a certain storekeeper would advertise a reckless cut in the price of sugar, another in the price of hams, and still another in the price of some article of seasonable clothing.

"Though our association had planned not to advertise, this move forced us to depart from this policy somewhat and put a little money into printer's ink. But the best fighting we did along this line, and that which really saved the day, was personal work with every stockholder, carefully explaining that this price cutting was only a scheme on the part of the competitive stores to put the coöperative association out of business by drawing away its customers; and that as soon as this was accomplished the old scale of prices would be promptly restored.

"Then, too, we had to explain again to our shareholders that, no matter how much cheaper the other stores might sell a single article, it was good business for them to trade at their own store, because at the end of the year they would get the profit on their own purchases over and above the actual cost of operating the business. When it came to this point it was easy to show most of our shareholders just where and how we were operating at a less expense than our competitors.

"Of course some of our less intelligent shareholders fell to the allurements of the competitive enemy, but their places were taken by fresh recruits who were able to understand the logic of the situation. It was a constant and running fight all the time; but there was hardly a time in the history of the enterprise when we were not gaining at least a little ground. Undoubtedly we owe very much to the shrewd and practical counsel of those mine executives who had associated themselves with the cause of cooperation. These men may have been very poor theorists, but they were certainly practical fighters."

Internal Dissensions

"However, the very presence of these men of means, authority and business experience on our board of directors was the cause of serious trouble for us. No body of workingmen so large as our membership was ever brought together without having in it a certain number of men eager to suspect the motives and methods of the management. This contingent of our shareholders soon began to kick against what it considered as the domination of the bosses and to hint that they were not giving so much of their time and attention to the affairs of the association merely for their health or because they had any affection for the workingmen.

"It was also hinted there was a lot more profit in the retail business than the reports of the association showed, and that somebody was getting away with the goods.

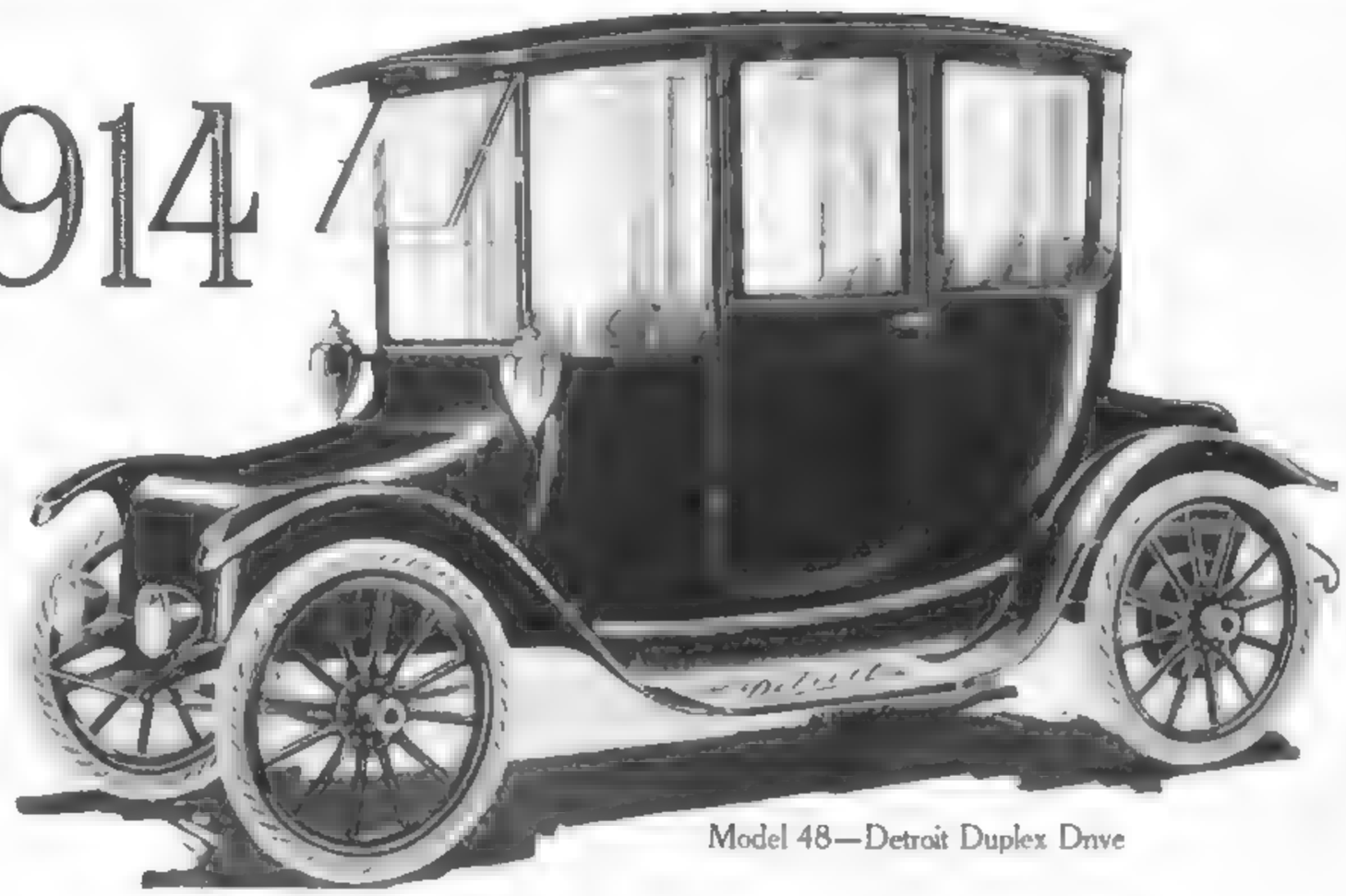
"At that period I was not the manager of the association, but I knew that every cent was honestly accounted for by the earnest and upright man who held that position. Eventually a number of the discontented drew out, and one morning we woke up to find we had additional competition in the form of another cooperative association. As this is a phase of experience that almost every well-organized and successful coöperative society has to meet, it is worth consideration. This new organization lasted but little over a year.

"In the course of its brief existence, however, its managers and shareholders discovered several facts that were decidedly surprising to them, though they are matters of common knowledge to all experienced retailers, whether competitive or coöperative. First, they found that the retail business is run on a much narrower line of profit than they supposed; next, they discovered that a larger cash capital is required to start and maintain a retail business than they had any notion of; next, their short experience brought them face to face with the fact that in conducting a credit business it is one thing to earn a net profit and quite another thing to have the money in hand at the end of the business year to disburse that profit to shareholders in the form of a cash dividend. But they felt they must make a showing by paying a dividend; and so they borrowed the money with which to pay it and allowed their bills with the wholesalers and jobbers to remain unpaid.

"Of course they could not fool the jobbing houses, and the result was the speedy wiping out of this element of our competition. Instead of giving the principle of coöperation a black eye in our community this experience undoubtedly helped to clear the atmosphere and to give a greater degree of confidence in the ability and honesty of the management of our association. After that there was very little talk about the suspicious presence of the bosses on our board of directors.

"In the earlier history of our association competitive merchants of our community neglected no opportunity to do all the underground work among our members they could; but in the course of years the edge of competitive resentment has been considerably dulled."

THE Detroit ELECTRIC 1914



Model 48—Detroit Duplex Drive

With Worm Gear Axle

5-passenger Brougham, Detroit Duplex Drive	$3000
4-passenger Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2850
Gentleman's Roadster	2500

With Bevel Gear Axle

5-passenger Brougham, Front Seat Drive	$2800
4-passenger Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2550
Victoria	2300

All enclosed bodies are of our celebrated "Clear Vision" type. Seats are so arranged that no one sits in front of the driver

Big Volume - Finer Quality - Lower Prices

This is the Detroit Electric policy for 1914—to make ***more*** cars and, therefore, ***better*** cars than have ever been made by any electric manufacturer; to sell these cars for ***lower*** prices than have ever been asked before; to take only a small profit on ***each*** car, relying on ***large*** volume for an adequate yearly earning.

First among the makers of electric automobiles, we have now reached a goal toward which successful manufacturers in all lines have always aimed—a volume of business large enough to permit the giving of maximum quality and, at the same time, a reduction of price.

Such a development in the electric car industry has been inevitable. Electric car prices have been high. We admit it; others have realized it.

But until now no builder could do anything about it; for the number of cars made by any one maker was too small to permit the use of the most economical means of production

Our Output—Two to One

In the past twelve months, however, we have sold ***more than twice as many cars*** as any other maker of electric pleasure vehicles

Our factory and service organization has grown to be the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the making of electric cars. Our manufacturing facilities—machines, men and methods—have been brought to a point of maximum efficiency.

So we determined to go after even larger volume, to reduce our prices, but at the same time to put into our cars the very utmost in quality. We have done so. And our 1914 models are the result.

Why Our Prices Are Lower

It is the absolute truth when we tell you that every one of the six models listed above, if priced according to the usual methods of figuring, would sell for $300 to $400 more

Take the worm gear Detroit Duplex Drive car, $3,000. The factory cost of this car, plus the ***usual*** rate of profit, would make the list price, $3,350.

Take the bevel gear Forward Drive brougham, $2,800. Last season—1913—the corresponding model sold for $3,000. We have added $140 ***actual factory cost,*** in improved features and finer quality—and yet we ask only $2,800 for the car. And so all through the line

We believe that this new policy is something people have been waiting for, that it marks a big step forward in the electric car business. We believe it means that thousands of people will buy electrics who have not bought before

How Quantity Produces Quality

Bear in mind, however, that the reduction in the prices of Detroit Electric cars means no reduction in the quality. Exactly the opposite.

The same large volume that makes possible these lower prices also makes possible the very highest quality in materials, in workmanship, in improved features.

It requires ***quantity*** to produce ***quality.*** The old idea that small production means better quality, more care, finer attention to detail is a fallacy. When a maker builds 1,800 to 2,000 cars, his standard of quality is higher than when he builds the average output of 400 to 500 cars.

The large manufacturer can afford to have a higher standard. He can not only buy better material; he can and does put better workmanship into his cars.

Large Volume—Higher Standard

Mechanical accuracy of parts, perfect fit, positive interchangeability can only be secured by the use of special tools, dies and patterns, whose cost is prohibitive to many manufacturers with small output.

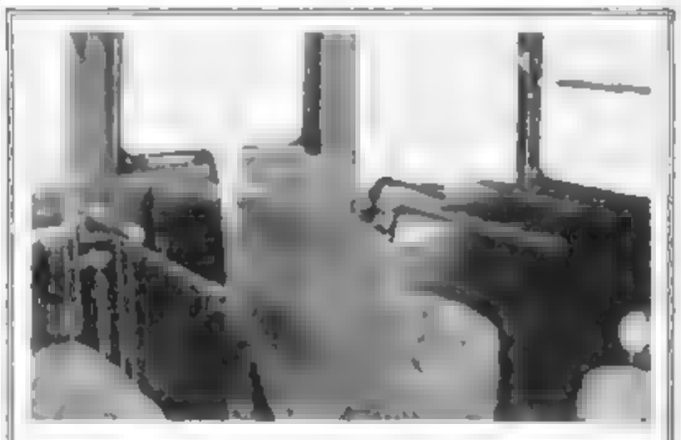
Small production means near-accurate handwork instead of absolutely accurate machine work. It means steel castings instead of the stronger drop forgings. It means fitting and filing instead of standardized, uniform parts.

Of course, certain work, like finishing and upholstering, is necessarily handwork—whether you are building 20 cars or 2000. The handwork on Detroit Electric cars is not surpassed by any maker.

Where handwork makes the car better, we use handwork; where machine work makes for accuracy and lasting quality, we have the equipment for perfect machine work. Always we have in mind "quality first." Big volume is responsible for high quality ***with*** moderate price

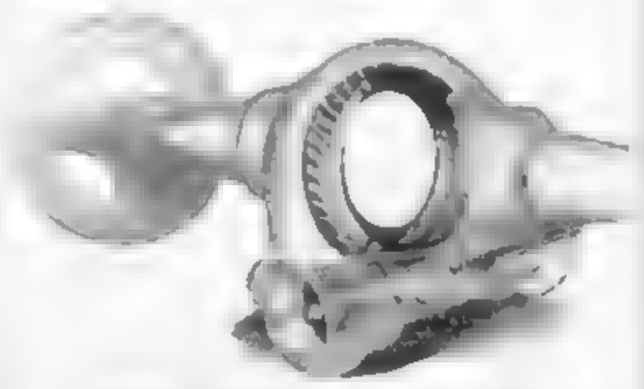
Don't Let High List Prices Blind You

High prices are not necessarily evidence of quality! High list prices may mean one of two things—(1) excessive manufacturing costs on account of small volume or (2) large discounts to the dealer. The latter in many cases merely invite price-cutting or excessive allowances on old cars taken in trade.



Detroit Duplex Drive

This interior view shows the steering and control levers at both front and rear seats, elevated for driving. In actual operation only one set is in use, the other set being turned down and folded back out of the way—as shown by the dotted line. Thus, it is possible to drive the car from either front or rear seat.



Detroit Electric Worm Gear Axle

The Detroit Electric Axle, equipped with the Daimler-Lanchester imported worm, is so designed as to insure perfect and positive lubrication.

Mounted at the bottom of the axle, below the ring gear, this worm runs constantly in a bath of oil—the only correct way of mounting.

You don't make anything in buying an overpriced car. A few hundred dollars added to the price ***and then taken off again*** by a cut in price or an excessive allowance for a used car doesn't change the quality of the car. Price doesn't really mean anything except in relation to quality. That's what determines value.

Detroit Electric cars are lower in price than any cars even approaching them in quality. They are sold at ***catalog prices.*** They are marketed with a smaller discount to the dealer than any other electric cars we know of.

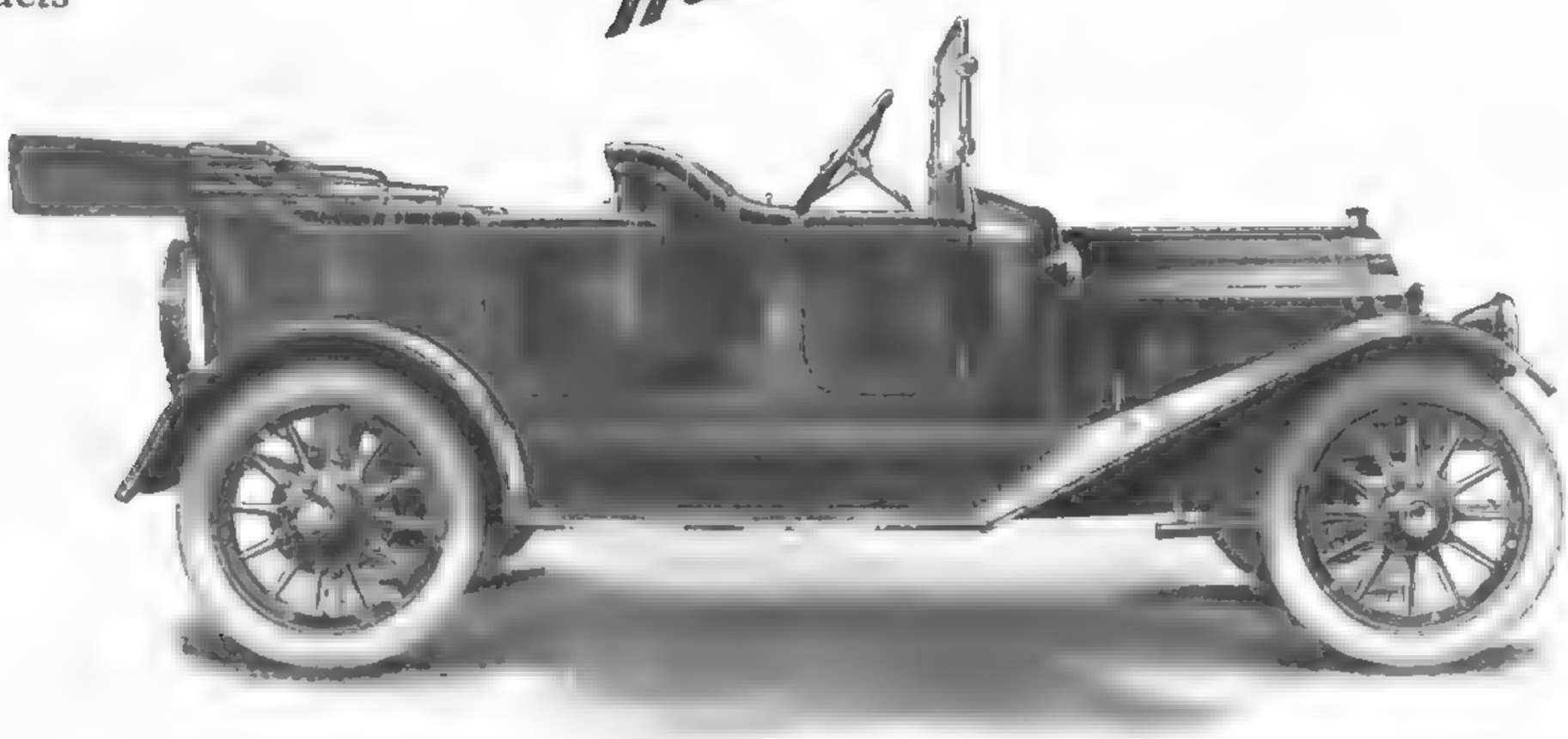
Always they have offered the greatest value for the price. For 1914, with decreased prices and increased quality, they offer values not to be resisted.

Please see these cars at our dealer's. You will find him to be the most substantial electric car dealer in your city

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Nineteen Fourteen Models

Marathon



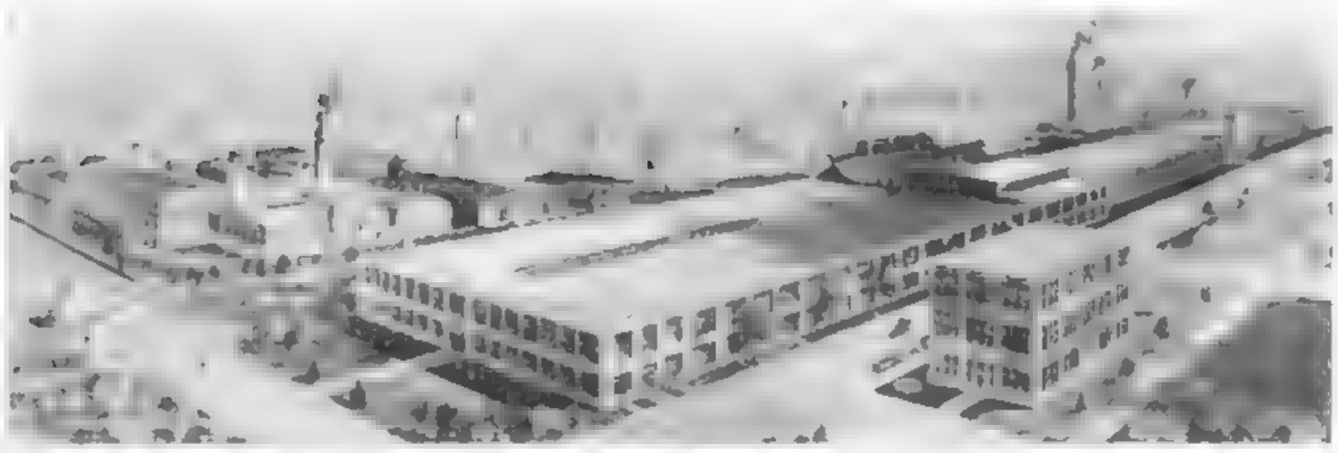
Marathon "Winner" Five Passenger Touring

35-H. P., 118-inch Wheel-Base; Fully Equipped

Electric Starter and Electric Lighting

$1325

Ready for the Road



THIS IS WHY

When this advertisement is read we know the statement will be made that it cannot be done. But we are doing it. Deliveries of the $1325 Touring Car are being made today in quantities. Marathon cars are being produced in one of the largest and best equipped automobile factories in America on a 100% efficiency basis. This is why.

Champion Series

Apco electric self-starter, electric lights, 45 horse power, 125-inch wheel-base, full floating rear axle, 15-inch corrugated walnut steering wheel demountable rims, one extra rim, 36x4 inch tires best grade of silk mohair top, top boot, one piece adjustable wind shield, speedometer, Turkish upholstering, tire irons, tire straps, electric horn, cowl dash.

Touring car, **$1495** Roadster, **$1470**

Runner Series

Twenty-five horse power, 106-inch wheel-base, three-quarter floating rear axle, 17 inch walnut steering wheel, demountable rims, one extra rim, 32x3½ inch tires, silk mohair top, top boot, one piece adjustable wind shield, speedometer, Prest O Lite gas tank, two gas head lights, two oil side lights, oil tail light, tire irons, tire straps, horn, cowl dash.

Touring car **$975.** Roadster, **$925.**

Self Starter and Electric Lights at small additional charge

Winner Series

Electric Starter and Electric Lights

Motor—Four cylinders, cast in pairs, 4¼x4½ in.
Ignition—Dual system: batteries with magneto.
Drive—Shaft drive, straight line to rear axle.
Axles—Front axle "I" beam. Rear full floating
Steering Gear—Worm and gear type, with four positions to take up wear. 18 in. solid walnut wheel. **Gear Ratio**—4 to 1
Wheels—Artillery type. Demountable rims and one extra rim
Wheel-Base—118 inches.
Tires—34 x 4 inches
Clutch—Multiple disc, operating in oil in fly wheel housing
Transmission—Selective type, three speeds forward and reverse.
Bodies—Five passenger touring. Two passenger roadster.
Equipment—Silk mohair top, top boot, one piece adjustable wind shield, speedometer, Turkish upholstering. Jesco electric starter and electric lights with full lamp equipment, electric horn demountable rims one extra tire tire irons, tire straps, pump, tire repair outfit, other usual equipment.

Price, f. o. b. Factory Touring car **$1325** Roadster **$1300**

Write for Catalogue S. P.

HERFF-BROOKS CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

General Sales Agents Marathon Automobiles

THE GOVERNMENT COMPANY

Continued from Page 19

mixed up with what the bureau did, and that most of the instances of waste and graft I have mentioned are to be found in its records. Be that as it may, the bureau was a towering monument to the gross incompetence of the city government. The fact that a body of volunteer outsiders was necessary to keep it from spilling money like an inverted bag is all that need be said on that score. And we saw plainly enough that the bureau and all we had done to date merely scratched the surface. The old machine was certain to drop back into the old ruts the moment it was left to itself.

So, when I was called on to make a speech at the grand ratification meeting in Madison Square Garden the week after election, I did not congratulate myself or the audience on what had happened. On the contrary I told the people plainly they were suckers.

"I want to drop the city for a minute," I said, "and turn to the state. In your yesterday morning's newspapers you read this headline: 'Half a Million Dollars' Graft in Meados Prison.. Investigation Finds that Half the Amount Spent Has Been Squandered or Stolen.' Then comes the report of a committee which says that the state started to build a great prison on ground that was full of quicksand. The building is only half completed, but already there are big cracks in the walls. It was supposed to be fireproof, but it is so flimsy you can stick your foot through some of the interior walls. Start a fire and it will burn like tinder. That is what the state is saying about a piece of its own work!

"Last winter, you may remember, the governor appointed a Committee of Inquiry to make a cursory examination of the way state business is conducted. I want to read you the opening paragraph of that committee's report: 'The business of the state can reasonably be said to be run without any systematic plan whatever. Each department is conducted as a separate enterprise, and there is no point or place where the various activities of the state government concentrate. The comptroller is vested with only a limited power of audit and that power extends to less than one-fourth of the amount expended by state institutions. Work is duplicated, labor is multiplied, and expenditures become greater each year.'

"The state, you know, is voting a fifty-million-dollar bond issue for highway improvement. Now turn to page sixty-five of this committee's report and read as follows: 'The estimate made this year by the highway department for maintenance and repairs of highways was four million seven hundred thousand dollars. Later on during our investigation the officers of this department stated that they could reduce this figure to three million three hundred thousand dollars. We believe that upon a proper reorganization of the bureau of maintenance two million dollars will be sufficient for the maintenance of highways the coming year.' With only a cursory investigation, you see, sixty per cent is lopped off. Further on the report shows that this bureau made a practice of examining roads in winter when the ground was covered with snow; and 'the specifications drawn under such conditions have necessarily been faulty.'

"There is a lot more in the report," I continued, 'that I won't trouble you with. I simply wish to point out that there is a picture of government– state government; big city government and national government for that matter. It's all alike rotten with waste and incompetence. And these governments, remember, are spending between two and three billion dollars a year of your money.

"But there is an exception," I went on. "I mean Panama. There is a big job done by the Government, and all agree that it is being done well. What's the reason? Why, that job was turned over to competent men. Virtually they were told to go ahead and do the job. They could use their own initiative; they could make a stroke off their own bat; they could deal freely with labor. It was their job, and they're doing it just as able men will always do a big job if they are given the chance. You can have Panama in your city and state any day on the same terms."

Here Edgar Thomas thoughtfully set off his claque in the gallery and I got quite a lot of applause. I wiped my forehead, took a sip of water and went at it again:

"Here's the city of New York employing eighty-five thousand persons and spending a hundred million dollars a year for labor. Yet we can't get the men we want to work for the city except by going out to the railroads and industrial concerns we happen to be interested in and taking them by main force. Did you ever hear of a man leaving a good railroad job to take a city job—unless it was one of those few positions that get a man's name into the newspapers? It is always the other way round. Ambitious young men, if they happen to get into Government service anywhere, get out as soon as a good opening in private business comes along. The Government can't offer them any chance of advancement. You've got to organize Government business as private business is organized, with the way of advancement open clear to the top, before you can get the same kind of service that private business gets."

I took a little yellow pamphlet from the table and held it up for the crowd to see.

"This came in my mail the other day," I said. "Maybe some of you received a copy of it. It announces that a philanthropic lady has donated forty thousand dollars a year for five years to start a school to train young men for city business. The cities of this country, as the census shows, are spending eight hundred million dollars a year. City business, if it is to be conducted properly, requires training and experience as much as railroad business or steel-mill business; and this little school is the first attempt ever made to train men for city business. The pamphlet says that already inquiries for trained men have been received from one hundred and six cities, located in twenty-five states; also that the school begins with forty-eight pupils. Forty-eight men won't go very far, but it's something to have a beginning.

"German cities are well run because running them is made a regular business. If a man succeeds in a minor position he will be promoted to a better one. If he makes a striking record as an official of a smaller town, some bigger town will presently be bidding for him. That's what we propose to do here in New York—make the running of the city a regular business that any ambitious young man may go into with the same hope of advancement he would have in a private concern. That means a continuous management and continuous business policy on the administrative side. On the political side you can do about as you please. If you want to tax yourselves to build a Tower of Babel go ahead! We'll see that you get a dollar's worth of tower for every dollar that's spent."

Well, this speech was very well received; so we went ahead and organized the Government Company—under a New Jersey charter—to carry on the business of running New York. Elbridge Branch worked himself into nervous prostration trying to figure out how this scheme of running a city by means of a private corporation could be fitted into the mass—and mess—of existing laws.

Of course there was the state constitution, which contained a lot of provisions and limitations as to how a city should be run, and what it could do and could not do. Then there was a whole library of state laws, with more provisions and limitations. Then there was the city charter, which was nothing but a mess of limitations and provisions. Then there was another library of city ordinances. An office boy could not lick a postage stamp or a policeman change his helmet without running into some law or ordinance that prescribed exactly how it was to be done.

Elbridge reached the point where he mumbled to himself in public. Then we told him to forget all about it and take a long vacation, for we had decided to let all the constitutions and charters and statutes and ordinances go to pot! We were going to cut them all out and go ahead on our own hook.

You see, by that time we had the public pretty well with us—at least the property-owning, taxpaying public. Besides, we kept our receivers in charge; and the city revenues were completely under our control anyway. So we just invited the public to pay its taxes directly to the Government Company—at a discount of fifteen per cent.

SWP

A paint made of material chosen on a strict basis of merit

We mine our own lead and zinc. We make our own linseed oil. So the only consideration with us is: What will make the best paint? All the materials are at hand and no question of cost influences us in the mixing.

S W P (Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared) is so proportioned that it spreads most easily, wears longest and most efficiently protects the wood it covers. Aren't these the standards of manufacture that agree with your ideas? Our

Portfolio of Painting and Decorating Suggestions

will prove of great value whether the contemplated job is big or little. It contains color plates and suggestions for the use of our many paints and varnishes. We mail it free on request.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Parent and Son
PARTNERS

You can best train your boy for business by becoming his partner in his first business venture. He will value your suggestions, your encouragement, the benefit of your business knowledge. His enthusiasm, plus your experience, will enable him to succeed as salesman for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

Give your son a chance to develop business ability under your guidance. Thousands of parents are thus working with boys who are today successful as our neighborhood sales representatives. *You* and *your* boy will be interested, for you want him trained in business and he wants spending money.

The details of a nationally indorsed business opportunity for boys will be sent upon request, together with our booklet on salesmanship for boys, in which full particulars are given.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 119, Sales Division, Philadelphia

The Habit of Punctuality

Punctuality and precision become a hobby with the owner of a Hamilton Watch. The Hamilton constantly sets an example of right-to-the-second accuracy.

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

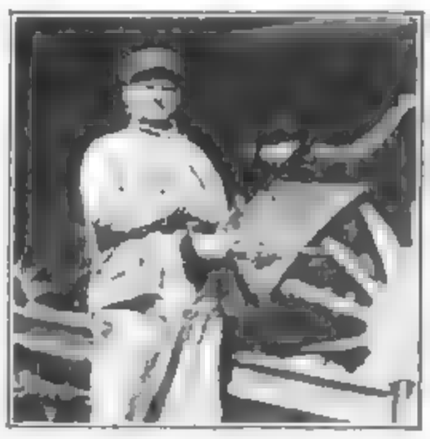
Over one-half (56%) of the railroad men on American railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained carry the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton Watches are made in correct sizes for men and women and sold by jewelers everywhere.

Movements only are $12.25 and upward. Complete watches, certain sizes, are $38.50 to $150.00. Ask your jeweler about them; also about fitting your present watch case with a Hamilton movement.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

It illustrates and describes the various Hamilton models and is a book well worth reading if you are thinking of buying a fine watch.



Engineer John Kryselmeier of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. He has carried a Hamilton Watch 14 years.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Dept. J Lancaster, Pennsylvania

You buy the Stationery

This money-saving way concerns *you*.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Blaisdell

This is to announce to our customers and dealers that we begin making sausage on September 24th, and since we ship goods the day made, our sausage will be on sale and ready for delivery within a day or two from the above date.

Customers who buy Jones Dairy Farm Sausages on "Standing Orders," by placing them now can get the first sausages of our season.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Inc.
Box 605 Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

We had canvassed all the large property-owners beforehand and they responded promptly. Most of the smaller ones soon fell in line. The plan was simplicity itself. Such husk-and-shadow of the old government as was left could not get hold of enough money to maintain itself; so its only recourse was to expire as gracefully as possible. Some property-owners held off; but we controlled the gas and electric-light companies, and by simply shutting off their water, gas and electric light we brought them to time.

Doctor Butterworth issued a long and eloquent appeal to the general effect that Liberty was in her last gasps. Elbridge Branch replied to it, showing that all the vast and complicated system of constitutional, charter and statutory restrictions and provisions we had swept aside had been devised for the sole purpose of preventing people from stealing the city's money; and in spite of them the city had been robbed blind for forty years. He also mentioned that, though the city of New York had a gross income of nearly two hundred million dollars a year, just one of the several railroad systems we were said to control had a yearly income of three hundred and fifty million dollars, and was virtually run by an executive committee of five members! Without any vast, complicated system of checks and balances, its money was not wasted, and with a vast, complicated system of restrictions, New York's money was. One concern, he said, had a business management; the other was going to have the same sensible management from now on. Doctor Butterworth's appeal did not get a rise.

We were discussing police organization at a meeting of the executive committee of the Government Company one day, when I addressed the chair as follows:

"I move that we take over the white-slave traffic of the city of New York and devote the net profits to founding a home for erring women."

John Stone opened his mouth, but was unable to shut it, presenting the general appearance of a fish out of water; while Peter Thorne held a lighted match halfway to his cigar so long that it burned his fingers. I explained: "The city has always been in the white-slave business; but it has let some very undesirable citizens and some crooked policemen divide the profits. If we're going into the business I propose that we take the profits ourselves."

"But we're not going into it!" gasped John Stone.

"Very well then," I replied. "If we are too squeamish to go into it ourselves let's be too squeamish to permit anybody else going into it."

"What would you do about it?" Tom Briar demanded. "You can't stop it, you know!"

"Why not?" I inquired. "I have just been reading a report from a town of eight thousand inhabitants in this state. There were six dives in that town. One of them had been there for twenty years—old, established institutions, you see; as well known as the post-office or the First National Bank. Everybody had always said—just as you do, Tom—'You can't stop it, you know!' But the doctors in this town kept running across cases of disease that were traceable to these old, established institutions. Finally they raised such a commotion about it that the authorities went out and said: 'Of course you have been here a long time—no doubt you have a valuable trade; but our physicians tell us the trade is not profitable to the community—so you must shut up shop!'"

"That was a small town," Peter Thorne objected.

"Is there any reason why small towns should have a monopoly of nerve and common sense?" I retorted. "Understand—we have nothing to do with anybody's morals. When we find a house with scarlet fever in it, do we nudge each other in the ribs and whisper: 'Scarlet fever there! Too bad there's so much of it round; but you can't stop it, you know!'? We do nothing of the kind. We do our best to stamp it out!

"The condition of being established, advertised, known, is as necessary to make this trade profitable as it is in any other. All the white-slaver's profits and all the police graft are absolutely contingent upon this condition of the trade's having established, known places. Destroy that condition and the white-slaver's profits will disappear. When the profits disappear the white-slaver will also disappear. Police graft from vice will disappear too."

"It would be a big job," Peter Thorne suggested doubtfully.

"Not at all," I replied. "We can send out right now for twenty sports who in twenty-four hours will locate a hundred or more dives. As fast as we locate them we can say, kindly but firmly: 'You must shut up shop at once!' When any dive becomes so well established and well known in the underworld that it is profitable, our men can find it as well as anybody else can; and we'll say: 'Shut up shop!' We can't eliminate vice, and that's not our business; but we can withdraw the official connivance that makes it an established trade from which, on the whole, large profits are derived."

"What would you do with all these unfortunate women?" asked Peter Thorne.

"Well, what would you do with them, Peter—as a twentieth-century Christian?" I asked. "Would you say: 'I am extremely sorry for you, and for all weak-minded or unlucky young females like you; so I am going to continue making it as easy as possible for you to drop into this trade and continue in it'? I tell you, official connivance has never made this thing any better. On the contrary, it has made possible this white-slave business and it has systematically corrupted the police. Let's try the other tack. As for the women, you and John can devote a few millions to their welfare; and we'll have a special court like the juvenile court to deal with them."

I mention this somewhat at length because it was one of the means by which we stopped police graft. Under our arrangement the police, on that side, had nothing left to graft on. The other means were simple. We put a good man at the head of the department, with plenary power. It was soon understood that we meant business, and that any policeman caught grafting would not only lose his job but stand a good chance of going to jail. At the end of six months our police spotters had so little to do that we dismissed all but two or three. Subordinate policemen hardly ever grafted anyway—except when they were told to do so by somebody higher up. When the higher-ups told them not to, and they understood it meant business, there was no trouble.

The other subject is worth mentioning at length also, because it got the women on our side when we came to take over other cities. By giving a discount of fifteen per cent on taxes and other revenues in New York we virtually committed ourselves to running the city for thirty million dollars less than it had cost the year before. Of course we had to give at least as good service as before or we should have had an insurrection on our hands. The first year it was nip and tuck, for it takes some time to make over a big organization like that. Next year we improved the service and made a neat profit for ourselves. By that time Albany was ready to turn herself over to us on the same terms as New York. Then came Chicago, Philadelphia—one exploited, misgoverned city after another.

Then Illinois had a sickening graft exposure; and we took over that state on the same old plan. Pennsylvania came next. At the end of a dozen years we had some forty cities and twelve states.

It is no doubt true that we were feeling pretty cocky by that time. We did not pay as much attention to referendum votes as formerly. We decided it was high time to go after the Federal Government. So we put up Elbridge Branch as our candidate for president.

His opponent was a fellow out in Oklahoma—a long, lank, awkward chap. He went round telling people it was better for them to govern themselves, no matter how many mistakes they made, than to let us govern them, for by governing themselves they would presently learn by their mistakes how to do it right, while if they let us govern them they would never learn. This chap was only a country lawyer. He did not have a thousand dollars to his name and was fond of sitting round country hotel offices telling funny stories. We felt so sure of beating him that we got all ready to declare a stock dividend of one billion dollars as soon as the votes were counted—but, in fact, he beat us.

Other people took up that talk about self-government; and five years later the Government Company wound up its affairs. The business organization and policy we introduced into government continue to this day; but of course it is not what it used to be when we were running it.

(THE END)

"DON'T FORGET MY GIRARD BOX, JAMES"

The Girard Cigar helps you through the little annoyances of travel, and increases its pleasures. The Girard blend is worth traveling for—to the next cigar stand.

GIRARD Cigar

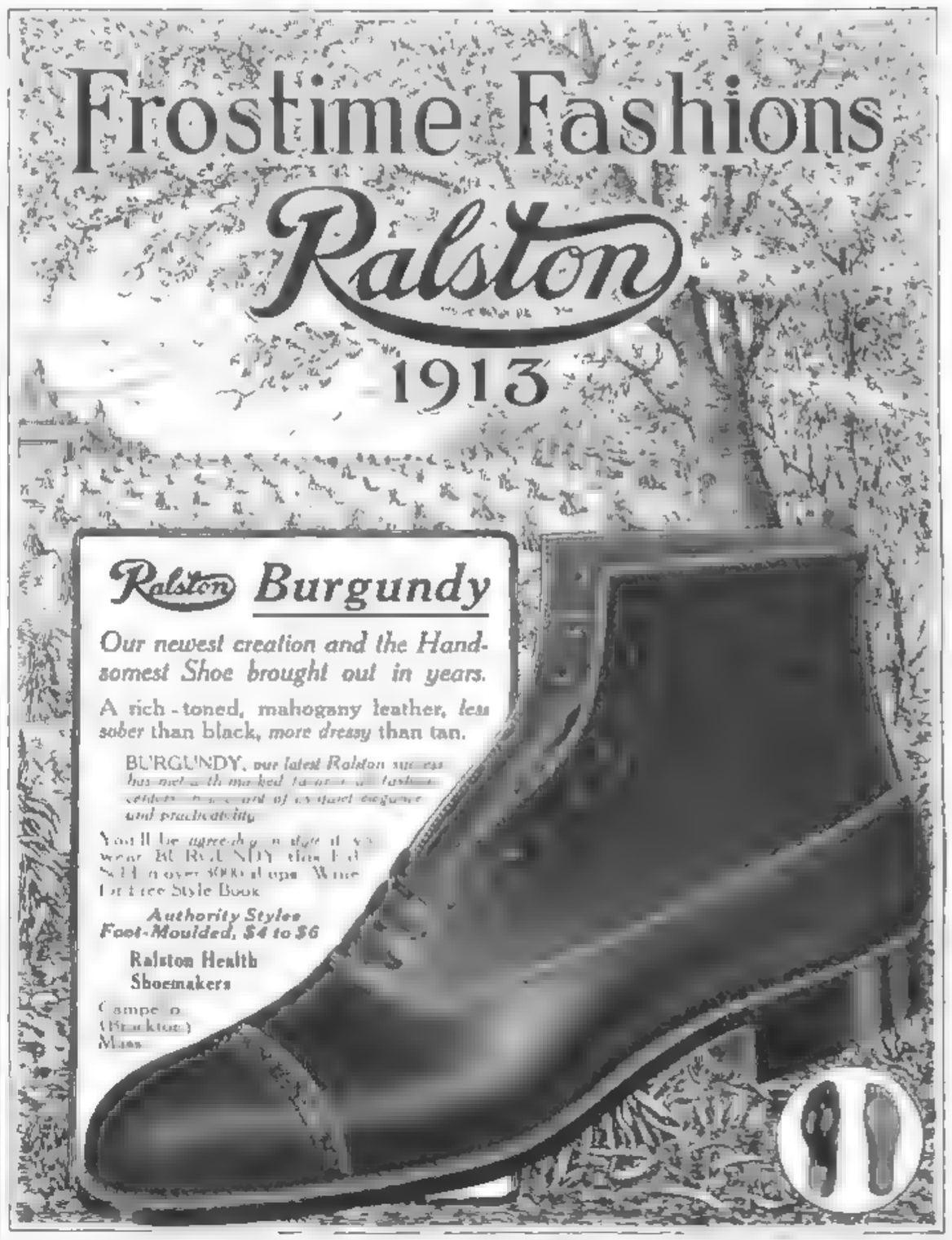
This is the "Broker" size, 10c. Other shapes and sizes up to 15c.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Frostime Fashions

Ralston

1913



Ralston Burgundy

Our newest creation and the Handsomest Shoe brought out in years.

A rich-toned, mahogany leather, *less sober* than black, *more dressy* than tan.

BURGUNDY, *our latest Ralston success has met with marked favor . . . fashion centers . . . a blend of elegance and practicability*

You'll be *correctly* in style if you wear BURGUNDY this Fall. Sold in over 3000 shops. Write for free Style Book

Authority Styles
Foot-Moulded, $4 to $6

Ralston Health Shoemakers

Campello
(Brockton)
Mass.

THE L SYSTEM

College and High School Week

Saturday, Sept. 20th to 27th

An entirely distinctive display of true-to-fashion Autumn modes.

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

are now conspicuously displayed by leading retailers, throughout the United States and Canada. Watch for the newspaper announcement of THE L SYSTEM Dealer in your city—then go in and try on these distinctive styles. You'll be greatly pleased.

Send 2c for THE L SYSTEM Style Journal and 24c for a set of College Posters.

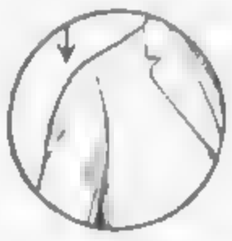
H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
Style Originators

NEW YORK CHICAGO MONTREAL BOSTON

From Great Britain:

Thirty years ago the Kirschbaum woolen expert wound bobbins in Scotland for his father and two brothers who ran their looms at home.

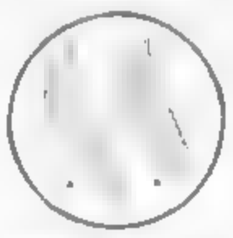
After fifteen years' experience in British woolen mills, this man came to America. He now personally supervises all our woolen tests and our original London cold-water method which we employ to shrink every inch of Kirschbaum woolens.



The Natural Shoulder:

This season shoulders vote for the natural. "Honesty is the best policy." Hence no padding or other deception.

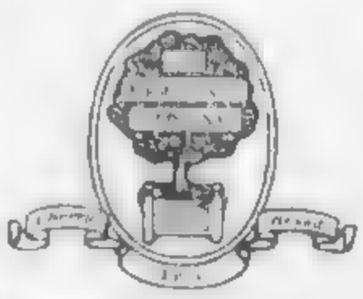
Natural shoulders lend handsomeness to a coat, but they are certainly hard for a tailor if his fingers aren't extra nimble and his ability extra high. The natural shoulders on Kirschbaum coats you will find full of the shapeliness that comes from expert needling



"Laying" the Cloth:

Look at your striped coat. The stripes on the lapel should run absolutely parallel with the outer seam as in Figure A. If they do not, the coat is poorly tailored. A lapel cut like B means that the maker either skimped material or used poor tailors.

The workers in the Kirschbaum shops are taught to lay the cloth correctly to get the desired effect.



Something to look for:

The Kirschbaum trade mark comes from the word "Kirschbaum" which in German means "Cherry Tree."

Look for the Cherry Tree label in the inside breast pocket of your coat. It insures to you the super-careful tailoring you have secured before only at a much higher price.

Kirschbaum clothes face wear with a chip on their shoulders.

THIS Fall we had to twist the style telescope around on its swivel until it pointed straight at London. Then we noted these things:

Coats must be snug. They have, for the most part, high, notched lapels with a soft rolling effect to either first or second button. Sleeves are spare. Vests are medium high. Trousers fall as straight and narrow as the well-known path of virtue.

Be warned that only the highest skill can put this style into your clothes. Generous hand-tailoring has expressed it finely in the Fall Kirschbaum models.

Kirschbaum Clothes $15, $20 and $25

Kirschbaum Clothes are the only ones at their prices which are guaranteed all-wool, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, hand-tailored and sewn with silk thread.

Send today for a copy of our Style Calendar.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Cave Man and his Bullfrogs

It was a city man gone back to the land who conceived the notion of farming in a cave.

It was hot—very hot—in his Missouri fields. But it was always comfortable in his cave.

And he found that underground he could grow bullfrogs with luscious, tender hind legs, with side dishes of mushrooms and rhubarb.

Also his neighbors found that the returns from his stone-age farm were about two dollars to their one.

It was another city man gone back to the land who made the countryside chortle with glee when he bought a slough instead of a farm.

Everybody laughed until he showed his hand—raising goldfish. Then his profits wiped away the smiles.

In next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

There is a story about some of these farmers of unusual products—foxes, jack rabbits, skunks, peonies—that will give you a hint, perhaps, of what you yourself can do.

In the same number of *The Country Gentleman* is the first article of a series called

OUT WEST

With his eyes and his ears open the writer of these stories has journeyed from Southwest to Northwest, studying the great agriculture of our land beyond the Mississippi.

To the Easterner they will be a wonderbook. To the Westerner they will show how little he really knows about the diversification of the broad reaches across mountain and plain and desert.

And Also Next Week:

The Big Little Item of Good Looks.
Five-Hundred-Year-Old Pastures.
The Commercial Hen
The Cheapest Way to Make Pork

You can't afford to miss these good things in

The Country Gentleman
Five Cents the Copy *$1.50 a Year*
Of all Newsdealers

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SPITTER

(Continued from Page 5

It kept his mind—and hence his body, for the body will follow the mind—much of the time off Hannifin's. The new custom of throwing to Freckles aided in this; his time spent in front of the polished bar before dinner was by it much curtailed. And Widow O'Reilly's pies, puddings and caramels were a reënforcement.

The widow knew little of the chemistry of the body—of any chemistry in fact; but those shrewd, deep-set eyes had seen many things in many years. "I've always noticed that them as eats sweets don't drink much," she'd say. And out through the window to Carsey under the tree in the gloaming pies, puddings and caramels passed.

Carsey's pitching improved. He won several games in succession—at one time, of course, in this baby league he could have done so with his eyes shut.

"We'll have to keep him another year—eh, Hank?" said Doctor Hollingsworth to Hank Harris, who, besides his drygoods store, owned the Prune City nine and usually spent his time during the games on a stool at the gate, taking in the tickets.

"Let me help you with the dishes, widow!" Carsey had invaded the kitchen after dinner.

"Get out of here, man! I don't allow men in the kitchen!"

Carsey, moved by the return of a playfulness long hidden beneath the folds of his physical degradation, seized one of the plates bubbly with soaped water on the side of the sink and started to wipe it with a rag

"It isn't rinsed! It isn't rinsed!" cried the widow scandalized. "Here, you bear-man, wash it out in here."

Carsey started to "wash it out in here"; to his movement, though, the plate suddenly became an eel, squirmed slimily out of his fingers, jumped and, no longer at all an eel, struck the floor with much noise and in a hundred pieces.

"Didn't I tell you to keep out of here? Get out of my kitchen—you and your clumsy hands!"

Carsey went out meekly. Seated on the bench under the locust he felt still at the end of his fingers the smooth, wet escape of the plate, and up his arms the nerve-shock of the catastrophic crash.

"Funny how that plate slipped!" he said.

In the middle of the night he woke, sitting upright in bed, his heart pounding—he had dreamed that he had broken another plate. He let himself down on his pillow, smiling broadly in the darkness when he found he had not; but his mind remained on the incident of the day.

"Funny—the way that plate went out of my fingers!" he thought. "Because it was wet!"

Suddenly he went upright again in the excitement of a new idea:

"Suppose I wet a ball like that—what would it do? It would slide out of my fingers like the plate—without rubbing. Then it wouldn't twist. Then it would be a straight ball."

He had found the straight ball for Freckles! He went to sleep on that.

The next afternoon, when he had Freckles fiercely a-squat against the right-field fence in mask, protector and mitt, Carsey spit liberally on the ball he was about to throw. Liberally he could do it—for he chewed tobacco. There is no apologizing for this; had not Carsey chewed tobacco this faithful recital of real events might have to end right here—while, as it is, it will go on for another few thousand words or more. Carsey spit on the ball, hiding the process well behind the glove of his left hand, gripped it firmly and threw.

He felt with satisfaction the ball leaving his fingers unctuously, just like the plate. Surely there was no twist of that! It went sailing through the air in a zipping line, very straight, the seams almost visible. Freckles saw it coming with some contempt, put up his hands nonchalantly—and missed it.

Carsey, getting the ball back, again filmed it and threw. Freckles put up his hands—and the ball hit his chest protector with a thud.

"Say, what the deuce are you throwing?" screeched Freckles.

Carsey smiled discreetly to himself and threw once more. Freckles put up his hands—and the ball hit him on the toe.

"What did you have on it that time?" he rasped, at once interested and enraged.

Carsey now gave away his little joke.

"I'm feeding you straight balls, bub," he said "real straight ones. You allow for an in-curve and I'm feeding you straight ones."

"Straight?" piped the outraged Freckles. "Straight?" He jerked off his mask and let it dangle at the end of a disgusted arm, as he had seen Bud Masters, catcher of the Prune Pickers, do when overcome by the unreasonableness of the umpire's decision. "They're as straight as Bud's fingers!" Bud's hands were like two starfish.

Carsey, when he threw again, squatted after the delivery and followed carefully with his eye the course of the ball. And suddenly he felt his heart beating and his pulse rising.

He threw again, sighting as before the trajectory of the ball, and found his heart beating still harder, while in his legs he felt an inclination to sit down.

He threw a third time, his eyes squinting along the ball's fast flight. And this time he sat down. One would have thought him a little sick. His voice had grown weak.

"That's all we'll throw today, Freckles," he said at length. "That will do for today."

At the boarding house at dinner, on the bench in front later, he thought over the thing. Sometimes he did not believe what he had seen; then a little jump of his heart would tell him that he really had seen what he had seen. At the same time he wanted to try the throw again and was afraid to do so.

In the middle of the night he got up and stole out of his room in his pajamas. The back yard of the house was quiet and deserted. Over on the other side of the fence, far and high, one of the town's rare electric arclights sparked bluely. Carsey glanced up at the windows, blank behind him; he spat in his hand; the hand went backward, snapped forward, and a ball shot out of it. Like a swallow it swooped over the fence and rose toward the light. Carsey, a hand on each knee, watched it closely. "By Jinks!" he said when it had disappeared.

He stood a moment motionless, heaved a profound sigh of satisfaction, then quietly, with no further thought evidently of that dollar-and-a-quarter ball he had so magnificently heaved over the fence, turned and went back to bed.

II

A FEW days after his mysterious midnight performance Tom Carsey appeared at the office of Doctor Hollingsworth.

"Thump me, doc—tweeze me; search me—and tell me if I'm still any good!" he said to the astonished physician.

Doctor Hollingsworth thumped him, tweezed him, searched him and stethoscoped him. At the end of the operation there was something like admiration in his eye.

"You're a pretty good old carcass yet, Tom. How old are you?"

"Forty."

"Forty! I'm fifty-three and I'm still spry."

"But honest, doc, how do I stand?"

"Well, they say a man is as old as his arteries. And yours are still good—supple as a babe's, so far as I can make out; which isn't your fault, with that boozing. You've got about thirty pounds of useless fat on you. And your heart is enlarged ——"

"No!"

The physician smiled.

"That isn't so bad as it sounds. A good rest and the right dope—and, bing! that heart snaps back where it belongs."

Carsey heaved a sigh. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He coughed, began a sentence and desisted; then stood like a schoolboy—befuddled and bashful.

"Out with it!" cried the doctor.

"Doc, do you think if I worked at it and I took care of myself—do you think maybe I could ever come back?"

The physician thought a while.

"You could come back a good long way if you let the booze alone."

"Oh, doc, I don't booze. Just a little drink once in a while ——"

"That's booze!"

"Very well, doc. Don't you think ——"

"Look here, Carsey!" The doctor's voice grew grave. "Do you really want to come back?"

"I do, doc. I want to play one more game—just one more with a real bunch, where there are real grandstands and a game is a game!"

"And are you ready to do anything for it?"

"Anything in the world, doc!"

"Then I'll tell you: Give me the next winter to it. The season is nearly over. Report to me as soon as it closes and be ready to do everything I tell you."

"All right, doc!"

Carsey was pitching well toward the end of the season, but for the first two-thirds he had done so badly that he finished well below the five-hundred mark. In spite of this he was signed again at the same salary. This was a small enough pittance, yet he was unable to hide from himself a certain feeling of gratitude. In the big leagues if one but dropped a half-notch out one went, with no sentiment about it. Here—it was different.

As a matter of fact he had become to the little town a prize with which it could have ill dispensed. He drew at the games on account of his past, and on the street every one liked to accost him familiarly.

When the grounds had been padlocked and the players of the Prune City nine had scattered to their winter occupations—some to the farm, some as book agents, blacksmiths or clerks at cigar stands—Carsey reported to Doctor Hollingsworth.

"You get in bed," said the doctor, "and stay there three weeks!"

"Good Lordie, doc ——"

"You go to bed and stay there three weeks!" repeated the physician.

And, to make sure he was being obeyed, he came to the boarding house the following morning and there and then obtained the alliance of Widow O'Reilly.

"Indeed he'll stay in bed," she said—with a short downward nod toward Carsey, lying there beneath her, horizontal, red-faced and meek—"and anywhere he is put too; even if he has to be strapped for it!"

"And can I have a few little drinks during the day, doc?" begged Carsey in a little voice.

The doctor drew from his grip a beautiful little silver flask and laid it on the table near the pillow.

"Drink all you want of this," he said, "and I'll come round and see how much that is in the morning."

When he came the following day the flask was empty.

"The man drinks nearly a pint a day!" said Widow O'Reilly, half in awe, half in pride.

"Oh, very well!" said the doctor.

He took from his purse a nice clean pebble, dropped it to the bottom of the flask and refilled the latter with his good Scotch. The flask was again empty the next morning—except for its pebble. The doctor dropped into it a second clean and aseptic pebble, and refilled it with his good Scotch.

He came every morning now, dropped a little pebble in the flask and refilled it. At the end of three weeks he stethoscoped Carsey.

"Well, that's on its way, all right!" he said. "You can get up now. How does your pitching arm feel?"

"Pretty fine! It ain't been doing much lately."

The doctor put his ear to the shoulder-joint and twisted the arm about; then put his ear to the elbowjoint and twisted the forearm about.

"There's a little crackling there," he said. "Tell you what: We'll put that arm in a sling!"

"Good Lord, doc!"

"Yes—in a sling! You see that he keeps it in, Mrs. O'Reilly."

"Indeed I will! And little chance he'll have to take it out too!"

Tom Carsey, his arm in a sling, passed much of his time now on the bench beneath the locust. His mind wandered easily in the idle hours. He remembered the great grandstands of the East; the tremendous buzz of the crowd; the lightning plays—sending the ball round like a streak as he stood in the box. Then he thought of that ball he had thrown to Freckles and of its strangeness. It seemed a dream now. Perhaps he had been mistaken. Perhaps it was just a straight ball he had thrown to Freckles—a straight ball he had thrown over the fence in the night!

The doctor's flask, daily filled, rattled now like the pod of a loco weed; and every

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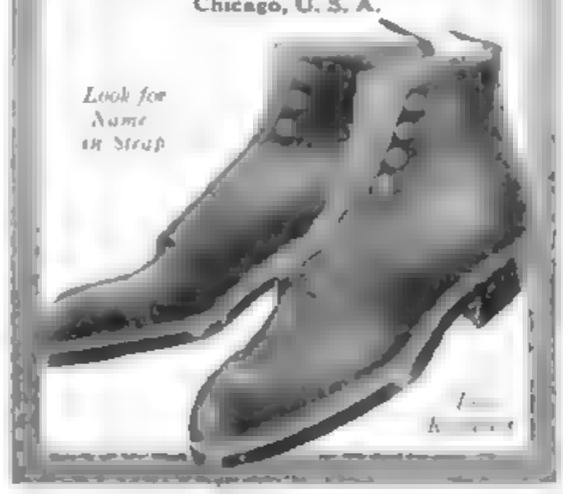

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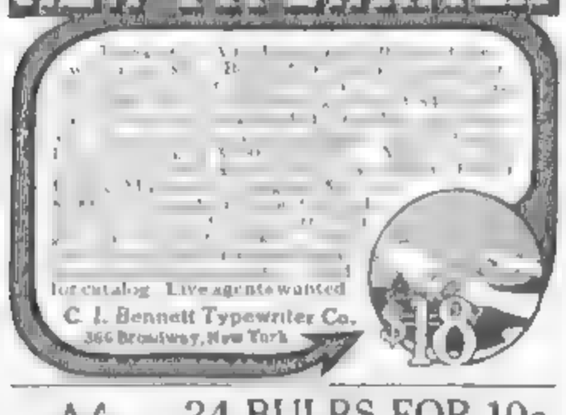

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day it received a new little pebble. There came an afternoon when Carsey found it whiskyless long before dark. He was more careful after that—he denied himself early in the day so he would be sure not to have to deny himself late in the day, which was good for him in two ways: first, it is less harmful to drink after lunch than before lunch; second, in his fear of being left dry before night he would keep postponing and postponing his first drink, and that exercised his will power.

When the flask was so full of pebbles that it held only about two of what Carsey would have termed healthy drinks Doctor Hollingsworth stopped dropping pebbles.

"That's your ration from now on," he said; "and the later in the day you drink it—after dinner, I should say—the better it will taste."

At the same time he took off the sling and freed the once-famous pitching arm. Carsey swung it tentatively. He was itching for a clear space, a ball, and the chance to try again that ball which acted so mysteriously when it was spat upon; but the doctor understood immediately the meaning of this swinging.

"I don't want you to throw for another month—not the least toss. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Carsey, who between the doctor and the widow was becoming a child.

The doctor was looking him over. Carsey was immensely fat, but it was a cleaner, rosier fatness, beneath a clearer skin from which the inflammation of alcohol was departing. The doctor smiled.

"You've got about thirty pounds to take off before the season begins," he said.

"What shall I do, doc? Run? You won't let me throw!"

"Nor run either. I want you to walk five miles every day. Tramp along the roads and breathe deep."

Every afternoon at three now, Carsey, a stick in hand, would start along the main street and follow it until it became the country road, which did not take long. It was the season of rains. He went up to his ankles in puddles and in mud; the rain whipped his face and put diamonds in his hair, dry with the sun of many ballfields; he returned wet, muddied, breathing deep; his face, his body, warm within, cool with rain outside. He took off his soggy garments, slid into a bath, dressed, and lingered long over his dinner—dry, clean, fit and relaxed.

When the month had gone Carsey was still very much over weight—but there was a firmness beneath the soft surface; his face was clean as an apple; and the whites of his eyes were white and the pupils alert!

"Keep it up another month and make it seven miles," the doctor ordered.

"But, doc—old doc—can't I throw just a little bit?"

"No, sir—no throwing!"

"Just three throws, doc! I want to try something. Let me throw three times to Freckles."

"Not a single toss!"

The doctor's hat was off; his hair was erect round the bald spot; his face was red; he was very much in earnest. The widow threw him a glance of reassurance.

"He won't throw!" she said, nodding her right ear toward Carsey; and her mouth was a tight, straight line.

So Carsey went back to his tramping, and wondered whether a ball upon which you spit really did do what it had seemed to do that day he had thrown it to Freckles.

Finally the day came when Doctor Hollingsworth said:

"Now you can begin tossing—tossing, you understand! No curves! No speed! Toss!"

"I can try one with a curve, can't I, doc?"

"Not one! You have heard me say it. Not one!"

So the next morning Carsey and Freckles stationed themselves in the back yard and played catch. At times Carsey would look back at all the windows, as if about to do something forbidden—and then he would not dare. So he tossed the ball very gently to Freckles who tossed it back. In the afternoon he tramped.

At the end of a week Doctor Hollingsworth said:

"Now you can put on a little speed, just a little."

Thus three times, from week to week, he allowed Carsey to speed up another notch. At length he said:

"You can begin to curve them now."

Now that he could, Carsey was afraid. The pit of his stomach dragged. He grinned a silly grin, wound up, and sent in a curveless nondescript. Then he tried a round out-curve and a baby in-shoot. His heart was thumping. Suddenly he spat on the ball, grasped it tight, threw and followed it with his eyes.

And there it was—the impossibility—the dream! The ball had gone very straight, with a sort of candor, until almost at the plate. Then it had checked ever so slightly. And then—zip! Like a seagull it had swooped down and to the right in an astounding swerve.

Carsey threw a few more—until there was no possibility of doubt. He had something new—something a little dreadful in its shameless perfidy. Each time that ball would go along a groove, approaching the imaginary batter with round and white innocence; steady, its very seams showing—begging the bat's martyrdom. Then, just as it was about to reach the batter, it—— Well, it exploded—there was no other word for it—it exploded! With a flip of the tail it went off to the right or to the left, or down—the white streak left by its course supple and sinuous. No batter could hit that! And he—Carsey—old has-been—had discovered that!

Freckles plainly was not the catcher to master the new throw. After this Carsey threw at a knothole in the fence, and Freckles from catcher became shortstop, taking the ball on the bound. They were at it every day, and little by little Carsey trained his new find—coaxed it, wheedled it, steadied it, tamed it. He soon found he could not send it over the plate when he wanted. What he could do—and every time too—was to make it march right up as if it were going over the plate—until it was about to go over the plate. After that moment there was no telling what it would do. With a cynical torsion it dropped or slid to the left or the right, as its caprice commanded.

His second discovery was that one should not use it too much. His arm became a little sore. While resting it he furbished up all his old, tried repertoire—his curve, his fast ball, his slow ball—and regained over his "old sal" a mastery he had lost in the last years.

When the season began Carsey was far from the spongy, soggy, saturated, discouraged old has-been who had ended the preceding one. He was big, but firm; the flesh that had been round his hips was gone. His shoulders now were broad and his hips were narrow; his calves and his toes had regained their spring; but the big difference was in his eyes—free of blood now, cleanly luminous, with a brightness like a hawk's.

Immediately his pitching began to win. He used all his old curves and his analytical faculties, studying batters, learning quickly and never forgetting their weak points; played with his head more than he had ever done before, but used his speed only rarely, husbanding himself, and using his new discovery not at all. Once, in a moment of playfulness, he had thrown it; but the ardent curiosity immediately awakened in Bud Masters had warned him of the danger and he did not repeat the experiment. He had no need of it to win here in this bush league. He was leading the pitchers. Doctor Hollingsworth, sitting in the grandstand, his hat on his knees, his hands on his hat, smiled and smiled without discontinuing. And the new ball remained a secret between Carsey and Freckles.

In the papers Carsey was following the fortunes of his old teammates, the Giants. The Giants had started with a jump and were leading the National League. Matterson was pitching wonderful ball, with a youngster named O'Neill as a close rival. In June Carsey wrote to his old leader, Muggs McGrath:

"*Dear Muggs,*" he wrote: "I'm sending you clippings of the Prune City Scream. Please note that I'm pitching .600 on a .440 nine. I'm coming back!"

McGrath's answer was cordial, but firm:

"*Dear Tom:* I'm blank glad that you are doing so well. But you know my motto: They never come back!"

Carsey wrote again:

"*Dear Muggs:* I inclose records of the Interior League. Want you to notice I've got all the other hurlers skinned. Doing .610 on a .440 nine. I'm coming back!"

Again McGrath refused the suggestion.

"*Dear Tom,*" he wrote: "Glad you're doing so well. But you know! They never come back!"

In July the Giants were going great guns; the pitchers were like windmills; the batters like artillery. Carsey wrote once more:

"*Dear Muggs:* I've got a new curve. It's all my own. I guarantee that no batter right now can hit it. Whenever you need a game sure, just let me know! I'll win it for you.

"P. S. Though I am pitching .625 on a .400 nine I'm not using that curve to do it.

"P. S. Whenever you want that game just let me know!"

This time there was no answer. McGrath was probably too busy, for the Giants seemed to be breaking in their pace. Their percentage was going down and Chicago was coming up from behind. Matterson seemed to be breaking under the strain; he had lost four games in succession. Carsey took up his pen once more:

"*Dear Muggs:* I've got a new curve. It's all my own. I guarantee that no batter now can hit it. Whenever you need a game sure just let me know! I'll win it for you.

"P. S. Though I'm pitching .625 I ain't using my new curve."

This time, also, there was no answer; but Carsey smiled to himself when, a week later, from the box he happened to see the legendary red nose of Charlie Latham amid the row of noses lined above the low fence that separated the bleachers from the field. Charlie Latham was a McGrath scout. He traveled the country in search of promising players. After the game he jumped the fence and sauntered among the players. He pretended to be deeply interested in the young first baseman then in the left fielder; but after a while he said to Carsey casually:

"Say, throw me a few balls, will you?"

Carsey said to Freckles:

"Bring a bat along."

And they adjourned to the fig tree in center field.

"I'm going to make you bat," said Carsey.

Latham, at one time a great batter, took his position, bat in hand, and Carsey, pacing off the regular distance, stopped and turned in an imaginary box.

"Who's going to chase the balls?" said Latham, swinging his bat.

"I will!" cried Freckles.

"Then you had better get farther off, bub," said Latham.

"Oh, no; this is just about right," said Freckles, who was standing no more than twenty feet away from the menacing bat, at the point where experience had told him the pitched balls, having hit the fence, bounded back.

Carsey, surreptitiously behind the raised open glove of his left hand, spat cunningly on the ball and threw. Latham "whiffed" and Freckles grinned. Carsey continued throwing balls upon which he had spit. At the end of a quarter of an hour Latham had hit four fouls, two pop flies, a weakling grounder—and had struck out six times! He left town still talking about the first baseman; but Carsey that evening smiled to himself as he sat on the bench beneath the locusts in the gloaming.

The smile grew when, ten days later, he saw Archie Rice leaning over the low fence between the bleachers and the diamond. Archie Rice was another of McGrath's scouts. After the game he vaulted the fence, introduced himself, and spoke glowingly of the Prune Pickers' first baseman. And after a while he said to Carsey:

"Throw me a few balls, will you?"

By the fig tree in center field Carsey placed him, bat in hand, and threw him balls upon which he spat. Archie Rice, once of the Baltimore Orioles, hit five fouls, three weakling grounders, one pop fly with the rickets—and struck out nine times! He left town without saying anything and Carsey smiled in the gloaming, while the dishes clashed behind him.

The season dragged on and Carsey waited. Over on the other side of the country New York was limping badly. Of its two pitching mainstays, Matterson seemed overworked and young O'Neill was wabbling. Chicago was crawling up. Then, by a rally, the Giants won seven games in succession, and it was calculated by all baseball scribes that they were now about safe—the pennant as good as won. In the American League Philadelphia had a commanding lead. The papers began to discuss the championship series, which would take place between those two champion nines.

New York won another game and made sure of the pennant. When Carsey read this news and saw that everything was over he had a moment of discouragement—and started for Hannifin's. Somebody seized him by the coattails. It was the Widow O'Reilly.

"And where be you going, with that black face?" she asked, her mouth a smile, but her eyes knowing.

Carsey did not answer.

"You could come in and have tea with me," she said.

Carsey went meekly.

They were sitting there in the deserted dining room like old chums across their cups of tea, and it was late, for the season was over and Carsey had done his last pitching for the year, when the bell rang in the hall. Mrs. O'Reilly went out to answer it and returned with a telegram for Carsey.

He opened it, read it, grew red in the face and passed it to her; and she read:

"Have drafted you for the World's Series. Report in New York immediately.
"McGRATH."

"What time is it now?" the widow asked.

"Eleven-forty-five."

"The Overland passes in half an hour. She stops to take water. You can just make it."

They rushed upstairs together and threw things from drawers into a suitcase, and he stood at the door, departing.

"I suppose we'll never see you again," said the widow.

"Just watch me!" said Carsey, as though it were a threat.

Fifteen minutes later the widow from her room heard the five whistles of the Overland calling back its flagging brakeman.

"He's gone!" she said.

On the smoker of the Overland the talk was all of the championship series. New York's chances were agreed to be dubious. Matterson, their veteran standby, had been breaking; O'Neill, at first the sensation of the year, had been wabbling; and the other pitchers were hardly of the caliber to face Philadelphia's vicious batters.

Carsey bought papers at every station. They said more technically what the smoker had said. At Chicago he got the news of the first game. Matterson had pitched wondrous ball for seven innings, then had weakened—and Philadelphia had won the game.

When he arrived in New York the second game had been played. O'Neill, just like Matterson, had pitched winning ball for six innings, then had been batted out of the box by the Philadelphia sluggers. The Giants' two best pitchers had now been used without success, and to win the series they must win the next three games. The outlook was gloomy.

Whizzing through the streets on the way to the hotel Carsey was slightly disappointed with what was within him. This return to his old luxurious life, to the gay city, did not affect him as he had expected; again and again he found his mind napping happily on a bench beneath a locust tree. The Giants arrived from Philadelphia in the afternoon. The next two games were to be played in New York, with the morrow another day of rest. Carsey went up to McGrath's room.

The little leader showed no signs of discouragement. He was standing in the center of the room, feet apart, as if meditating some new, sudden attack. He gave Carsey one searching glance—a glance that, starting with the face, seemed to follow the contour of every muscle down to the feet.

"By Jove, you look good, Tom!" he said. His mouth, tightened, did not smile; but far within his little deep-set eyes a sharp, narrow light suddenly sprang.

"I'm feeling that way," said Carsey, squaring his shoulders.

"We'll go out to the grounds now and see what you've got, Tom," McGrath decided.

They went out, taking Buckingham, the catcher, with them. Carsey pitched, with Muggs behind him sighting the trajectory of each ball. Then the little leader took up a bat—and was soon satisfied.

"You'll pitch the next game—and mum's the word. You're the only guess I've got left anyway," he added with a grin.

Buckingham, however, was not grinning.

"I've got to practice up on that damned ball!" he said soberly. "I expect to lose what's left of my fingers."

Carsey stayed and they practiced until Buckingham was fairly sure of handling the new ball.

"You don't need to catch it every time anyway," Carsey explained, rather patronizingly, "so long as you stop it with your pillow. There won't be many men on bases."

The following day he stayed in bed very late, resting; and in the afternoon, in a long talk with Buckingham, he settled in his mind the peculiarities and idiosynerasies of each of the Philadelphia batters.

The next day was the day of which so often and so hopelessly he had dreamed during the last three years. He stood in the center of a diamond finely raked and combed, itself set in the center of a field like green velvet; a red flag flapped in the breeze at the end of a long white pole; a little to his left, high and far, a great bridge was black with people; a little to his right, very high, rock-cliffs like painted scenery were black, as with ants, and the roofs of houses over them also. And, circling the field, grandstands and bleachers, welded into a huge amphitheater, seemed not built of stone and steel, but kneaded of humanity itself—thousands and thousands of human creatures, caught in a sticky mortar and buzzing like bees hiving. Before him a man came to the plate in a gray suit and red stockings; with his bat he hit the plate, then faced Carsey.

Carsey swung his arm in a circle before him, drew it back and low as his body arched, with head toward his heel; his body snapped up and forward, his hand went swiftly through the air like the end of a sling, and the first ball went streaking toward the batter. With this act everything within Carsey seemed to click into its proper place. His head was very clear; an instantaneous instinct began to tell him what to do; an assurance of mastery passed through his veins, and he thought it was ten years ago.

For the first part of the game Carsey kept his new ball a secret. He pitched with what he had had in the past. His speed was not quite what it had been in those days, but his control was perfect, his curves wicked, and his brain ceaselessly vigilant. As each man faced him there sprang instantaneously to his mind the study made with Buckingham the day before, and that man's special weakness. In the second inning, by a batting rally, his teammates presented him with a two-run lead, which augmented his assurance.

For the first four innings Philadelphia fouled out, popped out or hit weak grounders. In the fifth inning a change came that drew a low murmur of interest from the crowd—the three outs were made by a long fly, caught by the left fielder only after a sharp run; by a wicked grounder, scooped up by the second baseman; and by a sizzling liner, which the third baseman managed to hold with one hand after a jump. The Philadelphia batters seemed to be finding the ball. In the sixth inning two clean hits were interspersed with the two long flies and the grounder that made the three outs. The stands began to buzz, but Carsey held on his course stubbornly, still keeping secret his new ball. Then, in the seventh inning, after there were two outs three successive singles sent a man over the plate, making it two to one, and placed a man on third and a man on first.

Carsey stood motionless in the box. The crowds were all standing; the din was terrific. He knew the moment had now arrived to put his discovery to the test; and suddenly he feared—he doubted! He had never thrown such a ball to Freckles or shied it at an electric light—all that was too far away; all that was a dream! And he had not come back; they would now proceed to hammer him off of the lot!

But he saw Buckingham, crouching behind the batter, pass slowly his index finger through the dust at his feet, and something that was like a big tenderness came into his throat. He would have liked to kiss Buckingham! The signal was the one they had agreed upon for the new ball.

Again Buckingham slowly passed his finger through the dirt as though he were writing an initial. Hiding well behind his upraised glove Carsey spat on the ball and threw it with faith.

It was Red Meyers who was at the bat—Philadelphia's and the league's heaviest hitter. He saw that ball coming toward the plate guilelessly—a poor, candid white thing; the right corner of his mouth raised in a half-grin and he swung. He swung—and looked at his bat, puzzled. The catcher was looking at the ball, which had dropped at his feet. A solid roar came from the stands, making the air shake.

Carsey regained the ball, again filmed it behind his glove, and threw. Meyers swung—and this time turned frankly to the catcher in search of that ball which he had felt already against his bat. It lay smug and innocent in Buckingham's mitt.

Carsey now guessed a new alertness in Meyers. The batter was holding himself in; his bat was not moving; he was not going to swing this time; he would carefully chop. Carsey, with a new access of faith, almost religious, decided to pin everything on his new ball. He signaled to Buckingham, spat, threw; Meyers chopped—and struck out. The roar from the living stands became a shriek!

In the eighth and ninth, just as they had done in the first and second, the redoubtable Philadelphia sluggers hit fouls, pop flies or struck out—and New York won the game—two to one!

New York had stopped Philadelphia at last! The papers were full of that next morning. They had done it with an old has-been. The papers were also full of that. What would McGrath do for the next game? The papers were also full of that—and every one else.

What little Muggs McGrath did was very simple: He put in for the next game the great Matterson, who, even in his present condition, was perfectly good for six innings. When, in the seventh, he wabbled—the slightest—Carsey came in from behind the stands, where he had been warming up, took his place, and promptly reduced Philadelphia's pretense at rallying to little poppings. Upon which New York won its second game and tied it up for the series.

What would McGrath do for the last and deciding game? He put in O'Neill, the boy wonder. And when in the seventh inning O'Neill became a little weary, Carsey walked out upon the diamond again like a sturdy Mephistopheles. With so few innings to pitch he was not afraid to use his new secret ball overtime—not at all. He spat generously. Those terrible Philadelphia batters slugged and slugged; but it was only air they slugged, and New York won the series.

That very evening Carsey and McGrath sat in the latter's room. Their chairs did not face each other—they were side by side, so that each man, out of the corner of his eye, saw only the other's profile; each had a cigar in his mouth and each looked unconcerned—but each bit his cigar.

"What do I get out of this series anyway?" said Carsey.

"A share of the gate receipts, like every member of the club. 'Mount to about two thousand, I guess. And, say, I want to sign you up for next year."

Carsey was silent. Then he said:

"Tell you what, Muggs—I'm tired of those one-year contracts. When they drop a man they drop him too short. Tell you what—I'll sign only for two years."

After a while McGrath said:

"Two years is a long time."

"Nobody will learn that new ball of mine for a year," said Carsey, "and nobody can hit it. Then, next year, when there's danger of some getting on to it, I can teach it to your pitchers. Just imagine Matterson with that ball besides what he's got—and O'Neill—and those squabs of yours!"

McGrath must have been imagining already, for he said:

"I'll sign you up for two years, Tom, and you can teach them right away."

"Then suppose you sign me up for only one, but pay me what I'd get in the two!"

"And how much would that be, Tom?"

Tom leaned over to say it; and when he said it, it was in a whisper. He mentioned a sum that has never since been revealed, for fear all other players should strike for triple pay.

When McGrath—feeling like a man at the top of a stage held up by a highwayman—had agreed, something about Carsey's manner awakened his curiosity.

"And what are you going to do with all that money, Tom?" he asked—this time turning squarely toward him.

"I'm going to buy the Prune City nine, of the Interior League of the state of California," said Carsey. "I'll make a nice nine of it; and it's in a nice town—locust trees on the street and a fig tree over the bench. I don't like big towns any more!"

For a moment Muggs McGrath was satisfied, but something still in Carsey's eye reawakened his lulled suspicion.

"And what else, Tom—what else?"

"I'm going to marry a boarding house and adopt a wooden-legged boy!"

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